

Added disclaimer: All characters are 18+, story contains FMG, transformation, light emasculation with a nasty brother, and futa. If you're OK with that, please enjoy...

College Crush

I was in my senior year of grad school at UC San Diego, set to be the next graduating class of 2024. You don't find a lot of girls in the Bio-Engineering courses, but I had met a great girl and we had been dating now for 2 ½ years. Teresa was a beautiful Red-head with long hair and a thin, 120 pound, 5'8" frame. She had the cutest smile that could light up a room, and despite the red hair, she only had some very light freckles on her face and thin arms. I definitely saw myself ending up with this great girl and I was her first and only, so I knew she wanted to eventually get married as well.

Although we were together all the time, we did have separate apartments about two miles away from each other. She would usually drive over to my place but I would occasionally spend the night at hers. We both got our studies in, but I was a bit of a Video-Gamer, and she would either read her smut books or watch the Bachelor/Bachelorette shows. Some might call her skinny/fat, because she was thin, but soft pretty much everywhere. Her lack of breast didn't bother me because my favorite position was doggy style anyway. I just loved the curve of her lower back as it met her ass and it kept me very satisfied during our 2+ year relationship. I also didn't have a lot of room to criticize her physical appearance since I had never worked out and at 5'9" and 178 pounds, I was a bit soft as well.

Things were going great my last semester but as always in college, money was tight. However, I was lucky enough to land a paying internship at a Bio-engineering firm. They were into some pretty hi-tech stuff. I mean, it was 2024 and our Chinese Company owned lab had kind of pioneered some of the gene-therapy cancer treatments that were saving lives all over the world. You usually don't get to work for a company that does so much good, but I was happy about my internship with Wei-Corp. Unfortunately, I was only allowed to work on some pretty low ball stuff.

Teresa and I were at dinner a few months after I was hired and asked exactly what I did. I explained to her that in my division, we would bring in older people, and draw out a pint of blood. We would then analyze their DNA for small mutation percentages. The gene technology we now had, allowed us to remove the slightly mutated DNA, replicate the good DNA, which would replicate up to ten times faster than normal DNA in the human body. This would give the patient a huge boost in good, fast producing DNA thus almost eliminating the occurrence of cancer. It was amazing to see older people come thru our lab and end up much happier and healthier for possibly years to come. The procedure was great because the new, stronger, faster replicating DNA we reinserted into the patient, was supposed to increase the health of all of their internal organs too because the stronger DNA eventually took over as the only DNA strand being reproduced in the body. So it was supposed to add several years to their life expectancy as well. We were only two years into the project, but my boss said we would see measurable

results with the patients on record over the coming couple of years...enough to probably make all of the shareholders extremely rich.

Instead of being bored, Teresa was extremely excited about what I did. "I want to have cleaner, better DNA honey...let me do it too." she begged. "Honey." I answered, "This is for old people with mutated DNA, your 22, what the hell are you worried about?" "Are you forgetting about Tina, you ass hole!" she exclaimed. I had forgotten that her older sister Tina, died at the age of 8 from Leukemia when Teresa was just 3 years old. "I'm so, so sorry." I answered. "I don't know....I mean, I guess you could come in on Monday and just act like you're coming to meet me for lunch. I'm the only one in the lab on Monday's so I could just draw some blood and check it out for you honey." That seemed to satisfy her and we had a good rest of the evening. I did love Teresa and would do anything for her, so running a quick test on her DNA wouldn't be too much of an ask.

Monday

Teresa was really excited all weekend about having the procedure done to clean and strengthen her DNA. Right on schedule, Teresa showed up to the lab at noon on Monday. I had already got her clearance for entry to the lab and the lunchroom, but knew I was the only person in the lab, so unless the lazy ass front desk security guy got nosey, we were all good. We walked back to my lab and I sat Teresa down on a patient chair. I had pre-set up everything, so I just needed a quick pint of blood from her, and we were good. As I went through the whole needle in the arm thing I said to her, "I don't know how much this procedure will cost once it's streamlined and cleared by the FDA....but I guarantee it'll be crazy expensive." "Well why don't you do it too then honey?" she asked. "I don't have cancer history in my family babe." I answered. "Well." she replied. "If we're getting married eventually, and we have kids....won't you feel better knowing the DNA their getting is strong and clean?" she had a good point and kind of backed me into a corner on that one. "Oh...all right." I gave in. "I'll draw a pint of my blood too once we're all done with yours." the process didn't take long and after I finished getting our blood, I threw some fake names on the bags, Jones and Smith to be exact...dummied up some documents and sent it to be filtered. "How long does it take?" Teresa asked me as I walked her to the facility door. "Two weeks." I answered, "I'll bring you in again on that Monday and we'll hook you up to the machine that will reinsert it into your bloodstream." She gave me a kiss and walked to her car. I looked over at the lazy security guy. He couldn't care less what we were doing and I realized that I was a little paranoid over nothing.

Two Mondays

We had a normalized couple of weeks and I brought Teresa back in to tell her the results. "Honey." I said, "I've got good news. There were almost zero mutations in your DNA so the chance that you would have gotten cancer anytime soon were pretty much nil. Mine was about the same, so we should have

some bad ass kids." She laughed and we kissed passionately, knowing we would spend our lives together. She was so excited, Teresa slowly zipped down my pants, got on her knees and took my cock into her mouth. We were totally busted if someone came in but she quickly pulsed her head back and forth, squeezing my rock hard cock in her warm, tight lips...I didn't give a damn. Teresa moved her head faster and faster and faster, making the senses in my cock jump to the most extreme levels. I tried to hold back, but as she moved faster and faster, the moist, tight, warm motion sent me to climax and I immediately ejected my cum. Teresa swallowed and swallowed as my cock pulsed out my juices. Her warm mouth was the second happiest place it had ever been. Finally, the swallowing and pulsing stopped, and I backed away slightly, letting her passionately lick the last bit of cum she could find. I wiped off a little with a lab towel and handed her one as well. "Oh my god David." she exclaimed, "I'm so excited to get that Bad Ass DNA inside me! Can we do it now?" "Anything for you baby." I answered as I walked in the back cooler to grab our blood.

I walked back to the cooler and found our pints. But instead of a Green Tag on the Bags, there were two Red Tags. "God Damn It." I thought. I got no time for this shit and I'd half to wait another day till Robert got in to find out why they were red-tagged. As I contemplated giving Teresa the bad news, I heard her yelling, "Hurry up babe, I can't wait to do this." Robert was a fucking stickler for detail and would Red Tag a pint of blood if the paperwork even had a simple error about an address or phone number, so the chances there was actually something wrong with the sample was very small. I had faked the paperwork on our blood, so I'm sure I missed some small detail in it along the way....and I'm sure Robert would have found it. The bags looked good and intact to me, one labeled Jones...for Teresa, and one labeled Smith, for me.

I walked back onto the lab floor and began the re-insertion process. Teresa laughed as the blood was going back in. It's weird, because it leaves your body at your temperature when it's drawn, but when putting it back in, the temperature is never the exact same...so it feels cool or warm depending. "Ohhh." she said to me. "It feels so warm." "Not to worry." I replied. "Everything is normal." It only took a few minutes and the process was done. I then hooked myself up to the machine, told her what buttons to push, and got my blood as well.

Teresa was so happy that night, you'd have thought she won the lottery or something. We had amazing sex all night and I was damn sure she wanted to get pregnant that night. At one point I stopped her and said, "Slow down babe, it takes some cells 3 days to take on the new DNA but some others up to a year or more." She laughed and said, "OK then dear, just sex for fun for a year or so...then we'll think about our super-kids." We both laughed hysterically and eventually went to sleep.

I hadn't said anything to Teresa about the Red Tags on our bags of blood from the day before, but was dying to ask Robert what was up. I rushed to work that next morning and found Robert immediately. "Hey Robert." I said when I finally saw him. "I noticed some Red Tags on two pints of blood in the cooler yesterday. What was up with those?" "Oh." he answered, "The fucking paperwork was all out of whack

so I had to follow procedure and put on the Red Tags." I was immediately relieved. I figured it was a stupid paperwork issue and knew me and Teresa would be fine. "OK Robert." I replied. "I'll call Ms. Jones and Mr. Smith and get the paperwork filled out properly." "Don't bother." Robert answered. "Aside from that, they were put into the cooler too quickly after the bag stickers were affixed to them and they fell off. I just stuck the stickers back on randomly, knowing we'd have to discard that blood and draw new pints from them anyway. Just have them come back in 6 weeks from now to draw new blood and discard the pints of blood we have for them now." I nodded OK and slowly walked away.

I walked to my cubical area trying to realize what I had done. I mean, the chances were still 50/50 that I gave us each our own blood. Then again, there was a 50% chance I switched it up. I didn't know the ramifications of mixing our DNA but I figured, if we were going to have kids, they were going to be a mix of our DNA anyway....so on the chance I mixed it up, our kids should turn out just the same. Not to mention, we were both O+ Blood types, so we got a bit lucky there. After many minutes of thought, I realized that it probably didn't even matter and got on to the work of the day.

Palm Springs

Unfortunately, the excitement Teresa had about the whole DNA thing quickly faded. I warned her that on people so young, like us, it would pretty much have little to no effect, other than that our chances of cancer and other age-related issues would be considerably lowered...so at 50 or 60 when our friends complained about high cholesterol or heart issues, we might not. So we really got back to the day to day of working, studying and hanging out.

We had been back to the regular routines about two months when Teresa came to me with a nice surprise. Her aunt and uncle had a really cool house in Palm Springs, CA and they were going to be in Europe for a week. I had earned a little vacation time at work, so a few days later, we ditched out of town and headed to the desert. It had been dreary and a bit overcast in San Diego...as it always is in June, so Sunny, 90-degree weather, sitting by a pool drinking Margaritas was a great plan.

We packed up my Toyota pick-up truck and headed out to the desert. It was a little over a two-hour drive but we were both very excited to be going on a little mini vacation. Teresa was normally pretty calm on car rides and usually read a book, but not on this ride. She was extra frisky and constantly touching me and caressing my arms and leg as I drove. That was a first as she was also very sexually reserved and we barely even kissed in public. After a few minutes of that, she couldn't contain herself and she began giving me a hand job as I tried to keep from wrecking. I thought it would be just a couple minutes of fun, but she was as playful as ever. She just wasn't going to stop and after several minutes she had brought me to almost full completion. I told her she needed to stop, but she was determined as ever. The feeling was becoming overwhelming and I had to pull over on the side of the freeway. The truck had barely stopped and Teresa bent down and took my cock in her warm, oral grasp. She bobbed

up and down for a final minute and I exploded into her. Teresa licked up the cum as best she could, gave me a quick peck and finally relaxed into the passenger seat.

In two and a half years, Teresa had barely hugged and kissed me in public, now I'm getting hand jobs and blow jobs in the car. I don't know what got into her, but I liked it.

We hit a Mexican food drive-thru on the way into town. Pedro's was a chain in Palm Springs and San Diego and we just loved it. I was about to order Teresa one chicken soft taco and a small bag of tortilla chips...which is what she always got when we went to get Mexican food, but she said right before we ordered, "Babe, I'll take the Mondo Beef Burrito and a Chicken soft taco." I was shocked, "You're going to eat All of That?" I said. "I think so dear, I've been super hungry lately." She responded. "OK." I replied. As we looked at the drive-thru menu, I just couldn't decide. I always got a Big Bean Burrito and a couple of tacos, but I just wasn't feeling that hungry recently. I went over the menu three times to the annoyance of the employee and Teresa; and finally she just said, "Pick something honey...there's people behind us." I caved to the pressure, ordered the two tacos and held at just that. As we waited Teresa said, "What's gotten into you honey, normally you know what the hell you want before we even get there?" "I don't know." I said, "and by the way, don't be too cocky, that's like the first time you've ever taken less than an eternity to figure out what you wanted." We both laughed and shook our heads.

The attendant handed me the bag of food and I peered inside to make sure we got everything we ordered. I started laughing hysterically when I looked inside and saw the size of the Mondo Burrito. "My God!" I exclaimed as I handed Teresa the Burrito, "This thing is Fucking HUGE! There's no way you'll eat all this." She grabbed the Burrito from me, looked at it and said, "Wanna Bet?" "What?" I replied, "We've never bet on anything in 2+ years...and this is what you want to bet on?" "Absolutely!" she said. "OK, OK." I answered, "What's the bet?" "Body massage all week long." She replied quickly. Well, I loved getting massages, so I quickly stuck out my hand to shake and said, "You're on!" She immediately opened up the wrapping and began to eat on the way to the place. I was busy trying to eat carefully and drive, meanwhile Teresa was inhaling the Mondo Beef Burrito. As I drove and finished my first taco, I looked over and Teresa had downed at least half of the burrito. I asked, "Getting Full?" with a smile. She just peered back at me with a very determined look and said, as she cutely chewed and swallowed, "Nope." In my smart ass sense of humor way I added, "oh, and still gonna eat the taco too?" Teresa took a break from the burrito, unwrapped the taco...and in one, very un-lady like fashion, shoved the whole thing in her mouth, chewed it and damn near swallowed it whole. With a huge grin on her face, she grabbed the rest of the burrito and mowed it down as we arrived at the house. "Holy shit!" I exclaimed as I put the truck in PARK, "I can't believe you ate all that." In one swift motion, again with a wry grin on her face, Teresa grabbed the half of the second taco I still had in my hand and quickly stole it and shoved that in her pretty little mouth! "SNAP." I yelled, "You're eating like a damn NFL Linebacker...not a 130 pound chick." She kept chewing, smiled and got out of the truck.

We walked up to the front door of the place, opened it up and went inside. It was a completely remodeled and modernized 60's style Ranch Home. It had concrete floors and modern Grey and Silver counter tops, cabinets and appliances. Rugs throughout and a beautiful redesigned pool and integrated hot-tub. After a quick tour, I grabbed our bags and brought them into the bedroom. Just as I put them down, Teresa shoved me onto the bed and jumped on top of me. We began stripping clothes like crazy and making out. Within seconds, Teresa mounted me and inserted my cock into her. She was bouncing on top of me like crazy and within two minutes was screaming in ecstasy and utter satisfaction. I was normally the one who had to hold back from cuming too quickly, but as Teresa thrustted violently up and down on my member, she leaned her head back and shuddered while she orgasmed. "Holy Shit, you're Amazing!" she said while sliding off me and laying to my side. I would love to have told a better sex story, but it happened so quickly and was over in a matter of three or four minutes.

"What the hell was that?" I asked in total confusion. "I don't know." She responded, "You just hit all the right spots I guess....I couldn't hold back." Trust me, I was happy to have satisfied her, but with Teresa, there was always 10 to 15 minutes of foreplay, followed by 30 to 45 minutes of sex before her first orgasm, and another 45+ minutes if we were going for two. Four minutes of sex with no foreplay was an absolute first! Not to mention, I didn't even cum yet. I figured we'd go for round two...but Teresa seemed satisfied, got up and threw on her new swimsuit. "What the Hell." I said, "Can we go again here." "Sorry babe." She answered, "Don't worry, we've got a whole week here to have fun!" "Hmmm" I thought, odd that she was so into her own satisfaction but not too caring about mine. I guess she was right though, we did have much more time.

Pool Time

I rummaged thru my bag and grabbed my board shorts. Threw them on and headed to the kitchen. About ten feet away, Teresa was standing facing the counter, pouring Margarita mix in the blender. Her suit looked awesome. The bottoms were Navy Blue covering her groin area and ass, with a white inch-wide band connecting the front to the back. They had kind of an athletic look to them and made Teresa's ass look better than I had ever remembered. Instead of a bit flat and soft, it looked a little more perky and firm. I walked up to her and grabbed her right buttox. To my surprise, it was a bit firm! "Wow T-bone." I chirped, your ass game is on point! She laughed and said, "Ya, it's gotten a little harder lately for some reason and I thought this new suit made it look great." "No doubt about that." I said. Then I gave her a quick peck on the cheek, grabbed a drink and headed out to the pool.

As my lazy ass got on a raft with my margarita and floated into the middle of the pool, Teresa came out with towels and began to arrange the lounge chairs, pool pillows, and table umbrella. For some reason I was a bit entranced with her and as she moved around, it wasn't a walk...she had much more of a strut going on as she worked. I couldn't take my eyes off her perky ass and her legs seemed to have a little hardness to them as well. After being in a relationship for two and a half years, you think you know

everything about your girl and almost take her for granted...but there was a new buzz going on here and I couldn't stop staring.

Just as she finished with all of the set up, she looked at me and said, "You look a little too comfortable there honey. I think it's time for my first massage." I laughed and said, "OK babe..a bet's a bet." And I paddled over to the steps. She grabbed a towel and I followed her firm ass over to the grass area at the far end of the pool. Teresa laid face down on the towel and I kind of straddled and sat down on her ass. Instead of a soft seat, I was sitting on a firm bum and my weight did little to smash it. Teresa had her hands under her chin, but I asked her to bring them around down by her sides. As she did I was shocked as for a brief moment, as she lifted them up and pulled them back, there was a POP of muscle visible in her back. It lasted only a brief second, but I had never noticed that before and it sent a warm sense of arousal thru me for some reason. I put my hands on her shoulders and began to rub her firmly. She must have been stressed I thought because she was normally quite soft, but now all of the muscles in her shoulders, neck and back seemed really tense. As I rubbed her harder, she kind of winced in pain a little bit. "I'm sorry." I said, "Too hard?" "No." she replied, "I've just been super sore and super tight everywhere the last few weeks. Not sure why though, I don't feel stressed at all. In fact I feel better and more relaxed than ever." "Maybe you just have some knots from sleeping wrong or something." I answered. "I'll try to get rid of them for you." She sighed in pleasure and closed her eyes as I continued my massage. I was rubbing right over her shoulder blades when, for some reason, she decided to bring her arms and hand from her sides, back up to under her chin. This time, I actually had me hands on her when the muscles in her back and shoulders popped to attention. "Damn honey!" I exclaimed, "you're back muscles just flexed and kind of exploded out right now, have you been working out?" "What the hell are you talking about babe?" she answered, "you know I don't work out at all."

I wasn't taking that as an answer and got off her firm ass and sat to the side of her. "Well." I replied, "I'm just telling you what I saw and felt." "Can you do a push up?" I asked. "I don't think so." she said, "I haven't even attempted one since gym class my junior year in high school." "Well, try." I suggested. Teresa kind of got an embarrassed smile on her face and got in regular, male-style push up position. I could tell she had zero confidence but she slowly lowered herself to the ground and then quickly pushed up to full lock-out position. "Damn." I said, "No Problem! Try some more." Teresa lowered herself again and then popped back up effortlessly. Stunned and surprised she did another and another...and another. Finally her arms began to tire and she finished off a ninth consecutive push up. Teresa then kind of fell to the ground in exhaustion as her arms did finally run out of steam. "Honey that was amazing." I exclaimed in excitement, "I've never seen a woman do nine push ups before!" After a few moments, she sat up and started feeling her arms. "Wow." she said in surprise. "My arms feel really firm right now." I reached over and grabbed her right arm. Without a doubt it was hard. "Full of blood from the push ups for sure babe." I said as we both kind of caressed her arms. "Ewe, I kind of like it though." she said, kind of fishing for a response from me, to make sure I liked their new solidness too. "Ya, I do to." I answered.

"Your turn." Teresa said to me as we kind of finished squeezing her arms. "Sure." I replied. I was by no means a workout guy, but I could do 10 plus push ups in physical ed in high-school, so I figured I'd probably do that now too. I got in push up position and immediately felt a bit weak in my shoulders. Instead of lowering myself down, I almost fell to the ground as I relaxed my arms to begin. I started to push up and it felt like I weighed a million pounds. Even half way up, it was becoming a struggle and my arms were almost shaking as I reached full lock out position. I was hoping that was just a bit of coldness or lack of a warm up and lowered myself back down for a second rep. This time my arms had almost no strength to push me back up and I arched my back greatly to kind of worm-up to the top. Not wanting to give up, I lowered back to the ground, rested for a second then began an intense push. My arms were shaking violently now, my back and neck were arched, and I thrust my butt up to gain enough body momentum to get back to the top. I then collapsed back to the ground having performed three very marginal reps before total arm and shoulder failure. "I looked at Teresa and said, "Damn I felt heavy...I must have put on a little weight recently or something." Teresa reached out and grabbed my right arm but instead of it being hard and full of blood, it almost seemed like the opposite. I grabbed my arm as well and it was a bit softer than I had ever remembered. "Damn." I said, "I need to get into the gym." Teresa looked at me and laughed and said, "That'll be the day????"

I shoved her back playfully. She got a very determined look on her face and said, "Oh REALLY!" with that, she shoved me back. I didn't expect such a strong push and I did end up on my back. Teresa then jumped on top of me and grabbed my arms, trying to force them into a pinned position. I pushed hard against her hands, thinking I would easily over-power her and take control, but I couldn't. Her strength and weight were too much and I couldn't do it. Thankfully, before she pinned my hands, I turned to my side and she fell off me. I then rolled on top of her, my additional weight helping me greatly there. I straddled her torso and grabbed her wrists. I leaned into her and tried to pin her arms. My additional weight helped, but her arm strength was not allowing me to pin them fully. Our hands were now interlocked and flailing wildly all over the place. It was obvious that she couldn't over-power me, but at the same time, it was now obvious to me that I couldn't over-power her anymore. We finally gave up wrestling and I leaned in and we began making out passionately.

As I mentioned earlier, Teresa was very into a warm-up and foreplay. So I began to caress her nipples like I had done so many times before. Instead of allowing me to do that, Teresa grabbed my hand and moved it down to her vagina. I instinctively started rubbing the area near her clit. Almost immediately, she began moaning in satisfaction. I couldn't believe it, because I had never been great at hitting the perfect spot when finger-banging her, but I found her clit easily somehow and was rubbing it quickly. Within a minute, Teresa was arching her back in pure ecstasy and moaning my name. I stuck another finger in her tight, warm pussy and lowered my head to start licking as well. Her hand grabbed the back of my head and started forcibly grinding it into her crotch. I licked faster and faster and faster as she started shaking and spasming wildly. Her grip on my head and hair was so forceful it was almost painful, but I knew she was in a moment of pure fulfillment so I kept licking and grinding even faster and harder. Finally, after several more minutes, she arched her back and torso up violently and vigorously, froze momentarily and then fell, lifelessly to the ground, totally sexually satisfied and content.

It had certainly been an amazing day so far! I had gotten a blow job on the drive here, had sex when we got here, and had now finger-banged my girlfriend on the grass in the back yard. I left Teresa to rest on the ground and went inside to make a margarita. I needed to use the bathroom once inside so I stood in front of the toilet and did my thing. I was just about to walk back into the kitchen to grab my drink and noticed a scale next to the bath tub. Curious to see how much damn weight I had gained, and why I felt so weak, I stepped on the scale. I expected the mid 180's. The dial spun and bounced back and forth and eventually ended up at 168. I kind of laughed instinctively, thinking Teresa's aunt had set the scale back so she would seem thinner than she really was. I lifted up the scale, and went to adjust the ZERO. To my surprise, it was set at zero and not below. I turned it way up...then way down....then re-zeroed it out to be sure. Again I stepped on the scale and it bounced back and forth and finally stopped at 168. WTF I thought, how did I randomly lose 10 pounds. I don't remember doing anything different over the last couple of months. The only thing I could think of was that I still always ordered an 8" sub sandwich for lunch, but over the past month or so, never had finished it and would always put the second half back in the fridge at work....only to be thrown out later 'cause I always forgot about it. I looked at myself in the mirror but my body didn't seem that much thinner than I remembered. I did think that maybe my face seemed a little thinner though.

I kind of let that slide and walked back to grab a new margarita. As I peered outside to see if Teresa wanted one, I caught her mid-set as she was pumping out some more push-ups. "Oh my God." I yelled, "Are you doing push-ups again?????" A second later she yelled back, "Yesssssss babe....and I'm going to get 10 in a row by the end of the week, I swear." Jesus Christ, I thought, everything seemed to be a competition for her lately. "OH I know you will honey." I shouted back, "Do you want another margarita?" I asked. "Sure." she yelled in mid-rep.

I fixed a second drink, brought them out to the table and hopped on the raft again. Teresa finished her little sets of push-ups, jumped into the pool and glided over to me. She had a frisky look in her eye and before I knew it, she ducked below the surface and exploded up into my raft, sending me splashing into the water. As I came up for air, she embraced me in a bear hug and we again began kissing intensely. Her passion was off the charts this trip and I was enjoying every second of it. We finally took a little break and she looked at me with her little puppy dog eyes and she said, "Honey, will you start the BBQ and put some steaks on." "What in the world are you talking about baby." I said, "You just ate a Mondo burrito and three tacos just 4 hours ago. I figured you'd be good on food for the week after that." "I don't know." she said, "I'm just hungry already Ok. Can you just start it and we'll see?" "Sure." I nodded and I got out to start the BBQ." I wasn't even near hungry, and I had eaten a quarter of what Teresa had devoured at lunch. I couldn't believe she already wanted me to get the BBQ going.

I figured I would cook one of the big steaks and Teresa and I could split it, saving the other one for later in the week. Just as I was about to go get it, she walked out onto the deck with a large serving plate with both huge, marinated steaks on it. "Thanks babe." I said, "But I was just going to cook one and we could split it." She got a funny look on her face and said, "Ummm, you were just going to give me half a steak dear?" "Yah hon...I mean, we just ate and all." I said. "Oh c'mon Davey." she replied, "just cook

em both up, it'll be fine." Not wanting to argue, on what had already been an epic day, I reluctantly threw both steaks on the grill.

While I took care of the grill, including some green beans, Teresa set the outdoor table, got some pilaf ready and got out a bottle of red wine. It was still warm out and the sun was still a few minutes from setting when we began our meal. It was a perfect setting and we gazed lovingly into each other's eyes as we began to eat. T-bone started cutting into her steak and for the first time ever, I noticed a bulge in her arm. Every time she pushed her knife hard into the meat to cut another piece, it would appear. I didn't say anything to her, but was mesmerized by it with each cut. I found myself anxiously awaiting her to enjoy another piece of steak, just so I could see it again. In an easy tone and non-threatening manner I asked Teresa how many times she did push-ups today. "I thing 5 different times." she answered. "I never could get ten reps in a row, but I got a lot of 7's, 8's and 9's." "That's great." I answered, "I'm sure you'll get 10 by the end of the week." "Oh I know." she answered, "probably a lot more actually." she said like it was a matter of fact.

We continued eating, but I really wasn't hungry and probably finished half my steak, half my potatoes and all of my green beans. I stood up to take my plate inside to the sink. "Are you done already?" Teresa asked. "Ya babe." I answered, "remember, I told you I wasn't that hungry in the first place." She nodded her head, really not caring what I said and grabbed my plate from me. She then slid my steak and potatoes waterfall fashion onto her plate and said, "Thanks dear." and handed me back the plate. I shook my head and walked my plate into the kitchen. I rinsed it off and threw it into the dishwasher, walked down the hall to take a leak and finally ended up back outside with my girlfriend. By then, she had polished off the rest of her meal, my meal and her red wine. "Oh, I guess going out dancing is out now." I said with a smart-ass grin. "Oh my God." she answered, "I'm so fucking tired, I think I'm going to bed." "No problem." I said, "You get some rest for tomorrow, I'll clean up." with that...she gave me a nice warm kiss, hugged me tightly and then sauntered off to bed...

Lazy Days...

I had gone to bed about an hour after Teresa but was wide awake at 7am. I wanted to sleep and cuddle with her but i just had to get up. I walked into the kitchen and decided to have something to eat. I cut up some fruit and had a glass of orange juice. It seemed like plenty so I walked into the living room. Teresa had brought some books so I sat down and looked at the covers. They were smut novels with well-built men and their skinny model girls at their side. I had never really read for fun but something intrigued me about one of them. The guy looked like a slightly smaller Arnold Schwarzenegger but both he and his girl had six pack abs which somehow drew me in. I decided to start reading and was immediately addicted to the characters and plot line. There was lots of fighting action and several sex scenes described in great detail about her caressing his perfectly formed biceps and traps while he dragged his erect penis across her perfectly formed breasts and abs. Hot and wet was how I would describe the scenes and it was hitting a cord with me and getting me sexually aroused as well. I had no

idea how long I had been reading when Teresa finally appeared in the room. "What the hell are you doing?" she asked. At that point, I realized that my hand was down my shorts, massaging my erect cock as I read. "Oh my God honey." I said, "I had no idea how hot these books you read are." "Welcome to the club babe." She said with a grin, "Welcome to the club."

She then walked into the kitchen, set out a bowl and began to break eggs into it. After she broke the third egg, I said, "Oh, you don't need to break any more, I already ate." She looked at me playfully and said, "No problem." Then broke a 4th and a 5th and finally a sixth egg. "Six eggs!" I exclaimed. "Yah...um, I'm making myself an omelet dear...I need six eggs." She then turned her head and began whipping a fork into the bowl. Again, from behind it was even more apparent, but a little muscle was protruding out of her arm as she whipped the fork wildly. I walked up from behind and grabbed her really firm arm. "Wow." I said, "Honey, your arm is looking amazing lately...it almost looks like you have a little muscle." "Well." she replied, "guess what I did this morning." "Ummm, got up finally." I said while laughing. "That." she replied, "and not 8, not 9, not 10...but 11 push-ups in a row." "No way!" I exclaimed. "That's awesome." She smiled as I kissed her, knowing that she had crushed her goal of doing 10 in a week, by getting to 11 in only one day. I began to grab her firm arms again, realizing that it was indeed muscle in them, not some tightness or blood filled random thing.

"Why don't you see if you can do a few more than yesterday honey." she said. "OH, ok babe, let's see." I replied. I walked over to the rug in the living room and got into the push-up position. As I began to lower, there was not only weakness, but a bit of pain in my arms as well. I got to the ground and pushed up though the pain. "One." she said loudly. I lowered again, still feeling the pain but pushed up anyway. "Two." she exclaimed with excitement! ...I lowered a third time. Now the pain was there, but I again felt unbelievably heavy on my weak arms and there seemed to be no strength, I got half way up for the third and after a brief moment, fell helplessly back down to the ground. "Damn." I said in disappointment. "I felt even weaker than yesterday for some reason, I hope I'm not getting sick." "Oh, don't worry dear." she said, "You'll get 10 by the end of the week too." She then stood at the stove, preparing her meal while I sat back on the couch with the novel.

Again, I found myself enthralled with the novel. I was starting to become emotionally and physically connected with the couple. The book went into great detail of every strand of her beautiful long blond hair and subtle blue eyes, even into detail about the size and firmness of the nipples on her breasts, while simultaneously interlocking that with the warmth of his breath on her neck as his thick, protruding, powerful chest brushed gently, powerfully against the softness of her tan back. I was picturing it in my mind as if I was watching it right in front of me. No wonder women loved these novels, this one was amazing! Again I had a hard on as I looked at the clock and realized Teresa had been out back by herself for two hours while I was reading.

I walked out back expecting to find her laying on a raft, but she was not there. I looked in the bathroom, the guest room, the bedroom....couldn't find her. Holy shit I thought, where the hell was she. Just then,

I heard the front door open and she came walking in. She had on short shorts, Nike shoes and a tank top. She was sweating from head to toe, but to be honest, it was glistening off her beautiful forehead, arms and lips, and she looked radiant. "Where the heck have you been?" I asked caring. "Oh, I was just going to go for a walk around the neighborhood for a few minutes, but I found a really pretty running trail, so I decided to start jogging along. I wasn't getting tired and about two miles down the trail they had this jungle gym like area for kids. No one was there so I decided to do some more push-ups, I got to 12 this time by the way, then I decided to do some sit ups and some squat jumps and I even did a pull up!" "Wow." I replied, "You had quite the physical adventure while I sat on the couch reading like a bump on the log." "Don't worry." she replied as she leaned in and kissed me on the lips, "let's have a little physical adventure of our own right now!"

I was certainly into that and we headed to the bedroom for a little sex. I started by lightly massaging her clit, which I was able to find now immediately and it seemed to be slightly larger than I had ever recalled. On top of that, she said that it was unbelievably sensitive lately and my simple touch was almost finishing her off. I went from that to slowly inserting my cock and I enjoyed lightly squeezing her firm arms as she rode me again from on top. I caressed her shapely upper arms and shoulders repeatedly but wasn't feeling things emotionally yet when Teresa shuddered wildly again and reached full orgasm. Luckily she had been a little tired from her jog and I think we actually made it ten minutes this time. Something odd was missing from our sex so far on this trip and I knew I needed to figure things out soon.

Teresa then quickly threw on her swimsuit and grabbed a half pound of lunch meat as she headed out to the pool. I again wasn't very hungry so I grabbed an apple and the smut novel and followed behind. We floated on the rafts peacefully enjoying the sun and water. Teresa got up a couple times to grab a quick snack while I tried desperately to finish the novel. Finally, after another two hours, I finished it and said, "Honey, this novel was incredible, I can't wait to read the sequel. Which book are you on?" "Oh." she answered, "I've had those three for a couple months now but for some reason just haven't been in the mood to read." "My god." I replied, "The plot twists are amazing, you've got to start them so we can talk about them." "OK, OK, I will." she answered weakly. I went back inside and couldn't help but grab the second novel and start reading. About ten minutes later, Teresa came in and asked me to make one of my "World Famous" margaritas.

I got up and walked to the blender. As I got closer, Teresa said, "Oh my god honey, look at your chest." I peered down and couldn't believe it. I had a full-fledged sunburn. Although I was a little pale in the winter, my grandmother was Italian, so with just a little sun I would tan instantly. I had never been sunburned in my life. I touched its red color and it was both painful and it turned ghostly white underneath. I looked at Teresa, who was half Irish and half English. She just had to look at the sun for five minutes and she would burn, but sure enough, her color was olive and she was actually getting a nice tan. I rushed to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. My face had been covered by my hat so it was as white, or more white than I had ever recalled, and I actually thought I might have a few freckles. I quickly ran back into the kitchen and got just a few inches from Teresa's face. Sure enough, she no

longer had any visible freckles and her color was darker than I had ever remembered it. She pinched my ass and said, "How bout those margaritas babe?" It snapped me to attention and I quickly made her drink. She walked outside and I sat down at the table trying to ponder what could be happening. Did I actually switch our blood for the transfusions? If so, is that why I got burned and she didn't. Then again, I had never sat on a raft for two hours reading a book...maybe that was it. Was it all just a couple of coincidences? There was no way to be sure without another blood test, so I had to shelve the idea for now and just get on with enjoying our vacation.

I decided to stay inside and out of the sun for the next day or two to let my burn subside. Teresa was fine with that since we had been talking to each other non-stop for three days and it was nice to have a little alone time. She kept eating and hitting that running trail and kids playground to work out while I just couldn't pull myself away from her smut novels. The sex scenes were so descriptive, I found myself trying to emulate them in preparation for sex with Teresa. In one scene, Dirk slowly kissed Katie's neck, softly, warmly moving his muscle-bound torso up her tall lean frame. Rubbing his bulging, power-laden quads up her hard, fit torso as he slowly, lightly circled her firm nipple with his passionate touch. I found myself trying to lightly caress my nipples in the same way, hoping I could do this to Teresa and send her into a state of euphoria. But I was getting really good at it. For some reason, my nipples were extremely sensitive...maybe from the sunburn, but it was getting me really horny and my whole body was becoming aroused, mentally and physically, rather than just having a turned on cock. Reading these books and slowly, methodically feeling my nipples was better than any jerk-off session I'd ever had. In fact, I became so deeply engrossed in the novel and my own light touching that I ended up ejaculating all over myself without ever grabbing my erect penis. That was so amazing but so crazy I thought. I went into the bathroom to shower and clean up.

Just as I was getting out of the shower, Teresa arrived home. She walked into the bathroom glistening with sweat, wearing the same shorts and Nike shoes that she had been wearing all week, walked up and gave me a quick kiss. She quickly undressed and hopped in the shower behind me. I couldn't help but stare at her gorgeous ass as she showered. It was seeming more firm every day and there was actually a hint of the concave shape in the side of each cheek I notice on the track and field athletes in the Olympics. "Oh babe." she said, "I made us dinner reservations for 6 so put on a nice shirt. "No problem." I answered. "Where are we going?" "The Sharp Knife Steakhouse." she replied. "Oh." she followed, "Can you hand me your razor, I forgot mine and the hair on my legs is a bit prickly." "Shoot honey." I said, "I forgot my razor too, we can pick one up while we're out." She nodded OK and a couple minutes later got out of the shower. Her body was looking amazing and I said, "Honey, you're looking fantastic and firm everywhere right now, with all that running, did you lose a little weight?" "I don't know." She said happily.

I walked over to the tub, picked up the scale and brought it over. "What the hell." I said, "let's see." Teresa looked at me and said, "Honey, you never ask a girl her weight you know." "Oh jeeze." I replied, "You look better than ever right now....I bet you 20 bucks you've lost 5 pounds." "What do I win though if I didn't?" she asked sarcastically. "In that case babe." I answered, "We'll stop at the sports store and

I'll buy you a new workout outfit.,,,so you win either way." She now knew it was a win-win situation so she slowly stepped on the scale. Just like with me, the dial bounced back and forth for a while, but for her it eventually stopped at 144. "Well this fucking thing's broken." she said, as she quickly got off the scale. "Damn." I reacted loudly, "I just reset this thing 4 days ago." I picked it up, adjusted it up, then adjusted it down and finally adjusted it to dead zero. I placed it back on the ground and Teresa was eager to step on it this time, thinking it would register a much lower weight. Sure enough, the dial bounced around a bit, but eventually landed again on 144. Teresa shook her head in disgust and jumped of saying, "That stupid thing is obviously broken, I was 130 pounds two months ago and I feel fitter now than I did then...I figured I was probably 125." "Well let me see if it reads high for me babe." I said as I stepped on it. The dial bounced a bit and then came to a stop at 164 pounds. "Damn." Teresa responded, "I thought you were like 180 pounds, how did you lose weight doing nothing while I gained a ton?...It's not fair, guys have it so easy!" "I don't know honey." I said as I tried to calm her down, "I haven't really been eating at all the last several weeks, I just haven't had an appetite. Do I look thinner to you?" "I don't know." she replied as she looked me up and down, "I mean, your little belly is still there, but I guess it might be a little smaller, and I guess now that I think of it, your arms seem a little skinny and softer than I remember them. Oh, and your face, right in your cheeks does seem thinner now that I'm recollecting." "See honey," I said to make her feel better, "that's all it is lately. I've just been a little ill or something and haven't been eating. I'll probably gain it all back in a week once I get my appetite back. Besides that, In your case, you've obviously lost some fat and gained a little muscle. Muscle weighs a lot more than fat, so maybe that's it."

I gave her a reassuring hug and said, "Honey, I'll love you forever, no matter how much you weigh." We kissed passionately for a moment when she backed off with an evil look in her eyes. "HEY!" she said, "I thought you told me you forgot your razor." "I did." I answered quizzically. She reached up felt my chin and cheeks with the back of her hand and said, "Then why is your face so smooth and soft you damn liar?" I quickly reached up and felt my face too. I normally had to shave every other day, but quickly realized that I hadn't shaved in six days. "I don't know." I answered, "Like I said, I think I've been a bit ill or something the last several weeks, maybe that has something to do with it." She didn't really buy my answer, but shook her head and looked in the mirror to start combing her hair. I truly believed that my slightly ill and lazy feeling had led to my weight loss, but the fact that my facial hair wasn't growing seemed very weird and unrelated.

Teresa and I jumped in the truck and headed out to get her a new workout outfit and some dinner!

Sports Store

We arrived at the sports store and jumped out of the truck to walk inside. Teresa was wearing a cute light blue sun dress and these cute open style sandals with kind of a 1 inch rise cork base. She was probably five feet ahead of me as we started walking inside, but instead of catching up and walking in with her, I stayed a few feet behind. I found myself mesmerized by the hardness and shape of her

calves. I had never noticed calf muscles on her before, but in the slight high-heeled sandals, they seemed to pop with each step. Noticing me lagging behind, Teresa stopped walking and turned towards me. She then held out her hand and grabbed mine as I caught up. She had a beautiful smile on her face and she held her head out towards mine for a quick kiss. I leaned in as well, but had to reach up slightly as her head was higher than mine. We kissed quickly and as we took another step, I looked behind us to see if she was on some sort of rise in the concrete or something. I didn't notice anything and turned to look at Teresa as we walked inside. She definitely was taller than me, but I quickly realized that she had on the sandals with a slight heel in them, so it all made sense.

"What first?" I asked her as we entered the shop. "Shoes, I think." she answered quickly. We walked passed all the athletic clothing and got to the back of the store. There was a wall full of shoes and she quickly found a couple pairs of Adidas running shoes she liked. A 19 or 20 year old brown haired kid came up and asked if he could help. Teresa handed him the two pairs of shoes and told him she'd like to try them in a size 8. He told her no problem and walked into the back. We found a couple chairs to sit in and the kid quickly returned with the shoes. He sat in front of her on one of those short shoe-salesman chairs and brought Teresa's foot up and slipped it into the first Adidas running shoe. He began to tighten the laces and his biceps and forearm muscles were bulging fluidly with each movement. I found myself staring at his muscular arm and perfectly formed bicep as he tied her laces. I thought that was weird so I looked away briefly. It didn't work though and I found myself staring again as he laced up her other shoe. Without thinking, I said, "How did you get your arms so perfectly formed? I mean, what do you do for your arms." Oh Fuck I thought...did I just say that out-loud. I was immediately embarrassed and a cold shiver went up my spine. He laughed and said, "Oh, six days a week in the gym and lots and lots of curls." he answered quickly. "Well, they look amazing." Teresa interjected honestly. "Thanks." he answered, "It's a lot of hard work and diet for sure." With that, He lifted his left arm and flexed the bicep. A huge ball of muscle bulged up like a perfectly formed peaked hilltop. As he flexed, he pointed to the defining line on the underside of the bicep peak in the middle of his muscular arm and said, "The hard part is getting this line right here." "Holy shit!" Teresa and I said in unison. She then instinctively reached out and felt it. Following her lead, I also instinctively reached out and grabbed it as well. It was obviously rock solid but smooth to the touch. "Lots of hard work guys." he said, "lots and lots of hard work." We both laughed and we again complimented him on the results.

Teresa stood up and began to walk around a few feet one way and a few feet the other. She then walked up face to face with me and said, "I think they're a bit tight hon." She then looked at Mark and asked, "Can you bring me an 8 1/2 instead?" He walked to the back to grab the larger size. Teresa then turned back towards me and said, "That's weird babe, and I've always worn a 7 1/2 or 8, Is Adidas making their damn shoes smaller now?" I wasn't sure how to answer her stupid question about Adidas shoe sizes, but she wasn't wearing her high heeled shoes now and we were definitely looking eye to eye. As she sat down and removed her shoes, I grabbed one and inspected the sole. It didn't seem to have any added lift to it I thought and I began to ponder why she seemed taller all of a sudden.

Right then, Mark came out with the larger shoes. Again he sat on his chair and began lacing her up. I found myself drawn to his perfectly formed biceps and triceps as the muscle flexed and moved with each pull on her laces. I tried to act like I was looking at her shoes, but I was lying to myself and couldn't figure out why I was so mesmerized by them, I'd known plenty of workout dudes in my life, and never gave their arms a second look. Why was I now so intrigued with his muscles? Right then, Teresa stood up in the new pair, walked around a few feet and said, "Perfect! I'll take them." She then swiftly, took them off and he boxed them up. "I'll have these up front for you." He said, as we walked to the women's workout clothes section. The thought of Marks incredible arms was still burning inside of me so I asked Teresa, "Damn honey, that guy's arms were incredible weren't they?" "Perfect!" she answered, "but why the hell are you so into that dude's arms? I didn't even know you liked muscles." "Me neither." I answered, "But lately I've been attuned to them for some reason. Especially your super fit Ass babe!" I answered and then leaned over and up for a kiss. We both laughed and walked up to a rack with workout shorts and tops.

Teresa grabbed a pair of Under Armour running shorts and a workout top and walked into the dressing room. A minute later, she emerged with a questioning look on her face. "Too tight right?" she asked. "Oh my God honey." I answered, your ass is bulging out of them and they're probably about to split." "I don't get it." she said, "All of their sizes seem to be smaller here than they are back in San Diego. I guess I'll get the larger size." Woman hate thinking they're getting fatter and I knew Teresa was feeling a little depressed about it. She walked out a minute later in her Black and Pink running shorts and top. "Damn honey." I exclaimed, "You look fucking amazing in that. Under Armour would sign you to a modeling contract immediately if they saw you? She laughed hysterically but I could tell she was very happy with my response. I got out my phone and snapped a quick pic to capture the moment. She then went back in and got back in her summer dress so we could go eat.

As we were walking towards the front, we kind of cut through their weights section. I thought I'd be funny and ran over to the dumbbells and yelled, "Look honey, you think this is what Mark does all day?" As she looked, I grabbed one and attempted to do a quick curl with it. It felt really heavy and I could only get it 1/3 the way up before it stopped. I said, "Oh shit, maybe not that one ha ha." She laughed to as she rolled her eyes and started walking over. That one was 30 pounds so I quickly grabbed the 20 to save face and began lifting it. With a bit of a lean and some body momentum, I got that one up. Feeling vindicated, I took a step towards Teresa figuring we'd walk out. "Hold on." she said, "Let me try." "Ha ha, OK babe, but the cute pink and light-blue girls weights are over there." I said sarcastically as she walked to the rack. She flipped me off lovingly and reached down and grabbed the 10 pounders. She started easily curling those and at ten reps, she put them back down and grabbed the 12 pounders. Again, she easily hit ten reps. She kind of shook out her arms and lifted the 15 pounders off the rack. "Oh boy." I said, "now you're hitting the real weights." She got a bit of a serious look on her face and began to curl again. 1....2....3...4...5...10. She made ten reps and placed them back on the rack. I reached over and gave her a high-five and figured we'd go. "Hold on a second babe." she said. I want to try the 20's. "I think those may be too heavy honey." I answered, "I barely lifted that one." "I know." she responded, "But the 15's didn't feel that bad." "hmmm." I answered, "Let me see those 15's" I said as I politely brushed her aside.

I had only tried the 20 pounder so I assumed that with the ease that Teresa curled the 15's, I would have no problem hitting ten reps as well. I lifted the 15's off the rack and held them at my sides. They definitely felt lighter than the 20 and I started to curl them. The first three went up quickly but I could already feel a burn in my arms and some weakness. With a bit of effort, I lifted the right one for a fourth rep and then the left. Not to seem too stressed, I quickly attempted a fifth rep with the right, it went up, but my arm was on fire and I barely made it. I lifted my left arm and by half way, it was damn near stuck. I kind of leaned back and that helped me curl it to the top. Now I lowered the left down and took a quick rest at 5. Teresa looked at me and said, "Five more reps babe. I just did 10 you know." I looked at her and said, "Yah hon, I got it, just took a quick break." With that, I again lifted my right. It was stronger than the left but just barely and it was burning up and at half way it completely froze. I lowered it back down and tried to lift the left. It was even worse and by 1/3 the way up it froze as well. I leaned back and tried to help it up, but it was no use and at half way it was done as well. I lowered it back down feeling a bit defeated and looked at my girl. "Are you kidding me honey!" Teresa asked in surprise. "Are you sure you did 10 with the 15's?" I asked. "Yea." she said as she nodded her head up and down with a very puzzled look on her face..., "No problem." What the fuck? I thought. Did my girlfriend just out lift me? We had occasionally play wrestled over the years, and other than the other day by the pool, I had always easily pinned her.

I kind of shook my burning arms as Teresa reached her hands out and grabbed the 20's. I immediately noticed as her arms hung to her sides that they were much fuller and the curls were definitely pumping them up. With a bit of a grunt Teresa began to lift. Surprisingly, she lifted her right arm, and the 20 pound weight easily and swiftly to the top. Next, she lifted her left. With an intense and stern look, she again lifted the right....then the left. "Two!" I announced emphatically. Teresa kept focus and intensity as she lifted again and again. "Three." I blurted out, "Four...Five...SIX." I said in complete surprise. By now, the weight was starting to give her a problem so she took a quick rest. She quickly looked at me with an exhausted look, but then re-focused and lifted again. The right arm shook a bit but she got the weight up. The left did much the same. She slowly repeated the process and I yelled as she completed that rep, "EIGHT!" Finally, the arms seemed to lose steam and she had to lean back a bit after they got caught at about half-way to finish the ninth rep. Drained, Teresa barely lifted the weight high enough to put them on the rack. She then looked at me and my proud gaze was apparent as I hugged her and gave her a kiss. "Oh my God honey." I said, "That was fucking amazing." She was so proud of herself too and flexed her right arm. "Wow!" I exclaimed. "Babe...you've got a damn bicep!" She looked in amazement too and felt the slight bulge with her opposite hand. She began to caress it in surprise. "My god." she exclaimed, "I've never had one before." She kept flexing and relaxing it under her grip as she was discovering something new and incredible. The bulge was nothing like Mark's, but she did already have that slight, mid biceps definition Mark was saying he worked so hard to achieve. It was really impressive and I reached out to feel its hard, firm beauty.

I reached down in my pants and had to readjust my now erect penis. "Really honey." she said as she watched me moving my cock. "This gave you a hard on?" she asked as she again flexed her arm. "I think so." I answered in a bit of surprise myself, "It's intoxicating to me for some reason." She smiled widely

and said, "Good. It's going to be that much easier to get you into bed now I guess." "Why, cause you can probably carry me there now." I said in my most sarcastic tone. She laughed and said, "We'll just have to find out later tonight, won't we baby!" With that, she turned to the weights again and said, "OK." let me try this 25 real quick and then we've got to go eat...I'm starving again!"

Teresa grabbed two 25 pound dumbbells and lowered them to her sides. The arm pump was crazy noticeable now and they were beautiful and totally had me mesmerized. She got super serious and again grunted as she began to lift. You could tell it was heavy but she soon lifted the 25 pound dumbbell to the top. The left quickly followed and she got that up as well. Two more reps followed and she took a brief rest after three. Finally, with extreme effort, Teresa raised her right all the way to the top. The left was a bit tougher, but with a slight lean, that eventually hit full lift as well. Exhausted, Teresa strained but was able to put the 25 pound dumbbells back on the rack. Her arms were toast and they hung lifelessly at her side. I immediately wrapped her in my arms and gave her a huge hug and kiss. She turned towards me, put her hands on my torso and leaned her head down slightly to kiss me passionately back. After a few more moments, we backed off to walk up to the front. I quickly reached out and grabbed one of the 25 pound dumbbells in my right hand. I attempted to lift it, but it barely got 1/3 of the way and became far too heavy for me to raise any further. I leaned back hard as Teresa watched and still was only able to lift it 1/2 way up. Finally, I also put my left arm under it and got it all the way up. We both laughed as I put it back down and we walked towards the front. I wrapped my left arm around her firm torso and she grabbed my right arm and kind of rested her heavy arm across my shoulders, strutting confidently.

Sharp Knife

We arrived at the Sharp Knife Steakhouse after leaving the sporting goods store. As we walked up the stairs to the front door, I couldn't help but admire Teresa's beautiful calves as they flexed with each stair she climbed. In two and a half years, I never even knew she had calf muscles, but now it was obvious, their shape was amazing and it was hard to not stare. The host was obviously impressed with Teresa too and she sat us in a great table for two which was up a couple stairs on its own platform and visible to anyone walking into the restaurant. It's where they always put the "pretty people" and with the gleam of confidence in her eyes, my girlfriend was definitely that.

The waitress, Denise, walked up and asked to take our drink order. She was a cute little blonde with nice boobs and a pretty face. Red wine was always our go-to when having steak so I looked at the Wine Menu and they had Teresa's favorite. I looked at the waitresses and said, "She'll have the Justin Cab and I'll do the same." Just as the girl began to turn, Teresa interjected, "Hold on a moment, I think I'm going to go with something different tonight." I was shocked, Teresa always jumped at the chance to have Justin, now she was unexpectedly changing it up. "Sure miss." The waitress responded, "What would you like instead?" "I think I'll do a double Makers." "Holy Shit honey!" I exclaimed, "A Whiskey." The waitress laughed and turned away to head to the bar. Teresa looked at me and said, "I don't know

babe, I'm just craving a whiskey right now for some reason." I laughed and said, "OK...as long as I can have a sip." She winked at me and we began to happily look over the menu.

A few minutes later, the waitress showed up with our drinks. She had barely put them on the table when Teresa said, "OK, I think we're ready to order." I looked at Teresa and said, "Honey, I can't decide, I think I need more time." Without even acknowledging my request she said, "We'll have the side of green beans topped with bacon, two baked potatoes with light butter and chives and two 8oz. filets medium rare. I looked at her in shock and she looked back and said softly, "Oh babe, I'm starving right now and just don't have time for you to look over the menu for another five minutes, If you didn't know what you wanted by now...I don't know how 5 more minutes would help." Denise laughed and said, "You tell him sister." And she reached out and gave Teresa a high five. "By the way," Denise asked her, "Your arms look absolutely amazing, what do you do for them." "Oh my God, you're so sweet." Teresa replied, "I've recently been doing some push-ups, pull-ups and some bicep curls. The results came lightening quick though, you should definitely try it." "I will, I will." Denise replied. "As she was starting to turn away, Teresa couldn't help herself and added, "Who knows Denise, in a couple of months, you might be stronger than your boyfriend like I am." Denise looked at me and laughed out loud.

I was a little embarrassed and felt a little emasculated by Teresa. For some reason though, it really turned me on and I kind of just ogled her confident presence as she sat across from me with a huge smile on her face. "Oh, don't worry honey." She said, "I know you'll be much stronger than me again, once you feel better and start putting some weight back on. But I've got to rub it in while I still can!" I smiled and said, "Yep, watch out babe, 'cause I'm going to have Mark-arms in no time once we get back." Right then, she lifted her right arm up and gave me a full bicep flex. It was still pumped up from our little sporting goods store workout and the little bulge was gorgeous. "I'm going for those too babe." She replied, "And I think you've got some catching up to do." I instinctively raised my right arm and also gave it a biceps flex. Unlike Teresa's though, it wasn't pumped up and there was certainly no bulge in it. Teresa reached across the table and grabbed it, squeezing its soft shape easily in her strong grip. "Oh, my poor little sick honey with his soft little biceps...you have a little catching up to do I think." We both laughed and then leaned all the way across the table and shared a brief kiss.

I grabbed a sip of wine while Teresa took another gulp of her Double Whiskey. Right then, our food showed up and it looked amazing. The green beans and potatoes were steaming and the steak looked amazing and was still popping from the butter they put on it. We each filled our plates and began our meal. Teresa looked so cute as she took a bite of steak, and while slowly chewing it, rolled her eyes back then looked at me, and while still chewing said softly, "This is unbelievable honey." She did the eyes roll thing at least four or five more times in a row. She was so cute while doing it and it was such a contrast to the nice full arms she had that moved and bulged with each piece of steak she cut. I found myself again, totally enamored by her confident presence and it was making me very horny. Again, I soon became full and with half of my potato and steak left. I felt done. A few minutes later, Denise walked up and asked if she could get us anything else. I said, "Yes, could you get me a to-go box for this steak." "No, No, No." Teresa interrupted. "I got this." She then reached her fork across the table, stabbed my

steak caveman-style, and brought it over to her side. She then winked at Denise and said, "Gotta feed the guns you know." And gave her a quick bicep flex. The confidence was just dripping off of Teresa now and I fucking loved it. Denise couldn't help herself and she reached out and grabbed my girls exposed, flexed arm. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed, "It's harder than I even imagined. WOW!"

Denise then looked at me and said, "My gosh, she really is stronger than you." "Jeez." I responded, "Her arm's a little harder for sure, but I wouldn't say that she's "Stogner" than me." Teresa looked at me sarcastically and said, "Really dear, let her feel yours...and do I need to tell Denise here about our little sporting goods store workout?" Reluctantly, I flexed my right arm for Denise to feel. She grabbed it and squished it hard in her firm grip. I blurted out "Ouch!" I had forgotten how much lifting of heavy plates and trays that waitresses do and her strong grip kind of surprised me. She and Teresa both laughed and Denise said, "Oh ya girl, you've easily got him beat." "Like I said." I responded, "Hers may be a little bit harder, but I wouldn't say stronger!" Denise was pretty fiery and said, "Tell you what, If she can beat you at an arm-wrestling match, I'll buy you both another round of drinks." Without a second of hesitation, Teresa blurted out, "You're On!" "Absolutely!" I followed up with. That is a total win I thought....Free Drinks!...and this was not a cheap steak house.

We kind of brushed the plates to the side and cleared some room for the match. We locked grips and Denise put her hand on top of ours to get ready to start the match. I was kind of gripping Teresa's hand lightly, getting ready to quickly lose and get my free drink. Teresa somehow thought I was going to try and damn near crushed my hand in her really strong grip. Denise then lifted her hand and said, "3, 2, 1...Go!" I quickly pulled my arm backwards down to the table, proclaiming Teresa the winner...Free Drinks! "Wait, Wait, Wait." Denise blurted out. "That's not right, you didn't even try." I kind of looked at her and Teresa and said, "Free Drinks if I lost, Right?" Denise realized the error in her plan and answered, "OK, OK...we have to redo the bet. If she wins, Free Drink for her. If you win, Free Drinks for both of you." Damn, I thought. That meant I had to try if I wanted a free drink too. "OK." I answered, "Fine. But you better not change the bet a second time." She nodded in agreement and Teresa and I again locked grips. "Three...two...one...Go!" Denise yelled. I immediately pressed hard, figuring my overall strength and body mass would over-power Teresa's strong, but lighter frame. To my surprise, Teresa's shoulder and bicep muscles popped up noticeably and I had a severe fight on my hands. As I pressed with everything I had, Teresa's arm not only didn't move back, but she actually started to move my arm backwards. "God Damn your Strong!" I yelled as her now bulging bicep started to move my arm closer to the table. The muscles in her neck actually seemed to flex as she drove hard to overpower my arm and hand me a thorough defeat. Her strength was almost insane and I knew I stood no chance of winning. But right at about two inches off the table, I felt a slight loss in strength from her and she couldn't press my arm all the way down. We held there for 5 or 6 seconds, but then somehow, miraculously, her push weakened and I began to move her arm back. It was slow progress, but eventually we were back at the top and I slowly started to force her arm back. I then leaned into her arm hard, kind of put my upper body weight into it and finally forced her arm to the table. In an actual bit of disbelief, total defeat and embarrassment had been averted. I jumped up from my chair with hands held high and said, "Free Drinks Denise...Free Drinks." Denise gave Teresa a sympathetic pat on the shoulder, disappointed that she didn't win and then went off for the drinks.

That Night

On the drive home, I have to admit, I was really feeling a high level of self-confidence having beaten Teresa at the arm-wrestling match and winning us both free drinks. As we drove though, Teresa asked, "What did you think about Denise?" "She seemed really nice and fun." I answered. "No." she replied, "I mean, what did you think of her...did you find her attractive?" "Umm...she was cute I guess, but nowhere near as hot as you! Why???" "I don't know honey." She responded, "I just thought she was really good looking for some reason." "You've never told me you thought another girl was good looking, what are you talking about?" "I know babe, I know. I was just curious what you thought." "Well, what I think is that you are the hottest girl ever, so there!" She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek as we arrived back at her aunt's house.

We walked inside and as I followed Teresa in, I reached and grabbed her firm thighs from behind, then slowly raised them up along the smooth shapely surface, bringing up her summer dress in the process and exposing her beautiful, tight hips all the way to her ass. It was round and hard and amazing and I massaged it briefly before Teresa turned around and we started kissing passionately. I placed my hands around her tight torso and then brought her in closer, our bodies pressed tightly against each other. We slowly walked a few feet into the living room and laid down on the white, shag rug. Teresa basically ripped my pants off me and tried to mount me immediately. "Hold on, Hold on." I said. "We've been going way to fast, let's take it a little slow this time." Our sex had been fairly frequent on this trip but had been no more than 15 minutes each time. I wanted to satisfy Teresa and myself, but wanted a marathon session for sure.

"Ok, Ok." She said and she lowered herself down to take my cock in her mouth. After a few moments of that, I said, "No, come up here." She moved up beside me and we started kissing slowly, passionately. I grabbed her left hand and guided it to my right nipple. Instinctively she started caressing it slowly, softly. It was putting a warm buzz thorough my whole body. "You like that?" she asked, "Absolutely!" I answered, "I can't believe I never knew how amazing it made my whole body feel. The sensation is incredible." She was happy that she was making me feel so good, so she moved over to the other nipple, then took her other hand and slowly started massaging my erect penis while we kissed lovingly. She was putting my body in some sort of overall feeling of Zen, and I wanted it to last forever. This seemed to go on for 10 or 15 minutes and I was beginning to understand why women love foreplay so much. To my surprise, Teresa lifted her head away from me slightly and said, "OK honey, can we move this to the next level now?" I had always been the one who wanted to move past the foreplay and right to sex, but for some odd reason, it was Teresa who was anxious to get it on.

She quickly mounted me and while I still laid on my back, she began to ride up and down on my cock, rubbing her noticeably larger clit quickly against it. After only a couple of minutes, I could tell she was becoming really satisfied and I desperately wanted this session to last a lot longer than the last few. I looked up at her satisfied face and said, "Honey, Honey, let's try another position." She looked down at

me with a very wry smile on her face and tightly clinched her thighs against mine, squeezing my legs together as if they were in some sort of vice. I tried to push them outward but her grip was so strong, I just couldn't budge them. She continued to ride me, even faster now and I knew she was feeling way to good to hold herself back from orgasm. "Babe, seriously." I said as I again looked up at her very satisfied expression of pleasure. She looked down at me with a playful smile, grabbed my hands in her hands and then pinned them above my head. She looked so hot, with her hair hanging down, touching me in my chest and her beautiful arms fully extended, showing that small little triceps bulge which she had recently developed. The sex was feeling amazing, but I just had to make this experience last longer.

"Babe!" I exclaimed lovingly, "I'm going to change positions here whether you like it or not." She didn't care and actually extended her head up and back a little as the feeling of pleasure was exciting her even more. I decided I had to do it so I pressed up hard with my arms to turn her over. She quickly realized what I was doing and forcefully pinned my arms back down over my head. It upset me a little and I pushed hard against her grip to release my hands and get her off of me. But this time, she leaned ever so slightly forward, and my hands were completely pinned. I tried to twist my lower body, but the vice like grip her thighs had on my thighs kept them from budging as well. Finally, I decided I would thrust my hips up in an attempt to buck her off of me. I failed to even lift her an inch off the ground and I quickly realized that her strength and weight had me pinned completely helpless beneath her, a pawn to her current desire. She started riding me faster and faster now. My hands and arms and legs totally powerless. I just peered up at her. Her head was leaned back and I stared at her neck, noticing muscle there previously nonexistent. It led down to her chest which had never been big and her breasts actually seemed to be smaller than before, but an almost muscular dividing line was developing between them. The push-ups were obviously helping develop her chest and the results seemed to have happened almost overnight. Finally realizing I was completely incapable of budging her strapping body, I closed my eyes and tried to time small thrusts with her up and down motion on my cock. It worked and brought me to almost immediate ejaculation. Luckily, Teresa was starting to gyrate wildly as the sense of satisfaction was coursing through her body. Our pulsing rhythm became synced and she started moaning loudly with every pump. "Uh, Uh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh....." she repeated again and again, more and more rapidly as we fucked. Finally, with a wild shudder and a loud gratifying scream, Teresa reached orgasm and slowly slowed her pumping and released her powerful thigh and hand grip on me, gently resting her heaving chest on mine, looking me dead in the eye while kissing me softly.

"I love you so much Davey." She said as she still laid on top of me. "I love you too." I whispered back softly. "Did you mean what you said the other day about us? That you'd love me forever no matter what." "Of course, I did honey. Of course." I answered. We laid there lovingly, satisfied and completely content for a minute or more when she said. "Let's get married then." It was a bit of a shock. I mean, I always thought I would be the one asking her to get married, not the other way around. "Um, of course we'll get married babe." I answered quickly. "No babe." She said, "I want to get married right now." I laughed and said "Huh?" "Let's get in the truck, drive a few hours to Vegas and do it!" "That's crazy I said, "Plus, we've been drinking, that's way too far of a drive." "First thing in the morning then babe, you said you'd love me forever, do you promise!" It seemed absolutely crazy, but I loved everything about Teresa, seemingly more and more every day recently. I looked her deeply in the eyes

and answered. "I Promise!" She held me tightly, grabbed a blanket off the couch and pulled it over us, her hard, beautiful body falling asleep next to mine.

Vegas

I woke up the next morning to a wad of blankets and pillows but no Teresa. I got up and walked into the kitchen to a note saying, "Babe, I Love you! Can't wait for the best day ever! p.s. Went for a quick workout, be back soon." That was followed by a drawing of a big Heart. I made a cup of coffee and sat down to wait for my future bride to arrive. On cue, she walked through the door, glistening with the moist sweat that had beaded up during her trail run. She ran up excitedly and we embraced. Her body was hard and pumped from her workout and I felt the tricep muscle bulge on her arms as we stood there. I was becoming a bit addicted to it for some reason, and I loved its definition and small horseshoe like shape. After the kiss, she grabbed my hand and led me down the hall to the bedroom. Again, I found myself staring at her beautifully shaped, fuller seeming arm muscle.

We walked into the bedroom and Teresa turned quickly and gave me a quick peck on the lips and said, "OK babe, let's take a long, wet shower and then hit the road to Vegas." I agreed and we swiftly disrobed and hit the shower. I took pleasure in lathering her up and feeling her seemingly rock hard body. She had picked up a razor at the CVS down the street on her way back from the run and she asked me to shave her slightly prickly legs. With pleasure, I rubbed lotion all over her legs and began to shave them. Caressing her legs was amazing, and it seemed like there might be a little definition and some slight bulging in her quads that I had never noticed before. As I reached around to the front, Teresa grabbed my head and pushed it right into her pussy. I instinctively began to lick her vagina and quickly found the small clit bulge she had also recently developed. I began to lick it feverishly and Teresa began to gyrate accordingly. She somehow wanted to control the pulsing though and she grabbed my head powerfully, held it still and began to thrust her hips, using my mouth and tight tongue as a receptacle for her little clit. Over the next few minutes, she became increasingly quick and forceful and then, rapidly shivered and then moaned in Ecstasy and satisfaction. Slowly she stopped moving her hips, then got down on her knees, face to face with me and kissed me passionately.

"Was I that good?" I asked her, realizing of course that I did little but just kneel there while she did most of the moving and shaking. "Good!" she exclaimed, "You were amazing honey! Every sexual experience on this trip has been better than the last...I don't know how you do it." I thought about our week but kind of came to the realization that she had taken more and more control of each sexual encounter we had. She was totally skipping the once necessary foreplay and her vagina and clit seemed more sensitive than ever. I kissed her lovingly and sarcastically said, "You're welcome!" We both laughed and I finished up her shave and handed her back the razor. As she and I both stood up, Teresa put her hand on my face and said, "You're so gorgeous babe, like, better looking than I ever remember. And you must have shaved this morning because your face is like baby soft." She finished as she slowly grabbed my

face and jaw in her hand. I pulled my hand up and felt my face as well. It had been at least 7 or 8 days since I had shaved now and there was nothing prickly at all, just a soft smooth surface.

As we stood there, face to face, I again noticed that Teresa and I were looking eye level to eye level. I assumed she had to be on some sort of rise in the shower floor and looked down to inspect. It was a little dark, so I couldn't tell, but it didn't seem like a rise. Just then, Teresa reached out and slowly dragged the razor down my arm, shaving a vertical stripe thru my arm hair. "What the hell are you doing?" I asked. "Just trust me babe, and relax." she said calmly as she continued to drag her razor down more and more of my arm until there was obviously no hair left on it. Once finished, she started massaging it with conditioner and said, "Feel that babe. Doesn't it feel amazing?" I had never even contemplated what my arm would feel like with no hair, but she was right, it was smooth and soft and it did feel kind of cool. Before I could even answer, Teresa dragged the damn razor down my left leg. "Damn it babe." I exclaimed. "Not my leg." "Oh honey." she said, "I don't want your prickly legs scratching me anymore when we have sex...this is for me OK." "Shit." I answered. "OK I guess if it really bugs you." With that, Teresa spent the next few minutes shaving me clean and we finally got out of the shower.

We packed up and headed to Vegas. I was driving a long for a while and I looked over at Teresa. Instead of reading a smut book, which she had always done on trips, she just stared at me. Ogling me with a look of content on her face. I don't know why, but I kind of got embarrassed, turned red and said, "Quit staring at me honey." She smiled and said, "I can't help it honey. You're so fucking beautiful I want to ravage you right here in the truck." "Calm down babe." I answered, "We've got the rest of our lives together to do that you know." Teresa leaned over and against me and laid there contently for a several minutes.

After listening to the radio for a while Teresa reached out and turned it down. "Honey." she asked, "I've been having these funny dreams the last couple of nights, can I tell you them?" "Sure." I answered, "Go ahead." "Well." she began, "Two nights ago, I dreamed that you were helping me move in with you, and while I was downstairs, a bookcase you were moving had fallen on you and you were trapped underneath it. But, it was so heavy you couldn't move it. I heard you screaming and came running up and somehow, I found some crazy strength...you know, like people do when they're in high stress situations...and I lifted it off you and got you out." "Thank you honey for saving me in your dream." I said as I leaned over and kissed her. "Who knows." I followed, "With all your working out lately, you probably could lift a bookcase." With that, Teresa gave me a quick little biceps flex. Again, it showed an actual bump on top and looked really hard. "See." I said, "You'll have Mark-Arms in no time!" I kind of laughed at the thought, but instead of laughing, she just kind of ogled her flexed arm and said, "I don't know, maybe..." I wasn't really sure what she meant, but knew she did like her hard little arm.

Teresa kind of came out of her trance and I said, "OK babe, what's the second dream?" "That one's even more weird." she replied. "We were at a bar with your brother and a big ass hole was giving you guys a

hard time and told you to leave. Your brother was a bit drunk so he took a swing at the guy. Your brother missed and the big guy punched him right in the face, knocking him down." "Then what happened?" I asked. "Did I take a swing at the big guy too?" "No." Teresa said softly. "You kind of stood there, frozen, almost too scared to move....but right before the big guy could hit you a pushed you out of the way and punched him square in the face three or four times in an instant." "Damn Wonder Woman!" I said, "Then what?" "Well." she answered, "He stood there for a second and you could tell he was staring into outer space...knocked out standing up. Then he slowly leaned to his left side and crashed into the floor, motionless since I had just knocked him out." "Holy shit." I said, "You're just the little hero aren't you?" She nodded and we laughed a bit a shared and quick kiss.

We arrived in Vegas at the wedding studio a few hours later. For \$300 you can get married, in their provided tux and dress and even take a few pics. They have much more expensive Theme type weddings but we were into the get in, get out package. She went with her gal to go try on dresses and I got in a different room to get my tux. My guy had me in a tux in no time and we simply had to wait a half hour or so for Teresa. Even though this was Vegas, they now wouldn't let me see her until she came walking down their little chapel isle. I waited at the pew, and sure enough, a few minutes later, the wedding song started playing and my beautiful bride came walking down the isle. She was a sight in a beautiful, long white dress and thin white veil. She slowly walked up the isle and then the three stairs to stand beside me. Normally when we went somewhere nice, Teresa would wear short heels so that we were the same height or she was barely taller. But this time, she had to have on 5 inch stripper heels. As she turned to face me, she looked down incredibly as she was easily 3 or 4 inches taller than me in her heels. Teresa had never worn shoes that tall around me and it was a little intimidating to be standing next to my bride a full 4 inches shorter. We slowly made it through the ceremony and then were instructed to kiss. She simply held her face and lips out and slightly up, so I had to get on my tippy toes to reach up for the kiss. Teresa and I then finished the ceremony and walked out man and wife.

We were giddy with excitement and couldn't stop kissing and hugging each other. The photographer then led us back into the chapel for a few staged pictures before the next wedding party needed it. We took a few of the standard pics and the photographer stopped for a second and said, "Um, Teresa, would you like to take off your heels for a few photos so you two are closer in height?" She looked at me and then back at him and said, "No." kind of pinched me in the side and followed, "I'm really liking this height thing right now." He kind of laughed and shrugged his shoulder and then said, "OK. Let's take a few fun ones now." We started doing some funny poses and faces and then he said, "Dave, how bout you pick her up and cradle her for a pic or two." Of course I had picked her up in the past many times, so I quickly stood behind her, placed my arm around her back and the other under her legs and began to lift her up. Incredibly, her weight seemed massive to me and I probably didn't lift her three inches before all my strength was exhausted and she came crashing down on top of me. Luckily the fall wasn't far and Teresa started laughing hysterically. We got up and I said, "Hey, I slipped, let's try again." The photographer said, "OK, anytime you're ready." This time, Teresa tried to help and put her left arm around my neck and kind of jumped as I tried to lift. This helped get her more like a foot off the ground, but as soon as the jump hit its apex and her weight came down fully on my arms, again I had no strength and we hit the ground like a wet sack of potatoes.

Luckily, we were both ok, even though I think I strained my shoulder in the fall. The photographer said, "OK guys. I think we're good on the photos after that incident, I'll meet you up front." "No, No wait." Teresa exclaimed. "Let me try." "Honey." I said, "I weigh even more than you, I don't want to hurt you." "I want to try though." she begged. I looked at her and saw the sadness, almost begging in her eye and said, "OK. One quick try at this and then we're out of here." The photographer aimed his camera, said, "OK lets go." and began shooting. Teresa reached under my legs and back and within a millisecond, she had successfully hoisted me off the ground and in front of her. I had expected her to fail but somehow she pulled it off and the photographer got the shot. The weight was getting a little too much for her after 10 seconds and she put me down. I was totally in shock that Teresa had just cradled me and didn't know how to react. She looked at me with an almost guilty grin and said, "See honey, I can be your hero." She then kissed me quickly and grabbed my hand, leading me out of the chapel room to go.

Home

It had been an amazing 7 days in Palm Springs and Vegas with Teresa and my new bride was becoming more beautiful, vibrant and energetic by the day. I was so happy that I was going to get to spend the rest of my life with her. As we drove home, Teresa couldn't stop staring at me and telling me how much she loved me and how infatuated by me she was. I told her the same obviously but was amazed by her comments since my normally olive colored skin had somehow faded recently and I was feeling a bit pale. We got home pretty late and I had to work again at the lab the next morning, so it was a quick kiss before bed and we were both sound asleep.

I woke up early the next morning, took a quick shower and threw on my work pants and shirt. Amazingly, my normal belt hole was too loose, so I tightened it to the next hole in the belt strap. My lack of appetite the previous week obviously paid off and I ended up losing a little belly fat to the point where it was pretty close to flat. In fact, even that second hole in my belt was almost loose. I got excited to think I had inadvertently lost some fat and decided I would soon start working out a little like Teresa to even put on a little muscle. The incident in the sporting goods store was a little embarrassing and the fact that I barely beat her at arm wrestling meant I needed to hit the gym a little. I grabbed an apple on the way out the door and was off to work, newly married, and newly excited about making some improvements physically....something I had never done before.

I arrived at work, waved to the security guard and walked in front of a facial recognition scanner to go in the lab. It scanned my face as usual but gave me a "Fail" notification and red light. Hmmm, I thought, that's weird, so I walked away and then back up to the scanner. It again gave me a fail notification. I decided to stand just a bit closer to the scanner for the third try and this time, it finally gave me a "Pass" code and the door opened. It had never done that before and I assumed it had a bit of a glitch. I walked in and said hello to some co-workers. I then ran into Jennifer; she was the lead bio-analyst for the lab,

about 5'6" but a bit overweight, walked up and asked how it was. She had met Teresa a couple of times and was excited to hear we had gotten married. I began to tell her about the other parts of the week and she finally stopped me and said, "Wow, for a week in the sun, I figured you'd come back golden brown, but you seem a little pale with some faint red burns instead." "No kidding." I replied. "Couldn't really figure that out, and Teresa, who normally burns actually put on a fantastic tan." "I guess it was a great trip." She replied, never one to hold back her thoughts and added, "Looks like you lost a little weight too." "A couple pounds." I responded. "Yeah." She said, "That's great, I need to lose a few myself." We both laughed and I walked back to my cubical while she walked to her office.

Excitedly, I got online and bought a couple of gym passes for me and Teresa. It was obvious that Teresa had caught the workout bug and I wanted to get in better shape too. Teresa was really happy when I texted her the good news. She had me e-mail her the confirmation number so she could go down right away and get her gym pass. I did that and knew I would definitely be getting laid tonight after being so thoughtful and generous. For lunch I went to the building cafeteria and ended up sitting with Jennifer telling her every detail about our trip. The hour passed very quickly and I had only finished half of my tuna sandwich. Jennifer thought it was a bit odd that I hadn't had an appetite for over a week and was turning quite pale. She said, "David, when we get back to the lab, I'll draw a quick blood sample and see if we can figure out what's up." I agreed and we walked back to the lab.

Again, the facial recognition scanner was having trouble with me, but by the fourth try, I got through. Once back, I sat on one of the lab chairs next to an older gentleman going through our DNA therapy program. Jennifer walked over and said, "Let me get your Blood Pressure, weight and height real quick first." She took the BP then I walked over to the scale and removed my shoes. I stepped on the scale and she took the weight. 162 pounds was the reading. Then she took a height reading. 5'8". "What???" I said, "That can't be accurate, I'm 5'9" even...I'm not 5'8" tall." She looked at me quizzically and said, "Yeah, I thought you were taller too, but this machine doesn't lie." I made her measure it again, but it still read 5'8" I was immediately bummed out thinking I had always been a little taller. Anyway, we walked back over to the chair and Jennifer drew a blood sample. I then got up from the chair and went back to work, trying to catch up from the week off.

The work day finally ended and I was starting to get a splitting headache, which was odd because I never got headaches. I got home and Teresa was there, looking amazing in her little workout outfit, really excited to see me. She started to tell me how cool the new gym was and how fun it was for her to work out on all the cool machines, but my head hurt so bad, I just wanted a quiet dark room to sleep in. I kissed her and told her I needed to lie down for a bit. She gave me a kiss and fetched me some Advil and a glass of water. I took the pills and drank the water, then went and laid down. Teresa said she'd have to go to her apartment and start packing for the move so she'd see me the following day. We kissed briefly and she left while I went to bed. I woke up a couple hours later feeling a little bit of the headache and lethargic so just brushed my teeth, had another glass of water and actually went back to bed.

I got up the next morning and missed not having Teresa next to me, but at least the headache was gone. Like yesterday I took a quick shower and threw on my work clothes. Unlike yesterday though, I didn't put the belt stem in the second hole. I actually reached it just a bit further and was able to fit it in the 3rd hole from the end. I kind of exhaled my breath and flexed my stomach a little. Sure enough, it was pretty damn flat and I could make out a 4-pack with my top 4 abs. I actually got excited about that since I had always been just a little pudgy in the belly. I was sure Teresa would enjoy it too.

About 15 minutes later I walked into work. Just like before, the damn facial recognition scanner was having issues and it actually took 4 tries to get in the damn door. I saw Jennifer and told her about the scanner problem and suggested she have IT get it fixed. She said this was the first she had heard of the problem and that she had been gaining access thru the door the first try like always. I didn't think much of it and walked to my area to get to work. Not long after, the Office Depot order arrived and I was always tasked with putting the new office supplies away. I put the paperclips and pens in their drawers and reached down to pick up the box of copy paper. It had plastic straps on the outside that I usually grabbed and used as handles to lift it up and onto the counter. As I picked it up, the weight was incredible and I only lifted it a few inches off the ground before dropping it back down. That was weird, I thought, I had done this every few weeks since I started, why was the paper so damn heavy now. Again, I reached down, positioned my legs and lifted the straps. With more effort, I was able to lift it about half way up to the counter and realized it was far too heavy to lift the rest of the way. I wondered if they had bought a heavier brand of paper and read the label on the new paper and compared it to a reem we still had left from the older batch. They were identical so I realized the box of paper was the same weight as always. I again positioned my body in a solid lifting position. Grabbed the straps and lifted. It just felt so fucking heavy!!! I got it to a few inches below the counter level but by then, all my arm strength was gone and I dropped the box heavily back down to the floor. Dejected, I cut off the straps, removed the top of the box and took the reems of paper out one at a time, placing each on top of the counter, were the box was supposed to go.

I was curious to see how much the box weighed, so I took one reem of the paper and walked it over to the scale. I stepped on it and it came to 166 pounds. I then placed the paper reem on the ground and looked at the scale reading. It came to 161. I found that a little curious, since I had just weighed yesterday and was 162 pounds. But anyway, it meant that the box of paper, with ten reems in it weighed 50 pounds. It seemed like too light a box for me not to be able to lift up to the counter, but it was awkward in shape so I chalked it up to that and got back to my desk to work. By the time 5 o'clock hit I was again battling a monster headache. I phoned Teresa and let her know so she greeted me at my house on Tuesday and Wednesday and had the Advil and water all ready. She made some brief chit chat about the new gym and her progress in getting her apartment boxed up but to be honest, I wasn't listening very well and just wanted quiet and darkness.

After battling the fucking facial recognition scanner for the fourth day in a row, I finally entered work on Thursday morning. I walked towards my desk after the normal hellos but as I walked by Jennifer's office, she said, "David, could you come in here for a minute?" I said, "Sure." And walked in. "What's up?" I

asked. "Well," she answered. "Your blood test came back with some very odd results on Monday, so I sent it off to another lab for a second analysis. It came back identical so I had to bring you in to discuss it. Have you noticed a loss of energy or had a bit of a lethargic feeling lately?" "Yes, I have." I answered honestly. "Why?" "Many of your levels are significantly out of whack." She responded. "I pulled your blood results from the first day we hired you and your Testosterone levels were mid-range at 700 nl/dl. (nanoliters per deciliter). Today they came back at an unbelievable 73 nl/dl. That's ten times lower and actually a mid-range number for a female. Secondly, your Estradiol levels came back at 120 pg/ml instead of 35 pg/ml from your first day. It's an estrogen level commonly found that high in a female."

"Wow!" I responded, "Should I go see a doctor about this?" "Absolutely." Jennifer said, "I obviously don't know how to explain it or offer medical advice, but I just wanted you to know that's probably why you've been lethargic lately with really low energy and appetite." I thanked Jennifer for the info and told her I'd go to the doc first thing after work to get his advice. As I turned to walk out she said, "Oh, by the way. Your original paperwork does list you at 5'9" tall. So maybe we had the scale re-calibrated at some point or something." I laughed and thanked her, "See...I know I'm 5'9" I said and I walked away.

"Holy shit, Holy shit, Holy shit!" I thought as I rounded the corner and ran into the bathroom. I brought my face close to the mirror and inspected every inch. It was much thinner than I had remembered for sure and the pale skin was now showing dozens of small, faint freckles everywhere. Not only that, but my once brown eyes now had some green in them and looked very hazel...Teresa had green eyes and pale skin...could it be??? I brought my arm up and pulled my shirt sleeve back for a flex. My arm as a whole seemed super skinny, and when I flexed it, there was not even a small budge. I gave it a squeeze with my other hand, and the small amount of muscle hiding in there didn't hold up to the simple grip of my opposite hand. I started poking and prodding myself everywhere. Other than my now flatter stomach, every part of me seemed softer than ever. I pulled out my phone and immediately texted Teresa. "Hey babe." I texted, "We need to do a quick follow-up with you at the lab today at six. Can you make it?" "Of course babe." she replied, "See ya at 6."

The rest of the office staff headed home by about 5 or 5:15 so I knew it would be no problem to bring Teresa in at 6. She showed up and I met her out front after letting the security guard know we were doing a follow up visit. She looked amazing and with each stride she took, her newly hardened body flexed powerfully. She wasn't big in any way but all her muscles seemed tight and solid. I gave her a big hug and it did feel like I was hugging a trained athlete. "Babe." I said. "I can't believe how compact and firm you look after just a couple weeks of working out." "Ooh. Thanks honey." she replied and she gave me a quick kiss. We walked into the lab and I led her over to the scale. She slipped off her shoes and stepped on it. The reading took a minute and then the digital display showed 148 pounds. "Damn T." I said, "You gained 4 pounds of muscle in a little over a week." "I know." she replied. "I weighed myself at the gym and at first it kind of freaked me out, but now I'm kinda excited about it." She stood a couple inches taller than me since she was standing on the scale, so I kind of stood on my tippy toes and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

I then clicked a button to measure height. There was a sensor bar in front of the scale and I told Teresa to remain still while it took the reading. I knew it had been re-calibrated since I had only measured 5'8" tall earlier in the day, so I expected her reading to come in at 5'7". After a few seconds, the display started blinking and then stopped to show a height reading of 5 feet 8.51 inches. I knew that couldn't be right and told Teresa to remain still while I re-measured her height. I clicked the button and again the display blinked for a few seconds and then read 5' 8.51". What the hell I thought. This thing is really screwed up. Teresa hadn't seen the height reading and I simply asked her to walk over to the chair so I could draw some blood. She slipped on her shoes and as I followed her over to the chair, she did somehow look as tall or taller than me. Teresa sat on the chair and extended her left arm. Like I had mentioned, it was rock solid and the arm veins were bulging and clearly visible, making it easy for me to insert the needle. I got two vials of the blood removed the needle, placing a swab over the vein and asked her to hold it. I put the vials away and on the way back, while Teresa was waiting, I slipped off my shoes and stood on the scale. I then hit the button to measure height and remained still. I waited a few seconds and then peered up to the display. Sure enough, it read 5 feet 8.01 inches. "What the fuck." I thought. You can't fucking shrink. Jesus....

I got myself together, slipped on my shoes and grabbed Teresa and walked her to the cars. As we walked, I kept peering over to see if she was in fact taller than me. Sure as shit, I was definitely looking up slightly at her. We got to her car and she turned to embrace me. I grabbed each side of her tight torso with my hands while she rested her heavy arms on my shoulders and leaned in for a passionate kiss. So she wouldn't notice the height difference, I had already stood up just a little towards my toes, making me just a little bit taller than her, while not making it too obvious what I was doing. Also helping, I leaned into her, bringing our chests together, breathing in unison as we shared our love.

Finally, we leaned back from our embrace and got in our cars to drive home. It was a grueling 15 minute drive as I just wanted to ravage my beautiful wife since we hadn't slept together since we got back from Palm Springs. We finally both pulled up in the driveway and ran inside. I thought I would lead us into the bedroom, but before I could make the turn down the hallway, I felt a strong tug on the back of my shirt and I was falling backwards into my wife's arms. She quickly spun be around, pressed hard against my shoulders and forced me down to my knees. Her strength was tremendous and I couldn't have stopped from going down to my knees even if I had wanted to. I instinctively reached out and pulled her workout shorts down to her ankles. Her once pale legs were now a beautiful tan color and as I reached around them, I could feel some muscle in the back of her leg that I didn't even know existed. I pushed my tongue into her warm vagina and immediately encountered her bulging clit. It was protruding a bit more than I had recalled and I licked its beautiful form rapidly. Once again, Teresa began thrusting into my head as I stroked in and out quickly. I grabbed onto her powerful legs and hugged them tightly trying to keep from getting injured as Teresa started to gyrate so wildly. After only three minutes of this Teresa grabbed the back of my head and forcefully controlled my thrusts, pushing me harder and harder into her groin. She then began to moan loudly and as my head was forced into her groin harder and faster, she shuddered violently and then slowly stopped, letting out a satisfied sigh as she lowered to her knees and then laid down on the ground before me.

I gave her a few seconds and then slowly moved my body on top of hers. I began to caress her beautiful breasts, and noticed that they seemed smaller than they had been but more firm, with a little bit of body or fullness to the top of her chest and some slight definition in between. My fingers couldn't stop feeling them and I was for some reason mesmerized by them. I began to lick them passionately and Teresa quickly got back into the mood. I inserted my hard cock in her warm pussy and began to stroke her slowly. As I did, I could feel my cock rubbing against her still hardened Clit. I knew she loved the feeling and I was going to keep doing it. Teresa was certainly feeling the passion and I kept up a slow, methodical rhythm for a solid 15 to 20 minutes. Normally I would have had to stop myself from cumming, but I didn't feel the urge yet and was enjoying the feeling. Teresa was too, but eventually she slowly rolled me over to my back and mounted me. My cock was hard as steel and pointed straight up. Like a piston, she began lowering herself and raising on it rapidly. I put my hands on her thighs and could feel the tight muscles bulging in them as she rode me. I tried to time my thrusts with her but the speed became too great and I finally remained still while she controlled the timing of our lovemaking. I laid in awe of her fit, slightly muscular torso and reached out to caress it. For some reason, she reached down, grabbed my arms and forced them back over my head against the ground. She was now leaning forward and my face was staring at her amazing chest and abs. I wanted desperately to feel her torso again and tried to pull my right arm out of her tight grip. She sensed the pull of my arm and simply held my wrists more tightly, keeping me in a bit of a trapped state. Sensing my captured position, Teresa playfully rubbed her chest in my face back and forth several times. She then laughed and sat back up, again releasing my arms. "God damn your strong!" I exclaimed. Teresa winked at me and hit a double biceps pose. Amazingly, distinct round bulges formed on the tops of her arms and the size was very noticeable. I reached up to grab them and as I felt them, my hands began to shake uncontrollable. I don't know what was coming over me, but I couldn't believe what I was feeling and seeing. "Pretty incredible huh?" she said confidently. "Unreal." I replied as I got overwhelmingly turned on and began thrusting into her forcefully. She returned the favor and began thrusting in unison. Again, I felt her beautiful round clit against my rock hard cock in her wet, warm vagina. As it dragged against my hard surface, I became more and more and more turned on. Finally, I couldn't contain myself and vibrated quickly, my eyes rolling back as I pushed passionately into her. My juices finally burst and Teresa pumped onto my cock slowly, forcing every last drop into her. Totally satisfied and exhausted, Teresa slowly laid her firm heavy body on mine and pulled a blanket over us as I fell to sleep.

Teresa test results:

I awoke the following morning next to my beautiful Teresa. Her warm, hard body next to mine. She was lying on her right side as was I. Slowly, I reached over and softly grabbed her left bicep as her arm laid on top of her left side. Although she was sleeping and totally relaxed, there was a distinct hardness to it and the muscle it contained was tight and warm. As I caressed it, she let out a satisfying sigh and flexed it hard under my soft grip. It bulged slightly and Teresa brought her left arm to more of a curl, so I could feel the bicep bulge and round up slightly. It sent a shiver of excitement through me and I got an immediate erection. Teresa then rolled over slowly to face me, reached down and felt my hard cock, gave me a quick peck on the lips and whispered, "I love you."

Although I wanted to lie with her more than ever, I was dying to get to work and find out her blood test results. After another shower and quick drive to work, I battled the facial recognition scanner and eventually got in. The blood vials were in the refrigerated container and I created some phony paperwork and gave them to the bio-lab tech for testing. It usually took a few hours for the results and I couldn't wait to hear back. Sure enough, 3 hours later, the lab eventually entered the results into the computer and I pulled them up. Teresa's blood came back above average on many of the standard minerals and counts, but the Testosterone levels were off the charts. If the blood mix-up I suspected had occurred, I expected her to show Testosterone levels near my old ones at about 700 nl/dl. Surprisingly, the reading came back at 1020 nl/dl. "Holy Shit!" I thought, she's producing 50% more Testosterone than I had been producing before, and now almost 14 times the amount of me.

With these results, the absolute realization came over me that the original blood had been mixed up, that I had received her blood in the original transfusion and that she had received mine. With some quick research, having that much natural Testosterone production I found out that Teresa would develop an extreme level of muscle mass, probably without even working out. The fact that she was working out regularly was simply going to quicken and heighten the effects. Physiologically, she may have some adverse effects, like a deepening of the voice and possibly a reduction in breast and ovary size, but a potential increase in her clitoris size. I realized very quickly that I would need to bring her into the lab to re-insert her original blood back, and I would need to do the same in order to reverse the effects.

On my way home, I was trying to figure out how I was going to break the bad news about the blood transfusion being mixed up. I was really hoping Teresa wouldn't be crazy upset with me, knowing I had inadvertently risked her health, my health and possibly more. It could have even affected her ability to have a baby in the future. Wow...I had really almost royally fucked up our lives!

I arrived home and threw on some sweat pants and a t-shirt to go over to Teresa's and help her move a bunch of her stuff to my house, err, I mean our house now. After that, I quickly drove to Teresa's, trying the whole time to think of how I would approach her on the bad news about the transfusion. I soon arrived and walked in her place. Just as I walked in the kitchen, she was walking down the hall carrying two brown cardboard boxes stacked one on top of the other. She was wearing sweat pants too and a long sleeved shirt. I gave her a warm hug and quick kiss and asked her how the packing was going? "I'm so tired of packing." She answered, "But I'm a little behind since I decided I'd get a quick workout in, but I just had so much energy, it turned into a two hour lift session." "You're really loving the new gym I guess." I asked. "Oh my God." She answered, "It's so awesome and there's so much great equipment, I am constantly thinking about it, anxious to get in again and again." "Well." I answered, "I've been feeling a little better lately and not so lethargic, so I'll get in there next week for sure." She smiled, gave me a quick peck and walked down the hall to bring out more boxes.

After seeing her set the two boxes on the counter, I confidently slid my arms around the outside of the lower box and slid both off the surface to walk out to my truck. Immediately, the weight was enormous and my weak arms were no match for its load. The boxes both slipped through my grip and hit the ground with a thud. "Are you OK in there?" her voice shouted from down the hall after hearing my drop. "Yeah, no problem babe." I answered "just a klutz." I grabbed the first box, and just its weight was almost too much for me to lift. I walked it out to my truck quickly and came back to grab the second. As I picked up the second Teresa again walked down the hall with two brown boxes and set them on the counter top. I walked the box I had to my truck bed and came back into the kitchen to grab the new two boxes. This time I lifted the top box by itself. Again, it was quite heavy and a hell of a chore to get it moved. I came back in for the second and now there were already two more boxes sitting there next to the one I had left behind. I grabbed that one and again, by the time I got back, there were another two for a total of four boxes. Again, I grabbed one and quickly took it to the truck and kind of ran inside to try to keep up with her rate.

As I entered the kitchen, Teresa was standing there with two boxes still in her hands just looking at the four...about to become six...boxes still needing to be put in the truck. She then looked at me and said, "Why are you going so slow?" "I'm not going slow." I said in defense, "I'm just taking one box at a time." "Don't be lazy." she said kind of joking, but kind of seriously. "OK OK." I answered and then waited a brief moment for her to set down the two boxes she had and turn around so I could somehow get out of it. Instead, she kind of bumped into me with her two boxes and said, "Take these." Unfortunately, I instinctively reached out my helping hands and wrapped my arms below the base of the bottom box. Teresa, not even thinking twice, released her grip and the full gravity of the boxes hit me. "Jesus Christ!" I exclaimed as I tried desperately to hold them both, but the sheer mass overtook me and they slowly leaned forward and then fell uncontrollably to the ground. "What the Hell?" Teresa said in surprise. "Well." I answered with an attitude, "They were heavy." "Thank goodness they were just books." She said as she kneeled down and started organizing the jumbled books to place back in the boxes. I knelt down and started helping her with the books. A few seconds later, after thinking briefly about what had just happened, Teresa looked at me and asked, "We're the boxes awkward to hold or did you really mean they were too heavy."

With every ounce of pride in my body I wanted to tell her it was just awkward, but sheepishly, I looked her square in the eye and said, "They were just too damn heavy." She got kind of a funny look in her eye and said, "Hmmm, I don't know babe, but when I was walking them down the hall, they just didn't seem that heavy to me." "Yah" I answered, "but you have been working out and eating like mad lately you damn stud!" as I reached out and grabbed her solid bicep. She kind of flexed it and sure enough it slightly stretched the long sleeve shirt material that covered it. That made me grab it even harder and with a smile she said, "Oh you like that muscle don't you?" "Yah." I replied, "I think I do." "Me too." she answered confidently. "Well." I said, "Let's get this damn stuff picked up and finish this fucking move." Teresa had an ear to ear grin on her face, nodded OK, gave me a quick peck and walked down the hall to get more boxes. There was some serious pep in her step for the rest of the move and she just seemed so damn confident and happy, I decided I'd wait till tomorrow to give her the scary news about the transfusion.....

The Truth

We finished up putting all the boxes in my truck and I drove them over to my house to start unloading them. Teresa followed me over in her car and I lowered the tailgate and grabbed a box to walk it inside. I put it on my counter top and turned to walk out to the truck to grab another box. Teresa was walking up the path of course with two boxes with a bit of a grin on her face as we passed. I again grabbed one box and walked it inside...Teresa quickly passing me on the walk heading out towards the truck. As I headed back out, here she came again with two boxes. But she had taken her long sleeved shirt off and was now just wearing a sports bra. Her shoulders were visibly bulging and her biceps were flexed with the weight of the two boxes working them. For the first time, there was actually noticeable muscles bulging on her just doing a daily activity. She again had a big smile as she passed and I just stopped and stared at her noticeable muscles as she walked confidently by. I then looked down at my arm and flexed it. There was no muscle bulge and I realized for the first time, not only was Teresa tighter and harder than me, I think she might actually be bigger. I grabbed one of the last three boxes and walked it inside as Teresa walked by me one more time. We hadn't said a word on the three trips, but Teresa's smile seemed to get bigger and bigger each time we passed.

As I set my last box down, Teresa quickly followed and set hers down too. Beaming with confidence, Teresa finally said, "I hope those one box trips didn't wear you out." I jokingly did a right biceps flex and said with a smile, "You can't wear this out!" Teresa laughed hysterically, reached out and grabbed it, easily smushing it with a brief tense grip. Her eyes got big and round in surprise at the complete lack of muscle it contained. She said, "No seriously hon, flex." I clinched my fist tightly and put maximum effort into the pose. She again reached out and easily smashed its softness in her grip. Teresa then looked me in the eye and with a questioning gaze said, "Really?????" I kind of tilted my head and slowly said, "Yep....really...." "Wow." she said in surprise and she then flexed her bicep. Then, she grabbed it with her other hand to feel its size and hardness compared to mine. "Jeeze." she replied, "I think mine might be bigger?" I instinctively held my flexed arm near hers and said, "Uh, and harder too." Teresa then grabbed mine again, then immediately grabbed hers and said, "And Stronger." As she then looked back at me with a questioning look of excitement, confidence and surprise.

After the brief muscle comparison, Teresa got a really devious look in her eye and playfully tackled me to the ground. A quick wrestling match ensued and I instinctively threw my left leg over her body and was able to use my weight to kind of roll on top of her. In an attempt to pin her, I immediately interlocked my hands with hers and tried to pin them, but the move back fired. Her strength overpowered my arms and she pulled my arms down and to my sides. I tried to pull my arms up, but she had an iron grip and pushed my arms even harder against my sides. She then shifted her weight to the side and I began to roll over. Unable to brace myself, since that lower arm was firmly immobilized against my torso, as Teresa rolled over, she quickly mounted on top of me. Her weight felt immense for some reason, even though I knew I was actually heavier than her.

Now in the dominant position, Teresa rapidly brought my hands above my head and forced them down. I pulled, pushed, twisted and tried everything to free them. But her grip was too tight and her arms were too strong. After several seconds of trying to escape, my strength ran out and my arms went limp as Teresa easily kept them pinned above my head and slowly counted out, "One....Two....Three!" She then hit a double bicep victory flex. And Yelled, "And the winner is....ME!" With a huge smile on her face, she slowly leaned down and we began making out passionately. She was really pushing her lips hard into mine as we kissed and my head was being forced firmly against the carpet. After a couple minutes of that, Teresa slightly pulled her head back and looked me admiringly in the eyes and said, "I love you more than anything right now." Looking back, I answered, "I love you too." Quickly she responded, "I love you more." And she locked her lips with mine kissing with as much passion as one could!

Teresa then let go of my arms and rolled over on her side facing me. She looked me in the eyes again and said, "Time for my victory present." With that, she then pulled off her sweat pants, exposing her hard, fit legs and pushed my head down into her crotch. I knew what she wanted and I went right in and grasped her clit in my mouth. I began to lick it and suck it passionately and Teresa began to thrust in and out in unison with my neck movements. I loved the rounded, warm surface of her clit in my mouth and pleasuring her this way sent me into some sort of mental and physical euphoria lately. I found myself wanting to pleasure her, every bit as much or even more than pleasuring myself. After many minutes of this, Teresa finally began to moan and shudder in satisfaction. In the first two years of our relationship, I had never been able to bring her to orgasm this way, but recently, it was a given! She thrust and thrust, harder and faster. I licked and sucked harder and faster in concert with her....with my right hand grasping the back of her firm ass, I was able to keep myself right in on her clit, even though her powerful thrusts nearly knocked me back. Finally, her moans got quicker and faster and her breath was becoming fainter until she quivered wildly and reached ultimate satisfaction. She let out a soft sigh of satisfaction and briefly went limp. I lifted my head to hers and we briefly kissed again. She reached over and gave me a warm hug, then rolled back, stood up and pulled up her sweat pants, her victorious moment realized.

As we began unpacking all of the boxes Teresa was constantly interacting physically with me. Almost every time she passed, she would either pat me on the but, or grab my arm and give it a little squeeze or just simply give me a kiss on the cheek. At the same time, we were making some small talk and she was excited to tell me about how amazing the gym was and all of the different exercises she was doing and what body parts they were supposed to help. I know she was super enthusiastic about it, but I had never been into working out and with each passing day since our transfusion, I was even less so. I loved how she had a little bit of a more domineering personality now and I loved how she took control of our sexual interactions like a boss. She seemed so happy with her new found strength and muscles and I decided to wait till the end of the week to give her the news.

Over the week, Teresa was getting even more sexual by the day and we were having sex right when I got home from work and usually later that night or in the morning too. Now that she knew she was a little stronger than me, she was also having fun tackling me in the middle of the living room at random times

and making me scream "Uncle" or "I give, I give." She thought it was a temporary thing so I think she was having a lot of fun with it until my "Perfected DNA" kicked in and I started putting on muscle too. After a great week though, I decided it was finally time and I asked Teresa to sit with me at the table for something really important.

My wife sat across from me in a pink workout top. Her shoulders were rounded and a bit full from her workout that day and she was looking quite powerful and confident. "Honey." I said, "I have some crazy news about the transfusions we both went through." She looked at me with an uneasy glare, sensing I had some bad news to tell her. "There's not an issue is there?" she asked. "Actually honey." I answered, "There's a bit of a problem. Believe it or not, the lab got our blood mis-marked and I mistakenly introduced your blood sample into me and my blood sample into you." "Wait." she responded, "What the hell does that mean?" "Well." I replied, "It means that you've got my DNA running around your body telling your glands to produce a ton of Testosterone. That's why you're putting on pounds of muscle every week. Not only that, we tested your blood and you're producing 14 times more testosterone than I am with your DNA running around my body. That's why you've been getting so strong, while I've been getting weaker by the day." "Oh my God!" she exclaimed, "Are you going to be OK?" "Yes babe." I said, "I'll be fine but I need to re-introduce a sample of my blood into me and put your sample back into you and hope we can reverse the process." "Of course honey." she replied. "Of course.....when do we need to do it?" "I think tomorrow at 6pm will work babe." I said. We talked a little more in detail about some of the side effects, like me not growing facial hair, and also about her clit size growing exponentially. But she took the bad news well and I was glad she was eager to make things right again.

6pm came and Teresa showed up at the lab. She walked in wearing her short running shorts and a pair of running shoes. They have a good amount of cushioning in them, like all running shoes do and as she leaned to give me a kiss, she was obviously much taller. Her legs were looking nice and muscular and I knew I was going to miss the firmness and tightness I had become accustomed to over the last several weeks. Teresa then sat on the patient chair and I brought out the blood samples. I placed them carefully on the tray and they were correctly marked since I had got them tested a couple days earlier so there wouldn't be another mix up. With Teresa in the chair and the blood samples ready to go, I walked over to a sterile cabinet and grabbed the syringes for the blood infusion. I then looked around some more and got the gauze and also some alcohol swabs. After gathering them up and placing them on another tray, I turned to the patient chair and Teresa. As I did, I noticed Teresa not sitting in the chair, but about ten feet away standing by the sink. She had a guilty look on her face and I looked at her hands to see the two blood samples in them. Before I could think of what she was doing she just said, "I'm sorry honey...I love you." And she dropped them in the sink and began stabbing the bags with a scalpel. I screamed, "Nooooooooo!" and ran to the sink beside her. But she easily pushed me back with her free hand and I fell backwards to the floor. By the time I scrambled up and got back beside her, it was too late. The bags were drained and our samples were flowing quickly down the drain...

Down the Drain

I stared at the last drops of liquid as they slowly circled and then fled down the drain. Teresa's hands and arms covered in blood from the stabbing of the bags. For some reason a sense of dread and loss of all hope came over me as I realized the weight of what my wife had just done. I looked up at her and asked, "How could you do that?" Teresa didn't answer but just started crying and then ran out of the lab.

I wanted to follow, but knew I had to clean up the mess so my boss wouldn't be asking any questions the next day. As I started cleaning the bloody bags and sink, I noticed that my hands started shaking uncontrollably. I wanted to puke I felt so sick, but luckily I didn't. After several more minutes, I finished the cleaning and made my way out to the parking lot.

My wife was waiting for me, leaning her back against the truck. As I walked up it seemed like she did have some sense of guilt but then said, "Honey, you gave me this,... this,... This unbelievable gift. I feel better, stronger, more confident, more passionate for you then I've ever felt about myself, or anybody my entire life. I've never been happier...We've never been happier. And for some unexplained, insecure reason, you wanted to take it all away!!! I know you think I did this for me.....but I did this for us." By the time she finished, tears began streaming down her face again and she finished, "I love you now more than ever. Our connection is obviously undeniable, you are coursing thru every vein in my body and me through yours. We shouldn't change that.....we can't change that." Her comments left me speechless as she embraced me in a firm hug. My thoughts had been selfish. She was right, I had given her the gift of a lifetime, and now, just months later, I was trying to take it away.

As we slowly stepped back from each other, I said, "But honey, we've already gone through some physical and mental changes. I don't know how far this might go?" "Babe," she answered, "Through the few changes we've gone through; we've only grown closer together...we can't turn our back on that out of fear. We need to embrace the changes.... they're only making our bond stronger and completely unbreakable!" "Oh my God." I replied, "You're right Teresa. I seemingly think about you more and more each day. Every change in your attitude and physique has only enhanced my love and desire for you. Do you feel the same way?" "YES Davey, YES! Of course, I do. Why do you think I did what I just did? I'm a little apprehensive about what changes may come, but I'm excited knowing that with each day we are becoming one and that trumps any fears I may have. As long as I have you, I know my life will be complete." We immediately locked lips and kissed passionately. I massaged her strong back and arms, becoming immediately aroused and as turned on as I had ever been in my life, partly because of my current love for her, and partly because of the unknown we were about to embark on together.

We decided to leave the lab and enjoy and head for a beach restaurant for a cocktail and to discuss what changes might be in-store for us and how we could prepare for the eventuality of some of them. As we

walked up to the door Teresa reached out and opened it for me. I laughed and looked over at her and said, "Oh my God babe....don't even start!" We both laughed hysterically but she did it instinctively and I knew she already saw herself as the Alpha in the relationship. I allowed it and walked though and into the beach bar. As we sat across from each other, I looked into Teresa's beautiful eyes and noticed they were no longer green and actually had an almost blue color to them. As she spoke, I noticed that her neck seemed to be getting kind of muscular and her traps jetted up from her shoulders at a large angle to meet her seemingly growing neck. There was also now a defining line in the middle of her chest and she seemed more healthy, energetic and kind of powerful. I found myself eager to hear her every word and was overly agreeable to her opinion.

Teresa, now knowing the unreal potential she possessed, ordered for an army and began devouring the mass amount of food on the table. She just kept staring at me with a look of giddiness, confidence and passion. I stared back at her lovingly, both excited and a little scared of the path we were about to embark on. For some reason, watching her devour that food turned me on like crazy. It was a subconscious show of power, weather she knew it or not. At the same time, I barely touched my plate, somehow not wanting to seem like a pig. Eventually the bill came and Teresa quickly grabbed it. "What are you doing babe?" I asked. "OMG!" she answered, "I ate 3 times what you did, and you're terrible at math anyway. I got it." She was right on both counts of course, but I had always grabbed the bill, this was definitely a first. I guess it didn't matter anyway, since we were sharing accounts, so I let her take care of it. We got up and walked to the door, again Teresa held the door for me, this time with a sarcastic smile. I laughed and gave her a kiss on the way out.

We got home and walked into the bedroom. Teresa got into her gym clothes, stood in front of the full length mirror and started poking and prodding herself. I kind of laughed as I stared at her. She was still staring at herself, but she poked herself in the thigh and asked, "I wonder how big it will get?" I didn't answer, I just kept staring. Then she started squeezing her flexed bicep and asked, "I wonder how big these will get?" Finally, I reached down, started massaging her clit and asked, "I wonder how big she's going to get?" We both laughed and embraced lovingly. I waited a few moments and then lowered down to my knees, pulled down her workout shorts and started licking her clit. Like always, it grew easily an inch or so and I began caressing and stroking it with my mouth. Teresa had become incredibly sensitive there and she started pushing her pelvis in rhythm with my neck movements. I wrapped my hands around her legs and actually felt some hardness and even a bit of a muscle bulge in the back of her legs. Teresa's hamstrings were starting to grow and I found their newly developed size and hardness intoxicating. I held them tightly as I continued to take her hard, erect clit in my mouth. Again and again I licked and sucked on it until finally, Teresa began to shudder in ecstasy. She reached down, took my head in her firm grip, and pressed my head deeply into her. After a few moans and a little bit of a pelvis shake. Teresa let out a sigh and completely relaxed. She lowered to her knees as well, gave me a warm, moist kiss and said, "When I get home from the gym, it's your turn." My wife then stood up, pulled up her shorts, and walked out of the room.

I then went and laid on the bed totally content and happy that I was able to satisfy my wife so completely. I began to caress my weirdly sensitive nipples and massage my cock, just thinking of her. Although I was becoming softer everywhere, and my balls seemed to be getting smaller, my cock was as big and hard as ever. Within just a few minutes, I satisfied myself and shot a small amount of cum on myself. I got up, took a warm shower and then began to do some meal prep work for my wife.

BBQ

Teresa got home from the gym and was obviously looking nice and even a little pumped. The sweat had dried, but she still had a very cute, kind of exhausted look to her. Her long auburn hair was a bit messy and the sports bra she was wearing still had a little moisture on it. We shared a quick peck and I immediately grabbed her pre-made lunch and brought it to her at the table. Her arms definitely had a little size and shape to them and she had really firmed up everywhere and started to have that fit, slightly muscular look. Kind of reminded me of an aerobics instructor from back in the day, firm everywhere with a little bit of muscle. There was definitely a bicep on her arm when she flexed, but it wasn't a really bulky arm yet and as she just moved about the house casually, you really couldn't tell she had one. She had made really good progress I thought since it's only been a few months since the transfusion and probably just a few weeks since my male hormones were starting to really kick in on her.

As she sat there eating her mammoth lunch, I said, "Hey babe. This is going to be quite a journey we're about to go on. Don't you think we should chronicle every aspect of our trip?" "Absolutely!" she answered excitedly. "Great idea hon. We should take progress pictures, measurements...I don't know, maybe keep journals about our personal experiences...everything!" "Wow." I responded, "I hadn't thought about the journal idea, but that's a good one too. We can start tomorrow with pics, measurements and even get journals." "Great babe." Teresa said. "Now let's get ready for your mom's house."

We had been invited over to my mom's house for a BBQ later that day, so after doing some light cleaning around my place, and a quick shower, we got ready to head out. I had on a pair of shorts, boat shoes (flat soles, made out of a grey canvas type material, but super comfortable), and a short-sleeved polo shirt. It was one of my favorite shirts, but was now becoming pretty loose on me because of my recent weight loss. The sleeves seemed to ride lower down on my arm, which I was ok with as it covered up their ever-thinner look. Right then, I heard some steps and saw Teresa walking down the hall. She was wearing a light grey shawl that reached down to mid-thigh, but covered her arms and shoulders, a short skirt and high heeled summer type shoes with a white strap that wrapped in a bow around her ankle. As she walked, her calves looked gorgeous in the high-heels and there was a bulge in her thighs with each step. The sight of her damn near took my breath away and as she walked up to give me a kiss, she easily towered over me. She leaned down and we shared a quick peck. Her long hair draped down on me and Teresa stood easily 5 inches taller. "Wow! You look incredible." I exclaimed.

“Not too tall?” she asked back, as she knew the shoes she wore would make her loom above me. “Not at all.” I replied and we walked to the car. (In retrospect, I knew she had already grown a half an inch to 5’ 8.5” while I had somehow shrunk to only 5’8”. The fact that she was wearing such high-heeled shoes was going to hide the fact that she was actually taller than me now....)

We arrived at my mom’s house and did the normal meet and greet. My mom immediately commented on how fit and beautiful Teresa was looking. She then turned to me and said, “Oh dear David, are you ill?” “No.” I replied, “Why?” “Oh my.” She answered as she put her hand on my cheek, “You’re face looks so pale and thin. You need some sun like your wife and some food in your belly.” I quickly realized that she obviously noticed that my once olive skin was becoming pale while Teresa was becoming more tan looking by the day.

My brother and sister then entered the room and again, comments were flowing on how amazing Teresa looked while I took the opposite heat. My brother Cameron had always been about an inch taller than me, but as we reached out to do the typical bro-hug, he looked taller. He was wearing running type shoes so he did have a little more height in his than I had in my boat shoes, but he seemed inches taller. I again realized that his one-inch height advantage had now turned into two as he stood 5’10” to my now shorter 5’8”. He then gave Teresa a hug and I was stoked to see my several inch taller wife look down on him as they embraced. He commented, “I like the shoes Teresa.” And smiled as she smiled back and said, “Thanks, me too. I like being taller than all you munchkins!” And we all had a bit of a laugh. My sister then greeted us and we shared hugs. Of course, my sister Sarah also commented on my thinner ass but at 5’6” and in bare feet, she hadn’t really noticed my height loss thank god. She said she wanted a pair of Teresa’s shoes, so they had that boring talk as we all headed out to the back porch.

As we stood around the ice chest, I figured I’d start off with a bottle of water. I grabbed a bottle and attempted to screw off the plastic top. Unfortunately, my hands were wet from reaching in the cooler and my grip kept slipping instead of unscrewing the top. Everyone noticed my struggle, so I kind of wiped my hand on my shirt and attempted again. Still, my grip was too slippery and I couldn’t loosen the top. Immediately, my mom said, “Oh, I just hate those bottles, they’re so hard to open.” Before I knew it, Teresa reached out, grabbed the bottle from my hand and quickly, almost easily, broke the seal and loosened the top for me. As she handed it back to me, we all stood in awe as she so easily opened the bottle I couldn’t budge. She quickly said, “You must have loosened it for me babe.” And we all had a laugh. I flicked the water from my hands at her and acted like it was simply the wetness of my hands that caused the problem. She winked back at me and we started chatting it up.

My brother had gone over to tend to the BBQ while my mom, sister and Teresa hung at the back-patio table. At one point, Teresa grabbed my bottle of water and took a small sip. She then put the cap back on it and put it on the table just a few inches from me. I instinctively grabbed it for another swig. Again, the fucking cap was tighter than shit and I couldn’t budge it. This time my hands were dry and I knew there was no excuse. I gripped it as hard as possible and again tried to loosen it. It just wouldn’t budge.

Teresa looked over at me and quickly grabbed the bottle. “My lord David.” She said, “Am I going to have to do this every time you want a drink?” as she easily opened the cap and handed me back the bottle. Again, everyone laughed at my expense and this time I was actually a little embarrassed. This time, I lightly tightened the cap and set the bottle back on the table.

A few minutes later, I walked in the house to use the restroom. While in the bathroom, I stood in front of the mirror, pulled up my sleeve and flexed my arm. As expected, there was barely a hint of mere firmness to it and as I squeezed it with my left hand, the muscle squished down fairly easily. The massive drop in testosterone I was going through was wilding away my muscles at an alarming rate, and I was a bit depressed thinking about my obvious loss of strength and just how far it might go. I had lost about 20 pounds in the four months since the blood transfusion, but it must have been all muscle. Luckily, my sleeves covered my thinning arms, so my mom hadn’t noticed and made a comment about them too. I took a quick look up at myself and did notice the thin face and loss of color. That was a bit obvious and my mom was spot on in noticing that. Knowing the fam was out back, I decided to do a few push-ups to get a little bit of pump in my arms before walking outside. I dropped to the floor, and to my surprise, struggled mightily to do one push up. The weight of my thinner body actually felt massively heavy to my thinning arms. I dropped to the floor and struggled through another. Again, I dropped and by the fourth rep was totally gassed. I couldn’t muster a fifth, kind of dropped to the floor, and had to wait a few moments before I gained enough strength back in my arms to get up. Even more depressed than I was a minute ago, I splashed some water on my face and walked back outside.

As I sat back down, I put all that behind me as we were all at the table again chit chatting and munching on some chips and salsa that my mom had put out. After several dips in the salsa, I needed another swig of water, and for the third time grabbed my water bottle. Again, the struggle was crazy and the lid was tighter than hell. “How could that be?” I thought since I purposely barely tightened it after my last drink. “Jesus Christ.” I blurted out as everyone again watched me struggle. “Really?” my brother said sarcastically as I was showing a major bout of weakness. Before I could lean into it, Teresa snagged it out of my grip, gave it a quick flick, and loosened the cap all the way off and handed it back to me with a huge smirk on her face. My family started laughing hysterically and I turned bright red in embarrassment having needed my wife’s help three times in a row. “My little baby needs some help every once in a while.” Teresa said sneeringly as the rest continued to laugh. I was a little humiliated, and think that was what Teresa was going for. She looked hot as hell I had to admit, but I could tell she was some how getting off on showing a little dominance in the relationship in front of my family...

BBQ (part 2)

As the laughing subsided, Teresa lifted her arm and twisted slightly to flick her shawl off and onto the table. As my brother, mom and sister took a quick glance at her newly exposed arms and shoulders, she purposely brought them up to grab her hair and put it into a ponytail. As her arms jostled, I could tell she purposely flexed them exposing her rock hard, slightly balled up biceps. “Holy shit!” the three

exclaimed in unison as they saw the muscles bulge. My sister jumped up from her chair and quickly came over to feel their hardness. With a smile on her face from ear to ear, Teresa flexed her left bicep as hard as possible, giving it its greatest possible size and hardness under my sister's grasp.

As my mom and sister were up on their feet, checking out and complimenting Teresa on her previously unknown muscles, my brother walked up to me and lifted my sleeve up to my shoulder. "Jesus Dave" he exclaimed, "Where's the beef?" I pulled my shoulder away, but my mom and sister had looked over too, to see my very thin arm. My sister immediately stepped over and grabbed my bicep. With a huge smile on her face, she said, "Flex it bro, flex it." I gave it a quick flex and my sis felt some slight movement. "Hmmm." she replied, "I think Teresa's got you beat." "Whatever!" I said as I pulled my arm out of her grasp. My brother couldn't let it go though and said, "Damn Dude! She's definitely got you beat!!! I bet she can even beat you in an arm-wrestling match." "I don't think so." I replied quickly. He looked at Teresa and asked, "Could you beat him?" Teresa looked over at me to see my reaction and replied, "I don't know Cam, we've never tried." I looked her in the eye and shook my head "No." But she was feeling frisky, and I could see by the look in her eye that she wanted to introduce my family to the idea that she might just be stronger.

Sensing I didn't want to do it, Teresa got up, came over and sat next to me and wrapped her left arm around my shoulders. "C'mon babe." she said as she gripped me tightly, "It'll be fun." She then leaned in, kissed me on the cheek and whispered, "They're gonna find out soon anyway hon...let's just have a bit of fun." I realized she was right and within a couple of months, she was going to be getting pretty muscular, while I knew my fate was sealed in the opposite direction. I nodded my head OK and realized that this was probably my last, best chance to beat her.

We walked over to a small table next to the picnic table we were at. It was kind of perfect for the match in that we could face off just a couple feet apart from each other. We grasped hands and like a dick, my brother raised my sleeve up above my shoulder so that both of our arms were exposed. The size of me and Teresa's arms may have been about the same size, but hers was obviously harder and as she gripped my hand tightly, a bicep bulge emerged in her tan, gorgeous arm. I knew the match would be tough to win, but was ready to give it my all. As I looked across at my wife. She was looking stunning. Her jaw and neck were looking muscular to me and her traps and shoulders had some size and a very fit look to them as well. Everything about her oozed strength and confidence. My brother then put his hands over ours to start the match. Before he could though, my sister was waving her iPhone in front of our faces, doing an introduction and basically commenting on my wife's gorgeous arm and "Woman Power!" My sister was obviously rooting for my wife and before my brother signaled us to start, I said, "Don't be surprised when I win this sis!" She smiled and without further delay, my brother said, "Go!"

The utter strength and power my wife immediately exerted upon my arm was overwhelming. Her neck, shoulder and bicep flexed as hard as I'd ever seen and my arm was forced to the table in less than a second. She had pushed my arm down so quickly and so force-ably I didn't have time to brace myself

and my body was forced to the side as well and I actually fell to the ground. As I looked up in disbelief, my sister was recording me on the ground and my look of absolute disbelief in how fucking strong Teresa was. She then pointed to Teresa who sat triumphantly with her right arm flexed and a huge grin on her face. I knew she had a pretty good chance of winning the match, but our arms were about the same size and I assumed it would be a decent battle. Teresa bent down, grabbed me under my armpits and easily lifted me to my feet. She towered over me in her high heels, but looked down, saw the stunned look in my face and gave me a wet, passionate kiss on the lips.

She had just proven, in front of everyone that she was easily stronger than me, and it took a few moments for us all to digest just how much stronger she had become. Even my brother was in disbelief at the speed and power with which Teresa had over-powered me in the match. After enjoying that kiss from my wife, I looked at my brother and said, "Your turn." He laughed, but I could tell that he was now nervous that she just might beat him too. My sister and mom now goaded my brother into a match and he nervously sat down at the small table opposite my wife. As they gripped hands, my sister again began recording the match, but unlike me, my brother's arm was definitely a little bigger than Teresa's. But he didn't work out either, so I figured it might be a good match.

I put my hands over theirs, counted down "3,2,1..Go!" Bam, Teresa's shoulder and biceps muscles tensed greatly. My brother's arm tensed as well, but neither were making progress. Cam let out a huge grunt and began to force Teresa's arm back a few inches. After a few moments, he again grunted and again moved Teresa's arm back another 3 inches. I was a little disappointed that my wife was about to lose, but proud of her for doing pretty well against a larger man. My brother finally let out a third grunt and put maximum effort into the match. But this time, Teresa's arm was not driven backwards, in fact, it didn't budge at all. My brother mustered up a little more energy, and again grunted loudly as he leaned into her. Again, Teresa's arm didn't move at all. With a brief break in the effort, Teresa looked at me, then peered into my sister's camera, winked, and then forcefully leaned into the match. With a grunt of her own, she began to force my brother's arm back. He let out a "Holy Shit!" and Teresa got a huge grin on her face, let out a little scream and bashed his hand into the table. My sis and I jumped up in victory and group hugged Teresa as Cam sat dejectedly at the table. Teresa grasped us both tightly and leaned back, briefly lifting both me and my sister slightly off the ground. She then set us back down, and I immediately locked lips with my wife, unbelievable proud of her strength as she had just proven herself stronger than the two men at the party.

BBQ part 3

She put us down and I grasped on to her like the hero I never wanted to let go of. A sense of overwhelming awe and admiration filled my body and I saw her in a new light as she was not only stronger than me, but was even stronger than a normal size guy. As I grasped her firm arms she gave me a quick peck, grabbed my hand and started leading me away to the house. She looked back at my mom, sister and brother and with a grin, winked and said, "We'll be right back." Teresa firmly pulled me inside the hall bathroom and we began kissing passionately. I began caressing her solid body and as she pulled me firmly against her, I felt a small poke just above my groin area. Instinctively, I reached down and realized that it was her now fully erect clit that was protruding thru her skirt, bumping into

me. Normally I had to caress it for a bit to get it erect, but it seemed to be acting on instinct now. I looked into Teresa's eyes and whispered, "Babe....I think you have a little Clit boner." We both laughed hysterically and she gave me a big wink.

I began to rub it through Teresa's skirt and she slowly, but forcefully pushed down on my shoulders. I knew immediately what she desired and I quickly dropped to my knees, pulled down her pink panties, put my head under her skirt and took her warm, firm clit in my mouth. I somehow didn't care about my own pleasures and desired only to make her feel immense satisfaction and passion for me. Her clit was as hard and long as I could ever remember it, and it made it extremely easy for me to thrust back and forth on its length. Her clit was almost pulsing with blood as I took its warmth in and out, in and out. It was turning me on greatly to pleasure Teresa so completely and my cock was hard as a rock. After a couple more minutes, Teresa began to moan softly as I satisfied her physically. She began to slightly thrust her hips, and clit into my mouth at her own pace and I tried to meet that pace with back and forth movements in my neck. She began to gyrate more and more and more, until finally, she let out a huge gasp and fluttered uncontrollably with satisfaction and enjoyed her orgasm. Almost on cue, my throbbing cock brushed briefly against her leg and the slightest touch at this point sent it into full blown satisfaction and I quickly pulled down my shorts and came wildly all over the place.

Teresa slowly lowered down into my arms and we hugged lovingly for a minute as we felt the immense connection and ultimate fulfillment in each other. She took my head in her powerful grip and pushed it gently into her beautiful face and we kissed passionately again for another minute or so. She then looked in my eyes and said, "I love you love you babe." I looked deeply into her eyes and answered, "I love you-love you too T." After a brief pause, we cleaned things up, washed up a bit and headed back out to join the fam. As she walked out in front of me, I gave her a quick slap on the ass. It was hard as a damn rock and she quickly turned towards me. She instinctively grabbed one arm twisted me around effortlessly and gave me a hard spank on my ass. It was unexpectedly forceful and I yelled "Owww!" in pain. She thought I was kidding and said, "Oh Dave, don't be so damn dramatic." As she laughed and easily spun me back towards her and gave me a bit of a side hug.

My wife grabbed me around the shoulder and held me tightly against her as she strutted us back outside. It was clear to me that she was enjoying her little show of dominance over me and my brother and I started to realize that not only had she beat us both at arm-wrestling, Teresa had just almost effortlessly manhandled me in the hallway. In addition, my ass was going numb from her spank as we made our way back to the family. Once there, my sister excitedly ran up to us and said "Look guys, I hope you're OK with it 'cause I posted the video of Teresa beating you and Cam at arm-wrestling on YouTube." Teresa and I both laughed and I said, "Whatever you want kiddo, Cam is the one that might be embarrassed though." Cam heard me, and while he worked on our lunch at the BBQ he said, "I don't care sis, just make sure you video the next time they're over after I've got a few workouts in...then we'll see who the stronger sex is." We all kind of laughed it off, but it was obvious that my brother was a bit flustered by the loss.

Luckily, right then, Cam said, "Get it while it's hot!" referring to the burgers he had just cooked. We all sat down at the infamous arm-wrestling table and began to grab condiments and make our burgers. Teresa was silently eating as the rest of us made small talk and started eating as well. Before any of us had even finished half our burgers, my wife had gobbled down hers and I noticed as she quietly reached out and grabbed a second patty of meat. I ended up taking a couple more bites of mine and was just a bit or so over half way into it. We made a bit more talk and Teresa reached out but asked, "Does anyone else want this last one?" "My goodness dear," my mom said, "Is that your third burger?" Teresa immediately turned red in embarrassment not realizing that my mom had noticed how many burgers she was consuming. "Um, yes.....They're just sooo good though Cam, I couldn't help myself." Cam said, "Thanks." But my mom wasn't satisfied and looked at me and asked, "David dear, you've only had half of yours while Teresa's on her third. You probably ought to have another huh?" "No thanks mom." I answered, "I won't even be able to finish this one. She can have it." My mom kind of looked at me sideways, realizing that Teresa was about to make a third piece of meat vanish while I couldn't even finish one.

Cam and my sis looked at Teresa and said, "All yours." So she snapped it up and began cutting up the last piece of beef. My mom looked on, a little weary, as Teresa eagerly consumed the final piece. I knew that she liked Teresa but, seeing my wife beat both of her sons at arm-wrestling had to bother her a little I guess. My sister, mom and Cam finished their meals and we continued with the small talk for another twenty minutes or so. Feeling cordial, Teresa gathered up the empty plates and my half burger and walked them into the house for disposal. As she walked in, I glanced through the glass window and watched her grab my half burger and cram it down her mouth, thus giving her a total of three and a half burgers to my half. For some reason, it turned me on greatly and I felt my cock getting hard in my shorts. Teresa then waked back out and gave hugs all around and announced that we had to leave. My mom and sis were very adamant that we stay longer, but Teresa made up an excuse and promised we'd all do it again in a couple of weeks. I said my goodbyes as well, and off Teresa and I went to make our way back home.

Plot development chapter...sorry if it's a bit lackluster....

On our way back home, Teresa was giddy with confidence. She was so proud of herself for besting me and my brother and I could tell there was a new spark, a new glare in her eye. About half way home though, she kind of got serious and said, "Honey, do you think your mom is going to be ok with me getting so big and strong? Originally, she seemed OK with it but as the afternoon went on, she seemed a little off-put about me being so much stronger than you and your brother." "I don't know babe?" I answered, "But you're not bigger than Cam and only a little stronger. I think she'll be ok with it." "Oh Davey," she said, "This is obviously only the beginning, I plan on taking this as far as my perfected DNA will allow. I'm guessing I'm going to be putting on some serious muscle soon." "Oh shit." I said back, "I was figuring you'd be putting on the muscle I had before the transfusion and I'd be wildling down a bit to where you were at." "Honey!" she snapped back, "You literally never worked out a day in your life, and I'm hitting the gym every day, usually twice a day. I'm probably already stronger now than you've

ever been in your whole life! I mean, I have so much potential now, don't you want me to see just how far this unbelievable potential can go?" I thought silently for a moment and answered, "Yes babe, I do want you to realize your potential, but I guess I just figured you'd put on a little strength and muscle and I never thought you'd be taking this to Level 10 or whatever." "I plan on taking it pretty far." She said, "But when we get home, we'll look at some pictures and see how far you're comfortable with."

"With that, Teresa pumped up the music and she car-danced all the way home. We pulled up in the drive and she quickly jumped out, grabbed the bags from the back and walked ahead of me to the door. She had a confident, powerful strut and her triceps and leg muscles bulged from the weight of the bags. She looked absolutely perfect to me. I couldn't imagine her being much bigger, but I figured a few pounds of muscle would probably look really good on her. We made it to the living room and plopped down on the couch to look at some pictures. My experience with muscular women was almost nil, so other than watching the Olympics or thumbing through Oxygen magazine occasionally at the store, I had no idea what to expect. I assumed Teresa was going to get slightly bigger than those fitness models, and I was OK with that. As we sat next to each other, Teresa pulled up a website I had never heard of, and it was full of tons of pictures of various levels of muscular females. It was called Girls with Muscle .com. It was insane; there were girls that were pretty, girls that looked a little butch; older girls, and some that looked just out of high school. There were Super buff women and some that looked like your standard fitness chick. It was almost overwhelming. I looked at Teresa and asked, "How did you find out about this site?" "Well hon," she replied, "Since I found out about my new potential, I've been trying to see just what is possible. I stumbled across this site and have been trying to get an idea of what to expect." I just wasn't sure what to say. Teresa could tell I was at a standstill so she said, "Here's what I'll do babe." I'll put a list of girls together. Then, while I'm at the gym, you can rank them for me. I'll do the same, and we'll see what matches up. I realized that would take some pressure off us both and replied, "Oh my god, that's a great idea."

"Oh T." I mentioned, "If we're going to track and measure, let's get those dimensions real quick first. She agreed and we walked down into the bathroom. She slipped off her shoes and it was obvious that even though I was still wearing mine...she was slightly taller. She stood against the wall and I got up on my tip toes to mark the door jam where her head height was. It was a tick above where I had measured her last week and it was obvious she had added a quarter inch. "Holy shit." I said, "Babe, you grew slightly again. I think that puts you at about 5' 8.75"...almost 5' 9"!!! She got a big grin on her face and grabbed me in her powerful grip, then spun me around and pushed me up against the wall. "Your turn." she said as she put the straight edge on my head to measure my height. I slipped off my shoes and was now looking up at my beautiful wife. As she took the measurement, another smile came across her face and she said, "Yep....its lower than mine." "How much lower?" I asked in despair. "A lot" she replied. I quickly turned back around and noticed that my mark was way lower than hers. I grabbed the tape measure and sure enough, it came to 5' 7.75" Teresa quickly stood in front of me face-to-face. My eye level was at the tip of her nose and her confidence was immeasurable now. I was happy for her height gain, but a bit depressed that I was seemingly losing height rapidly.

Teresa looked at me and instructed, "Cheer up babe, and measure these guns." With that, she flexed her right biceps muscle. It was rock solid and there was the making of a bicep bulge. I wrapped the tape around and it came to just over 13". It seemed huge and I quickly stuck out my arm for comparison. Teresa wrapped the tape around and it topped out at 12 3/4" "Not bad." she said, "Almost as big as mine." "yeah." I replied, "But soft as a damn pillow...not quite a rock like you!" She gave me a quick peck on the cheek and we then measured her quads and calves. They came to 22" and 14". "Wow honey." I exclaimed, "I don't ever remember you having calf muscles." "Me neither." she replied, "It's all new growth for sure." I was really excited about them and caressed them for several seconds before she finally pulled them away and asked me to get started on her meal prep. I stood up, reached up slightly and gave her a loving kiss on the lips.

I went into the kitchen to do some more meal prep for my wife as she threw on her gym clothes and then sat back down in the living room to make her selections. It was kind of crazy though...instead of her sitting down to pick out a couch, or a paint color for the room, she was picking out a muscular physique she was going to try to attain! I figured it would be a quick process, but she had been in there a while and I was damn near done with the meal prep when I walked back in to check on her. She was sitting on the couch in a pair of black spandex booty shorts and a white sports bra. I sat down next to her solid body and nudged into her. She had a big smile on her face as she said she was finishing up her pics. I quickly glanced down and noticed that she had her right hand down in her crotch and was slowly caressing her obviously erect clit through her shorts. "T!" I exclaimed, "Are you pleasuring yourself?" "Oh my God!" she exclaimed in embarrassment, "I didn't even realize it...my clit has just ben soooo sensitive recently." "You know babe...I can help you with that!" I replied. "No, no, no." she answered. "Here's my list, I gotta get to the gym." With that, she gave me a quick pec on the lips, bounced up, grabbed her bag and headed out the door. I finished up the rest of Teresa's meal prep stuff and decided to sit down and look at the selections my wife had made.

It was amazing to be in a position to be able to advise a woman on what look you wanted without getting in serious trouble. But we were on a unique journey, and I guess we needed to really be on the same page. I scanned the website for a bit, completely amazed at how unbelievably beautiful I now found all of the various muscle-bound women. How had I not known about them before? Why did I find them completely irresistible now??? With my hard on raging, I looked at Teresa's list and decided to begin ranking them for her. They included: Shannon Seeley, Natalia Trukhina, Valentina Mashina, Rene Campbell, Natalya Kovalyova, Flores Neide, Andrea Shaw, Eva Pogacnik, Kristen Nun, and Monique Jones. She had obviously picked all Very-Muscular women. For some reason, I had expected her to pick a fitness model, a couple of fairly muscular types, and then a couple of bodybuilder types. As I scanned the women, and imagined Teresa having the body of any one of them, I became extremely excited. My life was going to be spent with a muscle-bound wife and I couldn't have desired anything more at this point. As I continued to look, I realized that I couldn't take my eyes o' of the Huge Quads of Natalya and the perfectly shaped arms of Kristen Nun. It was like a switch had been turned on in me, and this hyper-muscularity seemed to be my ultimate fantasy and desire. I scanned the website for an extended length of time and then ended up pleasuring myself to a video of Natalya shaking her immense quad muscles. I

then cleaned myself up and immediately felt guilty. Teresa had wanted sex so much, I really didn't need to jerk off any more and hadn't desired to do so anyway...much less in fact than I could ever remember.

I anxiously awaited Teresa's arrival back from the gym. She always glistened with sweat and had a smell from working out that I was becoming addicted to. Teresa also was taking some pre and post workout PUMP powder so she also bulged nicely from every muscle group she worked on. It had been almost two long hours when I finally heard her drive up to the house. I quickly ran out to greet her and gave her a big bear hug as she got out of the truck. She was in her workout shoes and I was in my bare feet so she seemed even taller than me than normal. Her body was rock solid and it amazed me how firm she had become. We took a brief step back and I put my hands on her bulging, rounded shoulders. They were as full as I had ever seen them and I couldn't take my eyes and hands off them. "You like what you see?" Teresa asked me inquisitively. I nodded my head yes so she slowly took in a big breath and flexed her shoulders while moving her arms out to the side. It made her look even bigger and I was starting to realize how much potential she really did have. Teresa smiled widely and grabbed my hand to lead me inside and asked, "So, did you make a decisions on the girls I picked." "Kind of." I replied as we made our way into the house.

We sat down on the couch and I noticed that Teresa seemed bigger, fuller, more muscular with every workout. I ran down the hall real quick and showed back up with the measuring tape. "We already measured today." Teresa said to me while I stretched it around her left arm. "Flex it again for me." I demanded, knowing it seemed bigger. She raised her left arm, gave it a flex and it filled the tape greatly, stretching it to 13.5". "See!" I exclaimed. "That PUMP stuff is amazing, it's grown a half inch." "yea." she answered, "But it only last an hour or so before it goes back down to normal size." "That doesn't mean I can't enjoy it now though, does it!" She laughed and gave me a quick peck, then wanted to know my list. I grabbed her arm with my hands and felt its power as I told her about the list.

"Honey." I started, "First of all, I just want you to know that you're the hottest chick ever, and I would die for you before I ever went out with any of these other girls." Teresa got an extremely satisfied and loving look on her face and began kissing me passionately. Her warm kiss was like heaven and I loved being in her presence and feeling her skin against mine. Teresa slowly pulled away, held my arm tightly and said, "I love you seemingly more and more everyday too babe. But I'm so curious what you thought about them." "OK, OK." I answered, "I was kind of surprised at myself, but I found that I couldn't take my eyes off of Natalya's quads. They are just so massive, and so perfectly formed. It was intoxicating just watching her flex them and relax them over and over again. And then I also couldn't stop looking at Kristen Nun's perfectly formed biceps. I don't know how or why, but the mass and power and strength of these women is soooo desirable to me now."

"So." she answered, "It's safe to say, you're wanting me to grow these babies." As she flexed her quads next to mine. I looked down and realized that her legs were already fuller and larger than mine by a significant margin. I reached down, placed my hand on them and got a huge erection as she flexed and relaxed them over and over again beneath my grip. Instinctively, Teresa quickly pulled down her black

workout shorts, lifted her muscular leg over my torso, and lowered her pussy over my hard cock. I entered her warmth and reached out and grabbed her full, solid midsection as she began to ride up and down on me. Her vagina was so tight and so warm. At the same time, she had an incredible internal muscle control and was massaging my cock methodically as she pulsed. I felt her strong legs as she used them to lift herself up slightly and lower herself slightly over and over and over again. I loved how strong and powerful they felt and couldn't wait for her to pile more muscle on them. Most people think of muscular females as intimidating, but at moments like this, you realize it simply makes them intoxicatingly sensual, seductive, sexy and unbelievably irresistible.

As she continued to pleasure me greatly, I looked up at her and became infatuated with her muscular, thick neck, protruding traps and rounded, bulging shoulders. I reached up and began to massage them as she made me feel as if I was an instant away from orgasm. Sensing my infatuation, Teresa reached out both arms and hit a double biceps pose. Still pumped from her workout, her large 13.5" biceps looked massive to me and I knew they easily had more power and strength than my soft 12 3/4" arms. I squeezed them hard and she began to relax and then POP them to attention under my grasp.

She was now rhythmically riding up and down on my hard, erect penis while she also flexed and relaxed her muscular arms. The slow, seductive tempo was putting me into an erotic state that had my eyes roll back in my head while I enjoyed the multiple sexual impulses. With my eyes still closed, I slowly dragged my hands down her arms, across her beautiful lats and down to around her thick torso. With that, Teresa bent down, pushed my head back slightly and locked lips with mine. Her warm, wet mouth tasted like sweet, sweet honey and she reached her hard, warm tongue deep into my mouth. As we kissed, she started to ride my cock faster and faster. Her up and down pulsing became very hard and very rapid. At the same time, she pushed her head forcefully into mine, forcing my head back into the couch as she pushed harder and rode me more quickly. The combination of her methodical pulsing and forceful head push sent me into sensory overload. I couldn't hold it any longer and began to cum massively into her. I pumped my pelvis hard into hers over and over as every last bit of semen squirted out of my throbbing cock. Teresa took it all, while still kissing me forcefully.

Teresa then said, "My turn." and grabbed my hand and led me down to the shower. She turned on the hot water and we got undressed. I instinctively got on my knees to take her erect clit in my mouth. She said, "No babe, turnaround." I looked at her questioningly, turned around, my back to hers and wasn't sure what she was doing. Teresa then began to lather me with soap. Her strong hands felt amazing as she slowly caressed my body. I then felt a razor slowly sliding over my skin. "What are you doing?" I asked fearfully. "Honey, you need some man-scaping, so I'm helping you out." "Oh." I said, "How much do I need?" "Full body dear." she answered softly. "Everyone's doing it now." I stood quietly as she slowly passed the razor over every inch of my body. No more arm hair, leg hair, chest hair and surprisingly to me, no more pubic hair. Teresa then covered me with moisturizer and rubbed me firmly and deeply. It felt weird to be this smooth, but felt really good too...

You Tube

My wife and I had a fun couple of weeks and while doing some more meal prep for her, I received a group text from my sister. Teresa, my brother and I were all on it. My sister included a link and said, "Hey, I've already made \$200 off this vid...let's do another...SOON!" I was curious what she was talking about, so I clicked on the link. Sure enough, she had posted a video titled, "Sister beats brothers in family arm-wrestling match." It started with a slow-mo of me getting beat by Teresa, with a quick pan to my mom and brother laughing and celebrating as Teresa had easily slammed my arm to the table. My sister did a good bit of editing and added sound effects and video effects during the match. After that, she did a similar editing job as my brother was also beaten by Teresa. She even added a quick vid of my brother bragging about how he was going to hit the gym and beat her next time. Finally, she added a quick fun interview of Teresa, congratulating her and getting her to do a quick biceps flex. "Damn." I thought, I didn't even know she had been recording us chat while we were walking around after the matches. It was a great video and the comments below were awesome too. Mostly people saying how hot Teresa was and wanting to know when the re-match video was coming.

A bit later Teresa got home and I asked her if she saw the video. She had and she was really excited about it. "Oh my God." she said, "I'm soooo gonna kick your brothers butt the next time we arm-wrestle." "Really." I replied, "He said he's going to work out and get a bit stronger." "Yeah, I know." Teresa replied, "But I've been doing double days and lifting like a freak. Plus, I've been eating like crazy. I'm literally going to kick his ass." She then smiled and walked over and stood so close her nose was just a half inch from my face. It was kind of intimidating, but her attitude was super-hot and she whispered, "Is that OK baby....is it OK if I crush him and his inflated ego for you and all the YouTubers to see?" I gave her a quick peck on the lips and said, "Oh yeah baby....do what you gotta do!" With that, Teresa wrapped her powerful arms around me in a bear hug, leaned back slightly, easily lifting me off the ground and said, "Good hon, cause this Babe is getting pretty frickin' Strong!"

I had never even thought about or fantasized about being the weaker partner in the marriage, but now it just seemed so natural for me. It seemed natural and right that Teresa could hoist me into the air so easily. I had a growing subconscious or ingrained belief and desire to be cared for, protected and maybe even dominated in the physical part of the relationship. I wanted Teresa to get stronger, and there was no limit in my mind of how strong that might be. My past self would probably not care if my girl was physically fit, but I always had a belief that no matter how strong any girlfriend I had might become, I figured I would still be stronger. But now that I was surely weaker than Teresa, it felt natural, even desirable.

Teresa put me down and grabbed her cell phone to call my sister. I followed her into the kitchen, but she put her hand out and said, "Honey, I need to have a private conversation with your sister about next weeks BBQ." I gave her a funny look, said, "OK" and walked into the other room. It was obvious they were planning the possible video and stuff for our rematches and for some reason it was some sort of

secret. How secret could it be, I thought, we just did it a couple of weeks ago and were simply going to do it again in a week. I couldn't hear what they were talking about, but they were on the phone for an hour and Teresa was laughing and surely, she and my sister were having a great time planning it. It took a while, but they eventually hung up. Knowing her moment of privacy was over, I walked back into the kitchen to ask what was so much fun. Teresa was downing a huge chicken breast with a side of broccoli and with her mouth full, barely audible, she said, "I can't tell you babe...It's gonna be a surprise, but really funny. Your sis is hoping to get a bunch more hits on her videos and make some more money!!!"

The next week flew by and I asked Teresa at least 5 times what she and my sister were planning for the BBQ videos. I never got a word out of her and she was doing nothing that week but working out twice a day, eating like a horse and sleeping. Normally she was really horny, but she was so tired from the over-working out that we hadn't had sex all week. It was finally Saturday though and we were going to head to my mom's for the family BBQ. Teresa had gotten up before me to get a last workout in before the event. I knew Teresa would beat me at the arm-wrestling contest again, especially since I still hadn't worked out and was eating like a bird, while she was hitting the gym constantly and eating like a horse. She had even lost a little bit of definition over the last few weeks but I could tell she had put on a little size.

Teresa called me on her way home from the gym so I quickly got her post work-out meal ready. After that, I decided to do a few push-ups in preparation for the BBQ. I got down on the ground, laid out fully on my stomach and put my arms out to the sides. I figured I would try to work in 10 to 20 and get my own little pump going. As I began to push, I barely made it a few inches off the ground and my arms froze in place. I tried to put all my strength into the push, but there was just none there. Within a couple of seconds, still stuck just a few inches off the ground, my shoulders started burning and what little strength I contained in my arms was now exhausted. I fell back down to the ground having not even completed one full push-up. Amazed and confused by my complete loss of strength, I attempted to do it again. With 30 seconds rest, I concentrated greatly and pushed with all my might. This time, I managed to get a couple more inches off the ground, then arched my back and tilted my head back, convincing myself that I had actually completed a push-up. It was a lie of course and as I fell back to the ground, I realized that my arm strength had diminished even more over the last three weeks than it had in the previous month or two. The effects of the lack of testosterone production and increase in estrogen levels was rapidly increasing the genetic changes. I stood up and looked at my right arm. It seemed really skinny. Thinner than I had ever remembered.

I decided to take a couple of quick measurements before Teresa arrived to see if I was crazy, or if it really was thinner than it had been several weeks earlier when my wife and I had last measured. I grabbed the tape, wrapped it around my right arm, which I flexed, but there was almost no movement or increased hardness to it. I wrapped it loosely thinking it might give me a little more self-confidence but noticed the tape only measured $12 \frac{1}{4}$ ". "Damn!" I thought, It had measured $12 \frac{3}{4}$ " a little less than a month before. I knew I was trying to believe a lie, so as much as I knew it would hurt, I re-wrapped the tape around my right arm and pulled it more tightly, for a better, more accurate measurement. To my

dismay, with just a slight tightness to the tape, my flexed arm only stretched it to 11 ¾" A full inch smaller than before. I realized that I was right-handed though and that it might be bigger than my left. So, without delay, I quickly wrapped it around my left arm and attempted to flex. There was virtually zero movement or hardness in that arm as I pulled the tape tightly. As I figured, it was even smaller. My left arm only stretched the tape to 11 ¾". Realizing my muscle was wildling away at a rapid pace, I jumped on the scale to see if I had lost any weight. The digital numbers raced around, up and down a bit, then slowed and stopped. I looked down, not quite believing what I was seeing, stepped off, hit the reset button and stepped back on. The numbers then raced around again but eventually settled on the same number....141.4 pounds. As I looked in the mirror, I stared in disbelief as I looked down at my thinning waist and skinny legs. I was no longer the man I had always known, but was very obviously developing the smaller midsection and thinner legs my new DNA was commanding.

Just then, the front door burst open and Teresa came barreling down the hallway. Her thighs bulged greatly with each powerful step and the teardrop on the inside of the thigh muscle was as rounded and pumped as I had ever seen it. She was still carrying her gym bag and just wearing a sweatshirt with the sleeves cut off, exposing her pumped biceps and strong looking forearms. With her workout shoes still on, she towered a couple inches above me as she placed her gorgeous, full, wet lips upon mine. I grabbed her around the torso and realized that she was as full and solid as ever. I felt like I was grabbing a damn linebacker and she was oozing physicality.

Teresa then quickly passed, in a hurry to get ready as we were supposed to be to my mom's house in about an hour. She threw off her clothes and turned on the shower. "My god Teresa!" I exclaimed, "You're looking huge!" "I know." She said confidently as she gave me a quick wink. Her shoulders were now rounded and bulging and although her breasts were obviously smaller than ever, full, muscular pecs were developing nicely in their place. Before she could jump in the shower, I quickly grabbed the measuring tape and told her to flex her bicep. She said, "Honey, we're in a hurry." "I know." I responded, but this will just take a second. Teresa rolled her eyes but then said, "OK." And held out her flexed right arm. It was huge and I immediately realized that it dwarfed my ever shrinking arms. I wrapped the tape around it and pulled it firmly. I knew it was larger than it had been three weeks earlier, but I couldn't believe it. Her bicep stretched the tape to 14 ½". "Holy shit Teresa." I said, "It's an inch bigger than it was just a few weeks ago. That's incredible!" She smiled and pumped it up and down a couple times just for my enjoyment. I cupped my hand over its peak as she slowly flexed and relaxed it. It felt huge and solid and powerful. A sense of awe came over me and I couldn't fathom how strong it was becoming. Before she could pop in the shower I said, "A quick weight babe." and pointed to the scale. With another sarcastic eye roll, she hopped on the scale. I looked down eagerly as the scale slowly stopped flickering and held solid at one number. "161 pounds! Damn Teresa, that's some really rapid weight gain...that's 32 pounds since our transfusion!....how do you feel?" I asked. "hmmm..." she thought about it for a moment and then simply answered, "Unstoppable!" With that, she turned quickly and hopped in the shower.

I realized that as I was becoming smaller and weaker and less confident, my wife was doing the exact opposite. She was becoming bigger by the day, stronger by the day and more self confident by the minute it seemed. Weeks before, when I had realized that the transfusion error had occurred, I knew she would be a little bit stronger, but I hadn't really considered that I would become so much weaker. The difference between us now was starting to become exponential, and I wondered just how far she could take her size and strength. For some reason, just thinking about it gave me an intense erection and I went into the other bathroom to pleasure myself in private, while my muscular wife got ready....

BBQ4

I quickly went to throw on a T-shirt and some board shorts to get ready for the BBQ. The first two were way too loose because they just had a small lace at the front that didn't tighten the shorts around my waist, they just kind of kept the fly area closed..as to not accidentally expose the boss while swimming. Luckily, I had a third pair and it had some elastic around the waist and a draw string. "Perfect!" I thought as I tightened them up and threw on a shirt and some flip flops.

I was waiting patiently in the kitchen when I finally heard Teresa walking down the hall. I peered around the wall and almost fell over at the unbelievable sight! She was wearing beautiful high-heeled white sandals with thick white satin ribbon material that wrapped and twisted up her ankles and were tied cutely in a bow just below her calf muscle. Speaking of her calves, they were gorgeous and now had an obvious diamond shape to them as the muscle jettied out with every step. My eyes then continued up to see her gorgeous, tan, bulging thigh muscles and again I was impressed with the teardrop like shape of her quad muscles as they powerfully surrounded her knee. Teresa was wearing a matching white jumper that started at the very top of her gorgeous, herculean legs just at her pelvis. A cute white belt was wrapped around her waist and just above that, the jumper has a slit in the middle that continued up in a V-shape all the way up to and over her shoulders. It exposed her rock hard ab muscles and the V shape was just inside her nipples, almost fully exposing her growing pec muscles. She no longer needed to wear a bra, as her boobs had shrunk away, only to be replaced by these now, rounded and bulging chest bulges. The two inch wide material wrapped over her tall, thick traps, tightly holding the entire upper half of the jumper to almost a skin tight level across her gorgeous, powerful body. Her shoulders were rounded and bulging as well, and they led down to her full bicep muscles and almost equally as large forearms.

Teresa had also put on a little bit of eye liner and lipstick, which made her look as beautiful as any woman I had ever seen in my life. Unlike last time, Teresa did not wear her now brownish-auburn hair in a ponytail, but had made it kind of long and wavy as it draped beautifully across her left shoulder and back. She waltzed up, leaned down and gave me a light, quick peck on the lips to avoid messing up her lipstick. "Holy shit!" I exclaimed, "You look amazing. I think I may be a little underdressed." "Not at all." She replied, "I'll be changing later." And she gave me a wink. We were in a hurry and quickly walked out to the car and made our way to my mom's house. On the drive over, Teresa placed her hand on my

thigh. In response, I placed mine on her thick, muscular quad as well. It was exhilarating to touch and feel her tight, full muscles under my hand and I enjoyed every minute of the drive.

As we drove, my sister called Teresa but she didn't tie it into our Bluetooth, so I couldn't hear the conversation. But at one point I overheard Teresa say, "Oh he has. Well, we'll just see if it paid off for him or not. He may be in for a surprise." They soon hung up and I asked Teresa what she was talking about. She said, "Well, I don't want to give up many details, but it seems your brother has been hitting the gym the last few weeks and thinks he's easily going to take me." I laughed and said, "Yep....he's in for a bit of a surprise all right." Teresa smiled and gave my thigh a nice firm squeeze with her thick, powerful hand. It was hard not to keep ogling my beautiful, muscular wife on the way to my mom's house and I had to think about other things so I wouldn't have a massive erection when we got there.

We arrived and got out of the car. Teresa asked me to grab a zipped-up duffle bag out of the trunk while she grabbed the ice chest full of beer and wine. I had to move the ice chest a few inches over to reach bag behind it. It barely moved and seemed heavy as hell. I kind of worked the bag out and took a step back. Teresa grabbed the two handles to the chest and lifted it smoothly out of the trunk. I then closed the trunk as she walked a few steps in front of me to the door. Her back was visible thru the v-cut in the rear of her jumper. Her traps were flexed largely and her shoulders bulged to the sides as she carried the heavy weight. Her triceps also bulged massively and I wondered how much strength they actually contained. I hadn't noticed it before, but her body was unbelievably symmetrical with a huge V shape from her rounded, muscular shoulders, to her muscular waist and then jetted out again with the thickness of her muscle-bound thighs. She was looking like pure perfection to me and again, I started to get hard just walking behind her powerful frame.

We walked up to the door and I kind of reached around Teresa and rang the bell. A few moments later my mom opened the door. Her mouth dropped to the floor and she said, "Oh my God!" there was a long pause as my mom just stared at Teresa, then she kind of reached out timidly, grabbed Teresa's bulging bicep and repeated herself in almost a scream kind of tone..."OH MY GOD...OH MY GOD!!" By then, my sister had overheard my mom screaming and came running over to see what was the matter. Teresa was carrying the heavy ice chest, so naturally, her arms were both flexed to maximum size. Sarah's eyes practically jumped out of her head and she just walked up with her mouth agape as she grabbed and felt Teresa's buff arm as well.

It was obvious that they were both really shocked and also impressed with my wife's recent muscle growth. My mom and sis finally kind of stepped back and let us walk in. Not only had Teresa put on a lot of muscle, but she was also wearing high heeled shoes, so she was easily several inches taller than us all as well. She was an impressive, athletic sight and her presence was intoxicating to the group.

Teresa placed the ice chest on the counter and turned around to give my mom a hug. As she did, my mom kind of tilted her head back and said, "Oh dear, what happened to your boobs?" I was

immediately embarrassed and said, "MOM!" But Teresa took it in stride and answered, "Well, the boobs kind of faded away and turned into this muscle I guess." As she breathed in deeply, expanding her muscular pecs for all of us to see. "My word!" My mom answered and she poked at the now visible chest muscle right in front of her. My wife laughed and said, "Your son seems to like them just fine thank god!" Then they all looked at me and I smiled widely as we all laughed hysterically. Then my sister chimed in and said, "Hey you guys, I'm up to over 50,000 views on my first video and made over \$200, plus I have a bunch of requests for more videos." "Wow!" I replied, "That's awesome." "Oh Dave." She said, "If I can generate a big enough following, it could be more like \$1000+ per video!" I was surprised and didn't know you could generate that money on YouTube.

We all made ourselves comfortable sitting at the patio table out back while Teresa chatted about her exercise and diet regiment. The girls were impressed and inspired by her, both commenting that she looked incredible and that they wanted to start a new diet and exercise program as well. I just ogled my wife, who was full, and muscular, and really healthy looking. Her skin glowed and her smile was infectious. We were all starting to get a bit thirsty and just as I was about to get up to gather us all a drink from the cooler, my brother arrived. He said hi to us thru the kitchen to patio window and I asked him to bring out the ice chest. He said sure and a moment later we heard him say, "Holy Shit!...what's in this....rocks?" As he walked out, his arms were extended all the way down and he struggled as he waddled it out to us...

BBQ4 continued...

I said, "Thanks Bro." but kind of smirked, realizing that my wife had held the cooler chest high when she brought it in from the car, and had quite easily placed it up on the counter. Either my brother was messing around, or Teresa was a lot stronger than I thought. No one else realized that I guess and they simply thanked him for bringing it outside. He was wearing a workout tank with no sleeves and had obviously just gone to the gym. His three weeks of working out had made a bit of a difference and I could tell that he put on a couple of pounds of muscle. I walked up and gave him the typical bro-hug. He looked at me and said, "Damn Dave, did you lose more weight???" "Ya." I replied, "dropped about 5 pounds over the last few weeks, I guess. Looks like I need to start hitting the gym like you huh." "For sure dude." He answered, "I've been hitting it 5 days a week lately and am feeling stronger." "Cool." I said, "Looks like it." Cam then gave my mom and sister hugs before he got to Teresa.

As he walked in front of her, his jaw dropped too as she put her hands on the chair arm rests and pushed herself up. Her triceps muscles bulged greatly and she slowly stood up in front of him. Her high heels put her about an inch taller than him and he was peering up slightly at my muscular wife as she wrapped her strong arms around him and gave him a hug. He took a step back and said, "Wow Teresa, um...did you put on a few pounds?" She just smiled and softly said, "a few." And sat back down. My brother stood there in awe and the girls all laughed as he was obviously shocked at her recent growth. I looked at my bro and said, "Hey Cam, I know you've been working out too, but my babe might give you

another run for your money later.” He kind of nodded in agreement and slowly walked over to the open chair and sat down.

My sister’s wheels were turning and I noticed she had been taking some video footage already. As Teresa noticed, she kind of leaned in towards me and gave me a side hug with her right arm and flexed her left bicep. My sister said, “Dave...flex your arm.” To play along, I lifted my right arm and gave a biceps flex. There was obviously no movement in my skinny, weak arm and my brother said, “Jesus Dave, your wife’s arm is twice as big as yours.” I laughed but then quickly lowered my arm in embarrassment. Without skipping a beat, my sister said, “OK Kids....time to get some matches going!” Teresa said, “Sounds great!” So we stood up and walked over to the high top table a few feet away. Before we could start, my sister reached into Teresa’s duffle bag and grabbed a tank top and threw it at me. “What the hell is this for?” I asked. “It’s for the video stupid.” She replied, “Now put it on.” Giving my sister full director’s authority for her video...I reluctantly put it on. It fit just fine, but definitely exposed my thin shoulders and arms in a way that made me feel a bit uncomfortable. With that, my sister said, “Perfect!...let’s do this.”

As we got there, my sister Sarah, who was video taping instructed us to stand next to each other. Teresa obviously stood several inches taller than me and now outweighed me by 20 pounds. Her arms were several inches larger than mine and I felt like a high school freshman standing next to an Olympic athlete. Even though it was only 20 pounds difference, to me, it felt like 100. My sister then started in on her commentary...”Standing on the right side at 5’8 1/2” tall (I still hadn’t told her I had shrunk over an inch and was only 5’7”), weighing in at 141 pounds is last month’s runner-up, Daaaaavid Collins!” then she did a fake applause sound effect. “Standing on the left side is his little wifey, and defending champ, standing 5’11” in heels and weighing in at 161 buff ass pounds....Teresa Collins!” ...again a fake applause sound effect. As we made our way to opposite sides of the table and grasped hands on top of a slightly padded surface, the difference was shocking. My wife’s muscles were larger than ever and mine were as small as they had been since I was 14.

Sarah then said, “Oh, I almost forgot, Cam....get a quick measurement for me.” And she threw him a fabric tape measure. “Oh...alright.” He said and he walked over to me. My sister than pointed the camera directly at my face and then followed down to my flexed arm. Cam pulled the tape around really tightly and told me to flex. “I am!” I snapped back at his sarcastic ass. He laughed of course and held the tape still. My sister focused in on my thin arm and the tape and said, “Dave, measuring in at a whopping 11 ½”!!!” “Relax the tape.” I screamed in embarrassment. “You’re pulling too tight...it’s not accurate!” My brother shook his head and said, “Well, I don’t know man...it’s not like your arm is providing much resistance.” In disgust, he did relax the tape to get a better measurement. This time, it came out to about 12 ¼” and I was vindicated slightly in that it was definitely not 11 inches.

Now Cam removed the tape from me as Teresa flexed her arm for him. The muscle jumped to attention and bulged greatly. It was shocking to see the size, strength and hardness in her bicep after just seeing

mine. We were all shocked in amazement as Cam pulled the tape around it and got the measurement. Even tightly pulled, her arm didn't dent and the tape showed 14 ½". "Damn girl!" Sarah exclaimed, "You're getting HUGE!" Teresa smiled and said, "Just trying to rep all the ladies out there!" All of us laughed except my brother, who was a bit more awe struck than I would have thought. Then again, he thought his working out was going to make him much stronger than my wife, and he might have been having some doubts now.

Finally done with all of the pre-game, Teresa and I again clasped hands on the table. She had a fiery and very confident look in her eye and as I looked at her arm I was astounded by the sheer, muscular size of her fore arm. It was bigger than my bicep and the thickness of that, her wrist and hand seemed newly gigantic. Teresa closed her hand firmly and it easily crushed mine to a pulp and I screamed in pain. "Oh dear." She said, "Don't be so dramatic." I think she thought I was kidding, but it really did send a huge shot of pain through my body. As soon as we readjusted our grip, my brother said 3,2,1, Go! In an instant, almost before I could flex my arm, Teresa slammed my hand to the table. "Ha ha ha, very funny." My sister said as I leaned over in the direction that my arm had just hit the surface. "Seriously Dave." She said, "I'm recording this." I thought I had put some effort into the match, but Teresa's reaction time was so quick, maybe I hadn't. "Ok, Ok." I answered with a renewed confidence. "She just started too fast." I said in my defense. "Maybe I did." Teresa answered, thinking that I obviously hadn't tried.

This time, my brother put his hands over ours, allowing us both to put a little effort into the match before he removed his hold. He then counted down 3, 2, 1...before he had a chance to move his hands, I fully pushed against Teresa's grip...Go! It worked for a fraction of a second as I moved her hand backwards a couple of inches, but just that fast, she quickly pushed her might into the match and again, in an instant, slammed my arm the other direction and into the table surface. "Oh shit!" my brother shouted. "She just destroyed you in a millisecond!" Teresa had a huge grin from ear to ear, knowing that she was now astronomically stronger than me! She even started to blush as my mom, sister and brother were awestruck by how immensely powerful she was becoming. My sister then said, "OK, OK...let's have a rematch, but this time, Dave can use both hands." I kind of laughed but at the same time, was curious if that would make the difference. Teresa again stuck out her powerful arm and we locked grips. But this time, I brought my left hand over and placed it on top of our grip. My brother again counted down, 3,2,1...at that, again I didn't wait for Go and began pushing with one hand and pulling with the other. Her arm barely budged and I could tell she then let me pull her arm back about 1/3 of the way. Her bicep bulged greatly and the ball of muscle was gorgeous and even had a bit of beautiful moisture on it. I heaved and pushed and pulled with all my weight and might, but just couldn't budge Teresa's arm an inch further. We seemed deadlocked there for at least 15 to 20 seconds when my wife then looked at Sarah's camera, winked, and then easily slammed my arms down, causing my weight to shift dramatically and I then toppled over onto the ground. She then jumped up, hit a double bicep pose for the camera and yelled, "That's for all you ladies out there!!!" She then walked over, helped me up and then gave me a huge hug and wet, loving kiss on the lips.

It was quite a moment and it pretty much proved to me and my whole family that Teresa was clearly the physical stud in our relationship. She had never mentioned it to me before, or treated me as less or the beta in our relationship in that manner, but I stared at her in admiration, knowing that she had secretly desired to be that stronger, alpha. It kind of turned me on at the same time, and I desired to have her as my protector. At that exact time, my brother looked at me and said, "Well Dave, maybe next time she can give you a damn dress to wear instead!" and he started laughing hysterically at his own dumb joke.

Cam...

I took it in stride and said, "Hey...she's been working damn hard on her physique and I'm fucking proud of her." With that, I looked back at my wife and said, "I love you babe." We then locked lips and made out for a brief moment in front of everyone. Then as we leaned back, I looked at my brother and said, "Your turn to arm-wrestle big guy." He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Absolutely!" with a lot of confidence I noticed. He then looked at my wife and snipped, "You don't have a tank top for me too do ya?" It was a smart ass comment, and I was hoping more than ever that Teresa could somehow beat him. Like before, my sister had them stand in front of the high-top table as she did the introductions..."On the right side, we have 5'10" and 188 pound Cameron Collins!!!"...on the left side, we have 5'11" in heels, 161 pound defending and current champ...Teresa Collins!" I applauded loudly for my wife and got in position on the other side of the table. I measured Teresa's amazing, flexed bicep and pulled the tape to 14 ½". I then had Cam flex and measured his arm at just over 15". "Damn." I said, "Pretty big bro, looks like Teresa may have some work to do." With that, my wife looked at me and said, "Mine will be that big soon honey...don't you worry." Cam rolled his eyes in disgust while I gave her a wink and Cam and Teresa locked grips for the match.

I held their hands at top-dead-center while my sister began filming. 3...2.....1...Go! I yelled. The match begun with a huge grunt from my brother and he immediately pushed Teresa's arm back several inches. His bicep bulged and it was obvious that he had been working out the last few weeks in preparation for this event. The way he started, I expected him to slowly work my wife's arm back and to the table. But that didn't happen and there was a definite stalemate at his slight point of advantage. Cam had a deadly serious look on his face and I could tell he was giving it every ounce of effort. Teresa's head was down, so I couldn't see her expression, but I knew she was giving it her all to keep my brother at bay. Out of nowhere, all of a sudden my mom said, "C'mon Cam, show us what you got!" With that prodding from my mom, Cam grunted hard and put all his effort and weight into the match. To my dismay, it worked and he slowly moved Teresa's arm back another few inches. Teresa's bicep muscle bulged beautifully and my sister shouted, "Look at that arm on Teresa!...c'mon, let's Go girl-power!!!" It was fun and the three of us were all smiling and laughing as the two studs at the BBQ battled it out.

With Teresa's arm half way to the table, I figured it was just a matter of a few seconds before my brother won the match. He was giving it his all and his face was turning red. But to all of our surprise, Teresa's bulging bicep was beginning to slowly budge my brothers' hand back. We couldn't believe it as

she pushed it all the way back up to the top. My brother started grunting hard again, but his arm was obviously becoming fatigued while Teresa still had a lot of strength left. Teresa then looked at me, smiled, then looked at the camera and gave it a wink as she began to slowly move Cam's arm backwards and now clearly was about to win the match. Just then, as all confidence had exited his body, Cam violently pulled his hand back from Teresa's, stood up quickly and said, "She was cheating....her elbow kept coming off the table!" "What!" I exclaimed, "She was about to beat you fair and square dude." "No way bro." he shouted, "She was cheating, I had her beat and you all know it." He then walked off in disgust into the house and slammed the door while my mom and sister yelled at him to calm down.

I immediately leaned down to Teresa and kissed her on the lips, congratulating her. "You had him beat." I said, "I know." She responded as we kissed passionately. She then got up from the table and her and my sister had a private chat. As they kind of walked away, my mom and I watched Teresa's powerful, muscular strut. "So." My mom asked me, "You're ok with all those big muscles she's getting?" "My god mom." I replied, "It's the most amazing thing ever. We have become more bonded and basically inseparable since she started really working out and getting stronger. Her confidence is intoxicating and I love just being around her. She's always happy and always positive. How could I not love that!" My mom then smiled and said, "Well dear, if your happy, I'm happy." I thanked her and said, "Don't worry mom, I love you more than life itself, you'll always be my number 1!!!" I then gave her a quick kiss and hug.

My brother eventually came out with a plate full of raw chicken and burgers and acted like nothing had happened. He got the grill going and we all sat at the table making small talk. We tried to avoid talking about his little temper tantrum and have a nice day. He eventually finished cooking and brought all the meat over to the table that already had other items on it. As I reached out to grab a burger, Cam slapped my hand with a spatula. It stung and I said "Owww" and everyone looked at him. Immediately he said, "Salad for you missy, the meat is for your husband." Sarah immediately punched him in the arm and said, "What the fuck Cam!...that's not funny, you need to apologize." He was snickering like he was hilarious, but everyone else looked at him angrily. "Ok, OK." He said, "I'm sorry Teresa, it was a dig at Dave and kind of came out wrong." He then looked at me and said, "Sorry man." I said, "No worries bro." and we got on with our meal.

Under the table, I gave Teresa's gorgeous, thick thigh a nice squeeze and started massaging it. She then reached over with her powerful grip and began massaging my neck and shoulders. It felt great and my sister immediately blurted out, "Me next T, me next!" Teresa looked over at her with a smile and said "Ok Sarah...you're next.... I promise." After Teresa devoured her second large chicken breast, she got up and walked behind Sarah. She then grabbed her neck and traps and began giving her a massage. I could see the utter satisfaction in my sister's face as Teresa moved her hands and thumbs in unison down her neck. Eventually, my sister kind of shuddered and let out a little moan of satisfaction. My mom laughed and said "Oh....I'll have one of those please." My wife laughed and then gave my mom a nice massage as well.

My sister then walked into the house and shortly thereafter came out with a long rope. Cam looked at her and said, "What the hell is that for?" I was curious too and looked at my sister waiting for the answer. "Well." She replied. "I thought it would be fun to play a little Tug-of-War." My brother immediately jumped up and exclaimed, "Hell yah...now we're talking!" I was thinking, Oh Shit. I was way lighter than Cam and Teresa, so I was pretty sure I would get owned. At the same time, Cam was 20+ pounds heavier than Teresa, so I'm sure he would be the favorite in that match.

Teresa disappeared into the house while Cam, Sarah and I pulled out the rope, put a Red piece of tape in the exact middle of it, and draped it across the width of the pool. We set up the markers and when the red tape on the rope crossed a piece of red tape we put on the cement on either side of the pool, the match would be over. The markers were very close to the edge of the pool, so the loser would be taking a little dip. It was a bit of a warm day, so it seemed like fun. Cam was already calling "First match" against me while Teresa grabbed her duffle bag and went in to change.

We both walked to our respective sides of the pool and stood about 15 feet back from its edge as we wrapped and tied the last few feet of the rope around our waists. A moment later, Teresa walked out from inside. She looked unreal and was wearing white and red sneakers, a pair of small red booty shorts, and a white workout bra. As she walked over, her 5'9" 161 pound muscular frame was in my opinion, the sight of athletic perfection. Her thighs bulged greatly with each step, and her abs were very visible and kind of bulky as they bulged up slightly from her otherwise flat stomach. Teresa's shoulders were rounded and full and they led the eye up to her thick traps and neck. My mouth dropped and Sarah and I ogled her as she approached. My cynical brother said, "hey Dave's husband." As she approached and I yelled, "Shut the fuck up!" from across the pool at his ass. Teresa just rolled her eyes at him and grabbed the little orange start flag Sarah had brought over.

Teresa then looked at us, made sure we were ready, raised the flag in the air...then swiftly lowered it down to start the match. Just as I began to lean back, Cam jerked hard. As I held onto the rope, it actually shot me forward, over my leading leg and I fell face first onto the ground. Cam began to pull hard on the rope as he walked backwards, now dragging me across the grass. I yelled at him to stop as I was getting closer and closer to the cement. He just kept pulling. Unfortunately, I was just along for the ride at this point. I knew it would hurt to be dragged over the rough concrete and Teresa and Sarah must have known too as they both started screaming at him to stop. By now, Cam didn't care and was laughing out loud as he dragged me forward. Just as I was about to hit the cement I screamed, "You win dude, You Win!...Stop!" He just kept dragging and I hit the edge of the concrete hard with my leading left elbow and a sharp pain shot through my body. He then dragged me over the rough concrete, painfully scratching the entire front of my body and finally into the pool.

As I hit the pool, the cool water actually felt good for my throbbing elbow and front side scratches. I kind of relaxed underwater for a moment and then popped my head above the surface. As I looked over, Teresa was running swiftly towards Cam. He was standing there laughing and in an instant, Teresa jumped in the air, front leg first, and smashed it into his chest. It was a huge thud and Cam flew back several feet and landed back first on the ground. "Oh shit!" I yelled as I quickly got to the edge of the pool to jump out. As Cam laid dazed and gasping for breath, Teresa swung her body behind him and quickly wrapped her arm around his neck. I got out of the pool and started to run over while Teresa looked at me and yelled, "Grab my bag, grab my bag." Instinctively, I grabbed it as I made my way over to them.

My mom was inside doing something so she didn't see what happened, but my sister was actually still filming the event, knowing she had YouTube Gold in her hands. As I approached with the bag, Cam was motionless, in a severe headlock as Teresa had her bulging bicep and forearm around his neck and held him in a choke hold. Within a few more seconds, I saw Cam's eyes begin to roll back in his head as his body went limp and he passed out. Teresa jumped up, tore off Cam's shirt and snatched a garment from her duffle bag I had just brought over. It was a light blue summer dress and she quickly began to pull it over Cam. "Here." She said to me, "Hold up his arms." I quickly lifted his arms as she instructed and she pulled it over his shoulders and the bottom of the dress down to his knees. She then reached up, underneath the dress and yanked down his board shorts, then promptly threw them over the fence.

Teresa then embraced me in a tight bear hug and said, "Sorry baby, but he fucking deserved that! Are you OK?" I looked her in the eyes, anger was still evident in them and answered, "Yah babe I'm OK. Just some scratches I think." With that, Teresa and I embraced in a loving, passionate kiss. As my brother started to come too, my sister started saying, "Cam are you ok? Cam, can you hear me?...Cam!" She was still filming of course as my brother got his wits about him but had a tired, kind of out of it look on his face as he sat up. "What happened?" he asked honestly. "Um, you kind of got your ass kicked." My sister said softly. "What?" he said, still confused, "By who?" "Um, by Teresa Cam. You don't remember?" Sarah asked. He didn't say anything and just kind of peered up at me and Teresa standing a few feet away from him.

Moments later, he started to feel a little better and stood to his feet. He then looked at us and said, "I need a beer." Cam then walked towards the bbq grill and cooler. He still was not fully back to normal, and as he cracked his beer Teresa yelled, "Look who's wearing the dress now Ass-hole." With that, Cam looked down and realized he was wearing a light blue summer dress. He looked back up at us, a sense of horror on his face as my sister still filmed him from a few feet away. He immediately tried to grab the phone from her and she backed away quickly. He then began to chase her, and Teresa and I started dying laughing as he ran around in the dress. My sister quickly ran inside as he almost caught her and she locked the sliding door behind her. Cam was now locked out and standing there, looking like a fool in the dress. Pissed off to no end, Cam walked over to the table and grabbed his car keys. He looked over at Teresa and said, "I hope you got a kick out of this you fucking steroid freak." He then flipped us off, walked out the side gate and jumped in his truck to speed home. Realizing he was gone, Sarah

walked back out back with a huge smile on her face as we all laughed hysterically at my ass-hole brother's expense!

Confession

After the laughter died down, Sarah still wanted to get some more footage for future YouTube posts. This time, knowing how strong Teresa had become, she had my mom video while Sarah and I held the rope on one side of the pool, and my wife held the rope on the other. I kind of tied the rope around my waist and left lots of extra rope so my sister could do the same. After we all got ready, my mom counted down from three and then said, "Go!" Sarah and I leaned back and pulled hard but Teresa didn't budge. As I stared across the pool at her, I could see her gorgeous quad muscles bulging greatly against our tension. Her arms were fully extended and the bulging triceps muscles were also large and flexed. There seemed to be about a 10 second stalemate and I thought for an instant that Sarah and I had a chance.

At that point, Teresa got a smile on her face and yelled, "Ready?" I quickly yelled back with confidence, "Bring it!" Immediately, Teresa pulled her arms hard, jerking me and Sarah upright, from our leaned back positions. Once we were upright, and no longer leaning hard against her, Teresa walked backwards briskly with her power laden legs. Instead of falling forward, like I had against my brother, I kept my feet under me as Teresa heaved us towards the pool. She pulled us so hard and fast, that I had to move my feet quickly and was almost in a full sprint as I leaped up and now splashed fully into the pool. Sarah was right behind me and actually landed on me as she too was pulled uncontrollably into the water.

My sister and I swam up to the surface and were both laughing at how easily Teresa had just overpowered us and flung us headlong into the drink. As I swam to the side to get out, my wife reached down and offered me a hand. As mine gripped hers, she pulled hard and easily lifted me out of the water and in front of her by the pool. Thinking I was funny, I twisted around her and pushed against her back, trying to force her in. It was like pushing a solid concrete pillar and she didn't even budge. I was too weak to even push her forward two feet, when she wasn't even expecting it. Realizing what I had just tried to do, Teresa grabbed my arm, swung me forcefully and threw me several feet back into the pool. As my head again breached the surface, I looked up at my laughing wife and she gave me a full double biceps pose and said, "You can't mess with all this muscle!" I just laughed too and swam back over to her, again allowing her to effortlessly lift me out of the water and onto the concrete.

She then grabbed my soaking wet body in a bear hug, warmly embracing me in yet another moment of triumph for her. As I looked up slightly at her gorgeous, confident, loving gaze, we locked lips and shared a lengthy, passionate, wet kiss. A moment or two later, we heard my sister clapping and calling us beautiful love birds as my mom continued to video the event.

We then all made our way back over to the table to relax when my elbow that had hit the concrete when my brother dragged me, really started to throb. My sister went and got me a bucket of ice water to put it in and some Advil. Unfortunately, as we sat there chatting, it just kept hurting more and more, and I finally asked Teresa to take me to the Urgent Care. What started off as a pretty awesome day was obviously ending poorly. We made our way to the Urgent Care and the X-Ray results were not good. There was a chip of bone off the elbow and a hairline crack in my Ulna. The next day would require some minor cleanup surgery and then, keeping my arm in a sling or cast for up to six weeks. I had good health coverage so I opted for the cast, which would guarantee a full and speedy recovery.

That following week at work, I again couldn't get through the facial recognition scanner and they had to recalibrate my entry profile for the third time since me and Teresa's transfusion. That had been annoying as hell but no one had really noticed the slow change in my eye color, hair color and significant weight loss...just the security computer system. Regarding my injury, my boss said she would accommodate my arm problem and allow me to just do data entry in the computer for the next 6 weeks while I was healing. That next night I told Teresa that I would still be able to do her meal prep and that after I got my cast off, I wanted to start working out with her and gain a little hardness and strength. She was really excited that I wanted to start joining her in the gym and she said she was going to design a workout program for me.

I was really battling for about the next three to four weeks. My arm was constantly hurting, I was taking pain meds, and was constantly tired. As much as we hated doing it, I was sleeping in the spare room in an effort to help me sleep since I was having trouble doing so, and also, Teresa started following some crazy bodybuilder style diet program where she had to get up at 2am every night for some protein intake. We hadn't had sex in that four weeks, which was a record drought and I had noticed an embarrassing development recently, so was kind of purposely avoiding it.

Teresa got home that night from the gym and sat down at the table to eat. I joined her and noticed that she was again all covered up in a large sweatshirt hoodie and sweat pants. As she ate, I could tell her neck seemed more muscular and thicker. Her arms also seemed larger as they were stretching the sleeves in her XL sweater, which my arms would surely be swimming in. I could feel there was tension so I mustered up some courage and said, "Honey. It seems we've been spending too much time apart and I needed to come clean with you on something very frightening." Teresa immediately got a scared look on her face and said, "Oh no honey, Is there a problem with your arm? Are you OK?" "No, no." I answered, "It's not my arm at all. I think it's healing ok. It's something else." "Oh honey, thank God." She said, "What is it then?" "We'll." I answered, "I had noticed a bit of a trend over a month ago where my testicles had seemed to be shrinking slightly in size. At first I just thought it was that I was cold or something every time I noticed it. But week after week after week they seemed to be getting smaller and smaller and smaller, to the point where, I woke up today, reached down....and couldn't feel them at all." Teresa stood up, walked over and slowly put her hand down my pants. She started feeling around,

with her powerful hand and it was obvious to her now, that I was serious. "Oh my God Dave." She answered, "Are you going to be ok with this.?" "I don't know." I answered, "To be honest, that doesn't bother me terribly if it doesn't bother you, but I have something else to show you." She got a curious look on her face and said, "What else?"

I slowly lifted my shirt up and above my head, exposing my chest. Instead of the very flat chest that I had produced following our transfusion, there now seemed to be slightly rounded walnut sized bumps developing under my nipples. Teresa instinctively reached out and touched my left nipple and boob. She then started caressing it with her finger which sent a euphoric tingle thru my body and I slightly jumped. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed, "Are they sensitive too?" "Beyond sensitive." I answered, "In fact, I found myself caressing them a couple nights ago and almost climaxed just from that." Teresa then sat back in the chair next to me and asked, "What are you going to do?" "I don't know." I said, "I was thinking of waiting a few more months to see if this is the extent of the changes my body wants to make, or if there are more in store. I guess the ultimate solution would be to try to get a pint of my brothers' blood and take it through the Enhancement process, thus turning me back into my old self. What I really need is your opinion though. I'm kind of scared...What should I do?"

Teresa slid her chair back over next to mine, she bent her head down slightly and slowly took my right nipple and breast in her mouth. She titillated the nipple with her tongue for a couple of minutes while simultaneously massaging my left nipple with her fingers, sending me into a mesmerizing state of pleasure and euphoria. My cock became rock hard and in no less than three minutes I reached climax and a small dribble of cum ran down its side. Teresa smiled widely, leaned down and quickly licked my penis of the small amount of liquid from it. She then looked at me lovingly and said, "We'll at least I know how to please you effortlessly now, and think of the bright side....a lot less cleanup!" We laughed hysterically and I kissed passionately for several more minutes.

Cast

It had been a long 6 weeks of constant itching and irritation and I couldn't wait to get my cast off. Not only to get rid of the itching, but because of the trouble I had sleeping and Teresa's constantly getting up in the night to consume more pounds of protein, I was soooo ready to sleep with her and fuck her like crazy. Over that time, she had become obsessed with my growing breasts and had taken every opportunity to fondle and suck them whenever possible. Again, it was great because they were beyond sensitive and she brought me to orgasm constantly. At the same time, Teresa had become somewhat shy and would not let me play with her clit, or see her naked. She said we'd wait till I got my cast off and that was making me even more desperate to get it removed.

I kissed Teresa goodbye that morning as I made my way off to the doctor while she was leaving for the gym. She was looking absolutely enormous in her once baggy XL sweat pants and shirt that she now

was practically bursting out of. The thickness in her ass and thighs made the material stretch to maximum capacity with each stride and even her calves seemed to be huge and hard underneath the cotton fabric. Her shoulders and arms also had the same effect on the top and I got a hard on just staring at her massive form.

Twenty minutes later I arrived at the doctor's office to have the cast taken off. After a bit of a wait, the nurse invited me to the back. As per usual she had me step on the scale for a quick height and weight measurement. I was wearing a t-shirt, one of Teresa's old sports bras, a light windbreaker and track pants, so I figured the weight would be pretty accurate. My growing breasts had become noticeable now so I wore the tight sports bra to smash them down and keep from being embarrassed in public. I flipped off my running shoes and stood on the scale. It stopped at 62.72. I laughed and said, "Hey, your scale is broken. It only reads 62 pounds." "Oh that's fine." she answered, "We weight in kilos now." "Oh, ok." I answered, "Well what's that in pounds?" She paused for a minute, got out a calculator and punched in some numbers. "Looks like 138 pounds." she answered, "seems like you lost a few pounds recently. Have you been sick?" "No." I answered. "Are you sure that's the right conversion?" I asked emphatically. "Yup." she answered surely, "The math don't lie." As I stood there pondering how damn thin I had become, she lowered the height measuring rod to the top of my head. "5'7" tall." she murmured and wrote it down in my chart. "Hmm." she asked, "Were you wearing shoes or sandals the first time we measured?" "I don't think so." I answered, "Why?" "Oh." she said, "I wrote down 5'8" last time, so I figured you were. But 5'7" is the actual measurement, so we're all good now. Let's get that cast off.

Doctor Steve Rosenburg walked in and greeted me with his usual smile and funny wit. We made some small talk and he began cutting off the cast. I was nervous that the circular little saw blade would go too deep and cut me, but all went well and he soon removed it. As he took the cast off, his eyes got big and he said, "Wow. We've got a significant amount of atrophy here David, we may have to prescribe some rehab workouts for you." I looked down and was shocked at how pale white and skinny my right arm had become. "Holy shit." I exclaimed. "It's the same thickness from the wrist to my shoulder." "Well." he answered, "You can have up to 25 or 30% mass loss and I think you're every bit of that." The nurse grabbed a tape measure and wrapped it around my upper arm. It read 8 1/2" she then asked me to flex it, to measure the difference. What I didn't realize is that after that much inactivity and atrophy, I literally could not flex. It's like it wasn't working or something. I got very worried and the doc looked at me and said, "Don't fret David." It's common for it to take a couple of days to start responding properly again. We'll get you back in a couple weeks and make sure it's growing and responding normally." I thanked the doc, took his recommend arm exercise paperwork and quickly left.

I was a bit depressed about the whole arm situation but knew it would surely grow back to normal...or at least I hoped so. I got home, ripped off the uncomfortable sports bra and laid on our bed, caressing my breast as I waited for Teresa to get home. It had been a half hour or so of me mesmerized as I had fondled myself to that state of being. Eventually I heard the front door slam and I jumped up in excitement. I ran out to greet my wife and jumped into her powerful arms. We locked lips passionately

for a few moments and Teresa then put me down and took a step back to have a look. I was only wearing a pair of running shorts and I could see Teresa eyeing me up from my thin legs, to my thin flat stomach and finally up to my now tennis ball sized breasts. She got a huge smile on her face, reached out and grabbed my shrunken, 8 1/2" arm. "Oh my God." she said, "It's like a little teenage girls arm. It's so cute...it goes perfectly with your beautiful little breasts, thin torso, soft face and shoulder length hair. Your becoming my little girly-girl husband." "What the hell are you talking about." I exclaimed. "I just lost a little weight is all." She laughed hysterically, grabbed me by the shoulders and effortlessly turned me towards the mirror we had hanging on the living room wall about fifteen feet away.

Looking at our reflections from 15 feet, it was clear she was massive compared to me, but I said, "Still babe, what are you talking about?" She then replied, "Squint your eyes babe." I slowly squinted my eyes, and it became painfully obvious. My legs were quite thin, with just a little bit of thickness in the hips, my torso was thin and flat, I had obvious breasts, meager shoulders, thin arms, and my jawline had softened greatly. My long hair was actually a suggestion she made of me to not cut. So that was on her. Immediately, my face turned beat red and I said, "OK honey, enough is enough, I'm getting Cam's blood for a transfusion back to male DNA this week!" "Babe." she said, "Don't be upset, I love you seemingly more and more every day like this. You're not a normal guy now, I understand, but your part me and part you. I don't think I want you being part Cam too. Let's give it a month and see where we're at. Then we can make a better decision." I reached up, kissed my wife on the lips and said, "OK honey, if you like me like this, I guess I can deal with it for another month."

Teresa got a really excited look on her face, reached under my armpits and hoisted me in the air like a child. "Yey!" she yelled as she kind of spun me around "Yey!!!!!!!" I couldn't even fathom how strong she now had to be to easily lift me like this, but I got a huge erection, so I guess I liked it. Teresa noticed the bulge and again smiled and put me down. She then grabbed my hand, winked at me, and swiftly led me down the hall to our bedroom. She spun me around towards her and gently pushed down on my shoulders till I was sitting on the edge of the bed facing her. She still had on all of her sweats, so none of her huge muscles were showing...but I still knew they were there. She then said, "Honey, I have been doing a lot of growing as you know." I nodded my head in agreement, it was obvious she had put on pounds and pounds of muscle. "Time for you to see what I've become." She said and she turned her back towards me.

She then slowly pulled her sweat top over her head and tossed it to the side. In an instant, I was blown away at the insane muscles, bulging from every square inch of her back. Round mounds of muscle, several inches thick stretched from just above her ass, along each side of her spine, up to and connecting to her thick, wide, meaty lats. She lifted her arms, grabbed her ponytail, and flipped it over and in front of her right shoulder, so I could now see her enormous traps, which were tall and strapping, full of unbelievable power for sure. Her rounded, cantaloupe sized shoulders bulged greatly to each side, and as she brought her arms down, the mass of the triceps and forearms made my legs look small. I wanted to jump off the bed and grab her, but she had asked me to wait. Teresa then pulled down her pants to the floor and stood again. Her ass muscles were beyond gorgeous and hugely full and

powerful. Teresa's thighs were gigantic and large, muscle bound hamstrings shot out and back, perfectly complimenting her wide, tree trunk quads. I finally peered down and took in her rock hard, diamond shaped 19" calves. A male bodybuilder would be jealous to have such magnificent muscle. I ogled her for at least thirty more seconds before she said, "Ready for more." I yelled "Yes, Yes, Yes!!!" and was shaking in excitement as I sat.

Teresa then announced, "OK....I hope you like what you see." She slowly turned around and as I looked, I froze in disbelief and my jaw dropped to the floor. Her clit was fully erect, extending easily 5 or 6 inches into the sky, with a thick stock, easily as thick as my cock and a beautiful, smooth, strawberry shaped crown at its apex. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen and I instinctively dropped to my knees and took its mass into my mouth. It was warm and thick and magnificent and I slowly bobbed my head up and down its length. I then reached up, grabbed it in my hand, and simultaneously stroked it up and down as I sucked. It seemed to be growing even thicker and longer as I methodically worked it. I soon realized, it was almost too long to even take fully into my mouth. As I moved my head back, to get another look, I realized it was true. Her clit/cock had easily grown to 7 inches and was thicker than my cock had ever been. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen and it had a small vein running its length, filling it with ever more blood. Teresa slowly pushed me back on to the bed and moved her massive, herculean body over mine. She then laid her huge clit/cock in between my breasts. I pushed my firm boobs together and my wife began to thrust her gorgeous member between them. I held them together tightly as I looked down at the crown rapidly pulsing up and down, up and down in my bosom.

As I peered up towards her breasts, I noticed they were completely gone. They had been replaced by thick slabs of muscle and formed huge pecs the likes of the massive Ronnie Coleman. The sheer size and density of them was incomprehensible and I knew she had to be able to bench 300+ pounds with ease. As her 19" biceps supported her massive frame above me, I looked back down at her 7 inches of thick love muscle and begged her to put it in my mouth. I never wanted to suck anything so bad. She leaned it forward and began to swing it playfully, hitting me with its beautiful crown on my checks again and again and again. I kept trying to catch it with my mouth, but she was too quick with it. Finally, I reached up, grabbed the heavy shaft and took it in my lips. Teresa thrust forward and jammed all of its mass down my throat. I apparently don't have a gag reflex, and noticing that, my wife began thrusting it in, all the way. The base of her pelvis now hit my lips and my mouth and throat were a firm, warm happy place for her phallus. Teresa began thrusting faster and faster and faster. Her moans of extreme pleasure became more rapid as well. I reached up and grabbed her husky, wide lats in my feeble hands. My wife began to thrust her member even faster and then at once, gyrated wildly and surprisingly, shot a small amount of warm, salty liquid down my throat.

Teresa then slowly pulled her huge shaft and crown out of my mouth. As it stood, just an inch from my lips, I couldn't help but to give it another quick kiss and lick before she pulled back, rolled over and spooned me lovingly with her insanely muscle-bound frame.

KY

My gorgeous wife had been satisfied by my unknown talent around her knob, but as I peered at her now beautiful blue eyes and square, masculine jawline, I desired to pleasure her with my cock and feel the warm, tight, moist pussy I'd fallen in love with. I reached my head over and softly began kissing her on the lips while I slowly moved my hand past her erect thick shaft and inserted two fingers into her happy place.

I only had to massage her vagina for a few moments and she got the hint and lifted her massive frame off of me and took a doggie position which she knew I loved more than anything. I quickly jumped up, threw some KY on my cock and took a position behind her unbelievably thick, muscular, rounded, tan ass. I quickly inserted my slick shaft into her warm vagina. I took three slow pumps and almost came in seconds. It had been six long weeks since we had actual sex and the unreal warmth and tightness of her pussy was shocking! As I methodically and rhythmically pulsated into her, her vagina muscles forcefully grabbed and released my cock in a forceful, but measured manner. I couldn't believe how strong it was and even though I was in the dominant position, I knew she was easily controlling the experience.

The feeling inside Teresa was incredible and I normally close my eyes during sex, but I couldn't take my eyes off of her herculean back. Her shoulders seemed three feet wide and bulged with huge rounded, full muscle. Striations and flexing and relaxing filled them as she supported her weight with them in this position and moved periodically as I made love to her. Her long, thick traps also bulged up, several inches above what a normal human would have and they mightily supported her massive neck. Her lats were also incredibly broad, heavy and monumental. Across the rest of her back were large, protruding mounds of hard, rounded bulges of power. As I ran my hand over their surface, the firmness surprised me and they seemed strong enough to stop a bullet. A punch to them would hurt one's hand and she seemed utterly invincible!

I then peered down at her muscle-bound huge, rounded ass. The size of it was colossal I'm sure it helped her squat an incredible amount of weight at the gym. It had also developed these beautiful inverted rounded cups in each side and I put my hands in their smooth surface and began massaging them as we fucked. Teresa was still methodically grabbing and releasing my penis with her muscular vagina and keeping us in a slow-paced stage of constant ecstasy. It felt completely natural to me now for her to control our love making and I was enjoying her lead. The session had moved nicely and we were easily 25 minutes in when she reached back and grabbed my arm. She kind of held it out, then she grabbed the tube of KY Jelly and squirted a blob into my open palm. Teresa then gently took my wrist and pulled my arm around her power laden torso, moving my hand to and around her thick, hefty shaft.

Teresa was fully erect and as I stroked her beautiful member, I knew it was easily more extensive than my own. Its length was every bit of 7" plus and the excitement that she had a larger tool than me sent a sharp tingle through me. I instinctively reached up with my left hand and started fondling my right breast and sensitive nipple, while pulsating methodically into Teresa and also caressing her long, wide shaft. Teresa must have felt an incredible sensation as she began moaning loudly and speeding up her

pulsating vagina muscles. The wet, firm feel of her powerful pussy was sending me into a state of euphoria as well and this was turning into the best sex I had ever experienced. As I systematically and in sync moved my hands, I also thrust all my weight into her with my throbbing cock. Again, the warm, firm feel of her pussy was insane and I drove more rapidly and harder than ever. Over and over I pushed, inserting my very soul into her vagina. She felt it too and my desire to pleasure her completely was extracting every ounce of my energy. I moved my hand more rapidly on her massive pole and started slipping it up to the smooth sensitive tip, popping it over its rounded edge again and again. Teresa flinched in utter satisfaction as I did this, and clinched her internal muscles tightly around my shaft. I was frozen solid as she shuddered briefly, let out an enormous scream of satisfaction and started spuing her juices all over my hard-on and spurt a little from her massive clit onto my hand. The orgasm caused Teresa to briefly relax her vaginal muscles and as they released my cock, I immediately spurted out a small amount of my own juices into her.

Completely satisfied, I slowly pulled out of my wife and she slowly rolled onto her back beneath me. Again, I was shocked at the herculean size of her clit shaft and smooth, strawberry shaped tip. There was still some white, silky liquid on its surface, so I instinctively leaned down, took it into my mouth, and pulsed up and down on its length, sucking and licking it clean. Not to be out done, Teresa quickly leaned down to me and took my penis in her warm mouth, licking and cleaning it as well. We then laid next to each other on our backs, I reached down and placed my hand on her gorgeous phallus and she did the same to mine. We then fell asleep in each other's grips, the most satisfied two people on earth.

Store

With my cast off, over the next few weeks Teresa and I had been sleeping together again. It was wonderful and having her warm, hulking body next to mine was making me the most content husband ever. My female DNA had shed me of most of my muscle and I was constantly cold. Teresa was like a huge heater and that helped me sleep through the night. It was especially needed since I began running daily to firm up as I had noticed a little softness in my hips and I wanted to get rid of the damn things. My legs and arms were getting tighter and firming up, but I lost a little body fat too and now had a six pack abs. My weight was a firm 135 pounds and it felt perfect. Teresa couldn't keep her eyes and hands off me and she was constantly telling me I was hotter now than when she had first met me. I wouldn't have believed her but we were having sex every day and multiple times on the weekends. It seemed like we were either having sex, working or sleeping.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon and I was lounging around in my sweat pants and a t-shirt. Unexpectedly, Teresa called me up in a panic. "What are you so excited about?" I asked her. "Davey." she said, "The gym owner just gave me the keys to his cabin up in the mountains and said we could use it for the weekend! I've seen pictures and it's unbelievable so I'm coming home right now. Pack up and we'll head up there in half an hour!" "OK!" I said excitedly as I hung up the phone.

I loved the mountains and a weekend away was just what Teresa and I needed. I was running around the house, packing our bags when I got to the toiletry bag. "Oh shit!" I said as I realized we were out of KY Jelly. I knew that was an integral part of our love making so I quickly threw on a hat and Ray Ban sunglasses, jumped in the car and sped off to the drugstore to get some. I parked the car and jumped out and quickly began walking to the door. As I approached, an older, grey haired man held the door open for me and said, "Good afternoon miss." I got a confused look on my face, which he could not see, but nodded to him as I walked inside. As I walked down the aisle, I peered down and immediately realized that my now cantaloupe sized C, firm breasts were protruding greatly and at full attention in my thin blue t-shirt. "Oh fuck." I said to myself. In my hurry, I had forgot to put on one of Teresa's super-tight sports bras and a baggy shirt. I had also forgot to put my hair up inside the ballcap and it was hanging down past my shoulders. It was the first time I had gone out in public with my growing breasts fairly exposed and had already been mistaken for a woman.

With great speed, I lowered my head to avoid any eye contact with anyone, grabbed a tube of KY Jelly and headed to the check stand. As I stood in line, a guy came up behind me and said, "Hi, are you new around here?" It was a stupid comment, but it was a relatively small neighborhood and I instinctively said, "No." "Oh great, I thought I knew everyone around so I guess I should know you then." he said as he held out his hand and said, "I'm Jason." As I peered up at him, I immediately realized he was the broker that sold me my house and I froze in fear that he would realize who I was. I lowered my head immediately, thanking God that I had put on a hat and dark sunglasses, stuck out my hand and said without thinking, in my softest voice, "I'm Teresa." He then said, "Oh, I sold a house to a Teresa over on Pine Street, she's really good looking too." He kind of paused, waiting to see my reaction. I kind of smiled and he continued, "Well I don't see a ring on your finger, so if you're single, I'd love to buy you a drink." Still holding my head low, I answered, "Thanks, but I'm not single." And I held up the tube of KY Jelly. He laughed and quipped, "Well, at least I know what to bring to your house if you're ever available." I smiled and luckily moved up to the now vacant register. The checker rang me up and asked for payment. I immediately realized that my credit card had my actual name on it and as I hesitantly swiped it through the machine, I prayed the checker would not start asking questions. I took a quick peek to my left at Jason, and he hadn't noticed the name on the card either. He gave me a quick smile and said, "Hope to see you again." I nodded and quickly walked out of the store.

As I drove away I a huge chill of excitement ran through me and my cock got rock hard. I immediately realized that in a quick and even longer close up encounter, people incorrectly assumed I was a woman. It was my first experience out in public without the bra and baggy shirt on and in less than 5 minutes I had one guy open a door for me, and had another guy hitting on me in line. It was an odd, unprovoked, but also exciting feeling. I decided to see if it was a fluke and quickly drove up to the Coffee shop.

I popped out of the car, grabbed some cash this time and walked to the door. There was no one there so I figured that was going to be a fail. Just as I reached for the door handle, I heard two quick loud foot

strikes behind me. It startled me for a sec and I froze. Just then, a 25-year-old guy reached around me, grabbed the handle and opened the door. He had a big smile on his face and said, "Ladies first." I smiled back and said "Thanks" as I walked inside. He then waited patiently in line without saying a word, and I was actually a little disappointed that he hadn't tried to hit on me, which would have completely validated my experiment. The person in front of me finished ordering and I then stepped up in line. There was a cute girl behind the counter and she said, "Hi, can I help you miss?" "Ah HA!" I said to myself, even fooled the cute girl behind the counter. I ordered my drink, paid in cash and left the shop thrilled that my drug store experience was validated.

I rushed back home, finished packing and rolled the luggage up to the front door just as I heard my wife pull up into the driveway. I then grabbed the bags, and rolled them out to meet her. As I walked up to greet and kiss my wife, she looked at my unbound breasts and said, "Oh my honey, those are looking gorgeous today." as she reached out and cupped them from underneath, firmly in her hands. "Pushing the envelope on C cup last I measured." I bragged. "Oh, they are quite perky." She responded, "I can't wait to ram my shaft between them later, if you know what I mean." she said with a huge grin. "I can't wait either babe." I answered, "Can't wait."

As she quickly ran inside to grab a last thing or two for our trip, it hit me like a brick. I was loving my breasts and had just proved to myself while at the store, I for some reason enjoyed showing them off. They were firm, C cup and growing and absolutely magnificent. I had never been in any way exceptional as a full DNA male, but I was realizing, that with Teresa's female DNA coursing through my body, I was actually becoming extraordinarily hot. Just grabbing my beautiful, full breast gave me an immediate hard on and I now had two more erotic sensation points on my body. Just taking a warm shower and lathering them up had become a very pleasurable part of the day. I realized that it was going to be hard to eventually give these gorgeous hooters up when I eventually put male DNA back in my body.

Just as I was probably thinking about my cans a little too much, Teresa walked swiftly out of the house and locked the front door behind her. She was still just wearing some short cotton workout shorts, which were actually a bit too tight probably since I could clearly make out a huge package bulge front-dead-center even in its flaccid state. She was still wearing an XL Sweatshirt, which she filled out massively, but that did direct all of my attention to her exposed, glorious quads. With each step, three or four massive, individual muscle bulged to what seemed like 34" in circumference. Making her quads much bigger than my own waist. She was truly becoming an enormous muscle goddess. In addition, there were large, rounded, full teardrop shaped muscles overlapping each side of her knee. Her calves were diamond shaped and burst to at least 19" around with each stride. And I also noticed a new, rounded, thick slab of muscle on the front of her shin....I didn't even realize people had muscles there.

Teresa approached me and leaned down slightly to give me a nice wet kiss. As I reached my head up to kiss her beautiful, square jawed face, I instinctively reached down with my hand and grabbed her protruding package. As I took its rounded mass in my palm, I said, "So, you walking around showing this

thing off all day.” She laughed loudly, took the bottom of my right breast in her palm and responded, “I don’t know...are you displaying these beauties all day?” I laughed as well and without answering, we both smiled at each other widely and hoped in the car...

Weekend

As we sped out of the driveway, I reached over and placed my hand on my wife’s beautiful, colossal, muscle-bound thigh. It was warm and firm and so big that it made my hand look like a small child’s as I grabbed it. For fun, Teresa quickly flexed it...shocking me as the muscles jumped to attention, several inches above their relaxed state and became rock hard. “Holy Shit!” I exclaimed as I slowly moved my hand up and down their enlarged state. “How big are these monsters?” I asked her inquisitively. “Oh God.” She answered, “I don’t even know. But they seem to be growing at an ever-increasing rate, and it’s to the point that I don’t have a single pair of pants that they fit in. Even pulling up leggings is becoming impossible and I ripped my favorite pair of Lululemons the other day doing squats.” “Holy Fuck!” I exclaimed, “I didn’t even know that was possible.” Teresa got a grin on her face and said, “Me neither babe, but...it happened.” “Well.” I replied, “They are the most beautiful things I have ever seen hon, so keep up the hard work.” With that, I reached over with my other free hand as she drove and started massaging her right thigh with both hands. Feeling the unbelievable power in her quad gave me an erection and I had to re-adjust my penis to the side.

We had gone about 30 minutes towards the mountains and I looked at my wife and asked, “Are you getting hungry yet?” “I’m freaking starving babe.” She answered, “But I looked it up before we left and there’s a café about 15 minutes up the road. We can stop there.” I said “Great.” And continued massaging her muscle-bound thigh. A few seconds later, Teresa got another huge grin on her face and asked, “Are you hungry?” I didn’t understand the grin but said, “Ya, I’m a little hungry.” “Oh good.” She answered, “Well I’ve got something you can gobble on.” And she winked and looked down at her crotch. I hadn’t even noticed it, but sure enough, she had a half a hard on and her woody was pitching a tent in her shorts. I immediately smiled, leaned over, pulled down her shorts and looked at her wavering log. I took its beautiful smooth tip in my mouth and began pulsing my head up and down her shaft. Teresa kind of grabbed the hair on the back of my head tightly and began pushing and pulling my head up and down to her preferred rhythm. As she did, her crank grew and grew until it hit its full potential, now almost 8 long thick inches in size. I bobbed up and down and tried to take it in fully. It was becoming so fucking big though that it was becoming almost impossible to swallow its girth. 95% of guys out there would be jealous of the size of her member and I was definitely included in that number.

I was oscillating my head more and more rapidly as Teresa pushed my head more and more forcefully as she also began thrusting her pelvis up and down in the identical rhythmic motion. I had been giving her a hummer for easily 10 to 15 minutes and she eventually pulled into the back-corner parking spot of the mountain side restaurant. Now fairly relaxed, Teresa began moaning in ultimate satisfaction more and more rapidly until her pelvis and muscle laden thighs gyrated briskly and a small amount of liquid shot

into my mouth. She let out a deep, fulfilled sigh, her whole body relaxed deeply and she slowly sunk into her seat. I licked her gorgeous rod and tip clean of any remaining liquid, kissed her beautiful crown and sat calmly back in my seat. Teresa tilted her head, looked at me deeply and said, "My Lord honey, I've got to be the luckiest fucking woman alive. I love you!" She then leaned over and we kissed passionately for a minute or more, before she slowly leaned back, sat in her seat and let out an exhausted but overwhelmingly satisfied sigh.

After another moment, I asked, "Ok babe, are you ready to eat?" "Of course, I am babe! You know I'm ALWAYS ready to eat." She replied, "But don't you need to put your hahas away?" She finished. "Jesus honey." I answered back, "I can't even fit these huge things in your old sports bras any more, so I think I'm just gonna go au natural from now on and let them breathe." She kind of gave me a sideways glance, realizing it was going to be weird for a guy to be walking around with huge knockers, but I hadn't yet told her about my experience at the store earlier in the day. Teresa only saw me for the husband and man I was.

As we got out of the car, I quickly threw my long, silky auburn hair into a ponytail, pulled it through the hole in the back of the ball cap, threw on my Ray Bans and followed my wife to the entrance. Just a few feet behind her, I was again struck at the insane size of her thigh bulge as the muscle shot out to the sides and made her quads look even more massive with each strong step. The funny thing, which I dared not mention, was that her legs were now so huge, she couldn't really move them straight ahead, Teresa actually had a slight waddle to her swagger. In addition, her ass was now exploding with so many added pounds of muscle that it stuck out immensely and stretched her shorts close to the breaking point. This added stretch also caused the front of the shorts to cling tightly to her pelvis, thus exposing for all to see the obvious bulge of her love muscle.

I purposely lagged slightly behind Teresa so that she would open the door, but as she opened it, I quickly shot by, making it look like she was opening the door for me. I walked up to the hostess and she simply asked "How many?" I just smiled and held up 2 fingers. She led us to a table and Teresa and I both sat down. She handed us our menus and I quickly realized that I need to pee. Before the hostess could walk away, I asked in a soft voice, "Where is the restroom?" "Oh." She replied, "The ladies room is right around that far corner." Teresa immediately let out a quick laugh, realizing that the hostess obviously mistook me for a woman. The hostess kind of looked at her weirdly and tuned to walk back up to the front. My wife looked at me and had a huge smile on her face, "Oh my God!" she said, "I can't believe she said that, are you embarrassed honey?" "No babe." I answered, "This almost seems easier. Way easier than walking around as a dude with huge tits. That's why I threw my hair in a ponytail and have my hat bill low and sunglasses on." Teresa kind of took a double take of me, squinted her eyes and said, "Holy shit Dave! Ya, I see it now...you do kind of look like a chick." "Well." I said, "If I'm going to walk around with the twins perky and exposed, I'm just gonna try and pull off the chick-look to avoid any confusion." Teresa just got a huge smile on her face and started nodding her head. "What?" I asked her inquiringly. She didn't say a word, she just had that huge smart ass grin on her face and then started nodding her head up and down as she stared at me.

I was super curious what she was thinking but right then, the server walked up. He looked at us and asked, "Hi, would you like anything to drink?" Teresa answered, "Just waters, but I also think we're ready to order." The waiter said "OK, two waters." Then turned towards me and said, "Miss?" Teresa immediately laughed again and kicked me under the table. I kind of chuckled too, and then in a soft voice said, "Oh, I'll have two scrambled eggs, toast, and a side of fruit." He then turned towards Teresa who stated, in her fakest deep voice and said, "I'll have 6 scrambled eggs, two pieces of toast, and 6 pieces of bacon." He said, "Thank you sir." And grabbed her menu. I kicked Teresa back under the table and we both started laughing hysterically. We enjoyed each other's smart-ass humor, and it was obvious we were going to be able to play this role reversal game to the hilt...

The House

After paying the bill at the restaurant, Teresa and I were excited to see the Cabin her friend at the gym loaned us for the weekend. We drove the remaining 25 minutes and got to the address. The place did not disappoint. It was a beautiful, modern looking square wooden and glass house, built half into the hill and half on stilts. It was fucking amazing and I immediately wondered what someone who could afford a place like this was doing owning a gym.

Teresa got out, grabbed the bags and headed inside. While I was gathering up a couple things from the car I was shocked when I heard a voice from just over my shoulder. "Hello." the voice said from just 10 feet away. I took a quick look around and there was a guy standing in the next door drive with a quick wave and smile. I waved back and said "Hi". Again, trying to use a soft voice as I was still just wearing the light t-shirt with my boobs clearly visible to any onlookers...especially one just a few feet away. "I'm Gary, Tim's neighbor. He said he would have some friends using the cabin this weekend." "Yes." I answered, "That's us." "Great." he replied. "And it's just you and your husband?" he asked. Again, I realized that he obviously assumed I was the wife and I said, "Yes." I figured the conversation was over, but to my surprise, Gary started walking over. As he did, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that Teresa was walking up as well. Knowing I already confirmed to him that I was the wife, I quickly needed to let Teresa know what was up and so I blurted out. "Oh Gary, I'm Teresa and here comes the muscular love of my life, David." Gary quickly turned and saw Teresa just a few steps away. "My god." he exclaimed, "Are all friends of Tim's carved out of stone?" Teresa laughed and held out her hand to shake Gary's hand. As they shook, Teresa over compensated and must have squeezed tightly because Gary let out an awful scream and pulled his hand back swiftly. "I'm sorry Garry." Teresa exclaimed, "Sometimes I just don't even know my own strength." Gary kind of shook it off and said, "No problem David. Just ease up a little next time huh?" My wife kind of laughed and then grabbed me around the back, put her other arm under my legs and quickly hoisted me into a front cradle carry. She looked at Gary and said, "Sorry to cut the greeting short, but I've got to get the misses here in something a little more comfortable, If you know what I mean." Gary laughed and said, "Sure thing David. Nice meeting you and I'll see you around."

We got inside and started busting up in laughter. "Holy shit." I said, "How fucking hard did you squeeze his hand?" "Harder than it's ever been griped before I'm sure." my wife answered with a grin. "Well." I replied, "I guess we fooled him too. Maybe this won't be as hard as I originally thought." We chuckled again and decided to give ourselves a little tour of the house. On the main floor, it had a master bedroom and two guest bedrooms, a bathroom, a beautiful modern kitchen and dining room and a family room with a 60" flat screen tv. On the lower level, it had a pool table a sauna and glass French doors that opened out onto the deck. The deck had a hot tub at the end near the neighbor Gary's deck, and at the opposite end, there was a table for eating, a fake gas burning fire pit and a big built in BBQ. The place was awesome and I knew we were going to have a great time.

As Teresa and I finished our tour, I looked at her and asked, "Hot tub???" She looked back and said, "Absolutely babe, I'll go take the top insulator piece off and make sure it's hot." The one problem I immediately thought of though, was that it was broad daylight and I only brought board shorts. I was standing just inside the lower level in front of the sauna and there was a small dresser against the wall with a stack of towels on it. Instinctively, I opened the top drawer. Sure enough, it was packed full of swimsuits. I eagerly pandered through it hoping to find a rash guard or something I could wear over my C-cup breasts. I looked and looked but found nothing like it. On a whim, I grabbed a red bikini top out of the drawer and got a crazy idea.

Excitedly, I put the red bikini top on, I was amazed at how sexy the smooth, sleek material felt on my skin. I tied the lower strings around my back and then the top strings behind my neck. I did some minor adjusting and then looked at myself in the mirror. I looked great, but the top just didn't go at all with my board-shorts. For the hell of it, I grabbed the red bikini bottoms and put them on too. They felt just as amazing, if not more so. Because I no longer had testicles and my cock was in its smaller flaccid state, everything was well covered up by the v-cut bikini bottoms. The cut of the bikini really looked flattering on my now firm, fit legs and my thin torso and 6-pack abs were accentuated by the high cut of the suit. Just a small bump in the crotch area was all that was visible, but from 15 feet away I knew it wouldn't even be noticeable. I said "Fuck it, let's do this." Then quickly put my hair in a ponytail, threw on my shades, grabbed a glass of white wine and headed outside.

Teresa was engaged in conversation with Gary, who was 15 feet away standing on his deck. I did a slow, sultry walk towards them and the hot tub as they chatted. Gary saw me first and I could see his jaw drop as his eyes got huge and he had trouble speaking. Teresa noticed his change of gaze and instinctively also jerked her head in my direction. Her jaw dropped as well as they both watched me slowly approach. My fit legs and six-pack abs obviously impressed, but my gorgeous, firm breasts is what probably had them both smitten. As I arrived at the tub, I flipped off my flops, took two steps in, and sat on the top step, so that my waist was below the water, but my gorgeous, firm breasts and abs were still very visible. With all the confidence in the world, I looked at Gary and Teresa and said, "Oh, I'm sorry, did I interrupt something?" Gary stuttered, "Ah, ah, ah no, ah not at all Teresa. Your husband

and I were just, ya know, ahhh shooting the breeze." My wife then looked at Gary and said, "If you don't mind Gary, I think I'll join her for a dip." "No worries." He said, "I've got some stuff to do anyway." He then walked back towards his cabin, but not before taking a long double take at me on the way. Teresa winked at me on her way by and said, "Oh...it's on now baby....It's fucking on!!!!"

Spa

As I enjoyed the hot water and massaging jets, I couldn't help but wonder what was taking Teresa so long. It had been 10 to 15 minutes and as I waited I heard some noise behind me. I turned and looked to see Gary back out on his deck, but this time a woman was with him. He was about 35 and looked to be in good shape, and his wife was probably 30, 5'5" and about 130 pounds. She looked to be in pretty good shape too, but it was a little hard to tell since she was wearing a yellow jumper. As I peered over at them Gary said, "Teresa, I'd like to introduce you to my wife Mindy." I immediately turned towards them and stood up. The water level was just above my crotch so my dripping wet breasts and six pack abs were now fully exposed to them. Before I could say a word Mindy exclaimed, "Oh my Goodness Teresa, you look amazing. I've got to hear your fitness routine." I laughed, put my hand on and kind of massaged my abs and said in a soft voice, "Sure Mindy, we'll have to meet up later today and I'll tell you all about it."

Just then, I heard the door behind me towards the house close. I turned quickly to look and was blown away by what I saw. Teresa was standing there wearing a pair of skin tight, shiny purple, male bodybuilder bikini bottoms. Her eight inch love muscle filled out the front pocket immensely, leaving almost nothing to the imagination. The other shocking thing was that she came out with no shirt on. Her breasts were fully exposed for all to see, but instead of having even a hint of femininity to them, they were now hulking, massive, mounds of packed on, powerful muscle. They were the most impressive pecs I had ever seen and I knew she was probably inside doing push-ups the last few minutes, just to make them as huge as possible. As she approached by waddling over, her herculean quads again flexed to enormous girth with each confident stride. She lifted her right arm to wave at Gary and Mindy and the gargantuan 19" bicep and equally impressive 17" fore arm jumped to attention. Mindy's jaw dropped and she said, "Wow David, you're incredibly built, are you a bodybuilder?" My wife kind of chuckled and said, "Not yet Mindy, but I was going to surprise my beautiful spouse with that announcement later today." I snapped my head around to Teresa with that announcement and said, "Are you serious?" She then looked back at me, hit a shockingly mammoth double biceps pose and said, "Sure babe, another 40 pounds of muscle on this bod should do the trick, don't you think?" I nodded my head in agreement but also shock to think she could become a 240 pound muscle-monster. She already had 200 pounds of power laden muscle, I couldn't even fathom her arm and quad size with another 40!

Mindy was obviously impressed and quickly got out her camera phone and asked to take a picture. I reached down to my crutch and quickly pushed against my v-cut bikini bottoms. There was a very slight bump there, but again, from a front view it would be indistinguishable. I started to step out of the hot tub and Teresa reached down beneath my arm pits and effortlessly hoisted me out and placed me on

the ground by her side. It was an obvious show of strength to me, Gary and Mindy. We faced Mindy and I reached around my wife's thick, hard, huge torso with my right arm, put my left hand on my hip, tilted my head slightly towards my wife's shoulder and kind of kicked my hip out to the left, in what I thought would be a feminine pose. At the same time, Teresa held me tightly to her as she squeezed me firmly with her powerful arm. With her right arm, she hit a bicep flex and Mindy took a few pics. Teresa's mass overwhelmed me in the picture I was sure, and I knew more then ever we had Gary and Mindy fooled. Mindy loved the pic and said she would send it to me. I quickly gave her my number and jumped back in the hot tub before I got an erection, just thinking about my gorgeous, 200 muscle-bound pound wife.

Just a step behind me, Teresa also walked into the hot tub. She then sat on the seat to where her right side was at a 90 degree angle to Gary and Mindy. She placed her strapping, hefty arms out to each side resting them on the outer edge of the tub. I then straddled her by putting one bent leg to the left of her massive quads and the other to the right. My firm ass was resting on her gorgeous legs and i pushed my breasts firmly against Teresa's muscular pecs. I then wrapped my thin arms around the back of her meaty neck and traps, looked her deeply in the eyes, said, "I love you." and reached my head forward and began kissing her passionately. As we shared this passion filled moment, Mindy blurted out, "Get a room kids! Just kidding guys, but I got that on film too, I'll send ya the pics and Gary and I will give you a bit of privacy." Teresa and I both said, "Thanks" and waved them goodbye and then resumed our kiss.

As we stopped kissing, Teresa reached her arms forward, cupped each of my beautiful breasts in her burly hands and began massaging and kissing them. It felt amazing and It was nice to have a feature that captivated my wife so much. The feeling was exhilarating, and my cock had firmed up and was now easily exposing itself out of my v-cut bikini bottoms. As Teresa was nose deep in my bosom, I pulled one of my firm, round breasts out of the bikini top. Teresa instinctively took my exposed nipple into her mouth and began sucking on it and titillating it with her tongue. It felt incredible and an orgasmic sensation was now coursing through my body. Teresa sped up her tongue flicks on that nipple, then with her other hand, pulled my bikini top off of my other substantial, perky breast and started massaging and playing with that nipple as well. The erotic sensations running through me now were beyond control. As these uncontrollable feelings took over, I leaned my head back and started moaning loudly. I certainly got louder and louder and louder as the feelings in my large, rounded fun bags were overtaking my conscious, and Teresa didn't let up, in fact, she started moving her tongue and fingers faster and faster and faster. Eventually it became too much to take, a warm, exotic, and fulfilled satisfying feeling came over me and I climaxed with a huge deep shaking sigh and a small spurt of cum from my submerged cock. All of the energy poured out of me, and I slowly collapsed my head and breasts into my wife's mountainous pecs.

Her Turn

As I laid on my gorgeous, bodybuilder sized wife, she slowly leaned her head down, kissed the top of mine and softly said, "My turn." "Oh Honey." I replied, "My cock has gone soft now, I don't think I can."

"No worries." she replied. She then slowly lifted me and put me on the seat next to her where my back would be towards Gary and Mindy's house. Teresa then carefully reached down, grabbed her male bodybuilder style bikini bottoms and lowered them off of her legs. I sat there shocked, knowing that Gary and Mindy could easily see us from their kitchen window, which faced our deck. Teresa then stood up, her magnificent, muscle-bound bodybuilder looking physique just a foot in front of mine. She then playfully slapped me in the face with her 8" fully erect love muscle and said, "Well, your cock might be soft...but mine isn't...why don't you get to work."

I smiled, leaned my head forward slightly and started licking and kissing the magnificent, firm, pink crown on top of her thick blood filled stock. It was perfect in every way and I found myself as attracted to her cock as much as I was to her gorgeous muscles. I closed my eyes and started just popping the smooth tip in my mouth and playfully pushing and pulling it in and out over and over and over again as I sucked. I could tell Teresa was really enjoying it because she started slowly thrusting her hips forward and back as I pleased her. After a couple of minutes of that, I began to slowly deep throat the entire 8" length of her meaty rod. Although my head was covering any view of Teresa's huge shlong from the neighbors, as I began to bob my head greatly up and down on it, Gary and Mindy would surely know what was going on. I wrapped my arms around my wife's gargantuan quads and grabbed her massive ass cheeks. They were rock solid and rounded and my hands were like insignificant speck on their surface. As I felt her dream of a butt, I started taking her rod deep in my throat faster and faster, sucking her blood filled, bulky stock as hard as I could. The fast motion and suction I was creating easily put my wife in a state of euphoric satisfaction.

She began thrusting her hips more rapidly to keep up with my pace. I was obviously getting better and better at giving my wife a blow job as she was becoming satisfied pretty quickly. I could tell she was about to reach orgasm, so I slowed my pace and then picked up the pace over and over and over again. I was keeping from finishing her off but just barely. Finally, after several minutes of holding her off, Teresa said, "Damn it baby, please quit messing around and do it already!" I knew what she meant, held my lips in the perfect position around her upper stock and tip, sucked hard and moved my head in a quick, snappy up and down motion. That did it and in a matter of seconds, Teresa's body shuddered and she spewed out a big burst of white, salty goo. It hit the back of my throat with the pressure of a fire hose and the volume seemed like a shot glass or two. She relaxed deeply and I moved my head and lips up and down her pole a couple more times, just to finish cleaning her up and satisfying her. Teresa dropped to her knees in the tub, leaned forward and rested her head on my breasts. She wrapped her thick arms around my waist, and whispered, "I love you more than anything baby, more than anything ever!" I leaned my head down, kissed her on top of the head and said, "I love you too babe...more than ever too!!!"

Neighbors

As Teresa and I relaxed in the tub for another 20 minutes, Mindy eventually came back out on her deck next door. She walked up to the edge towards us and asked, "Hey Teresa, would you and David like to

join us for a BBQ in about an hour. I was about to say, "No" as I didn't want to push our luck with the whole me trying to play off as Teresa thing, but my wife briefly forgot about our current situation and said, "Yes Mindy, we'd love to." I kicked my wife under the water, but she just looked at me and smiled, knowing full well I was going to have to "play along". Mindy said, "Great, we'll see you in an hour then." I smiled and waved as Mindy walked over to her BBQ and started getting it ready. I looked back at my wife and with her wry grin she said, "Don't worry little baby, I'll get you all prettied up for our BBQ date. She then gave me a firm pinch on the leg and a peck on the lips.

Teresa then reached down, pulled on her male bodybuilder bikini bottoms and stood up to get out. Instead of getting out though, she reached around my torso with one giant arm and under my fit legs with the other and easily hoisted me into the air in a cradle carry. With me easily lifted up in front of her she yelled at Mindy, "Thanks again for the invite, we'll see you in a bit." Mindy laughed at the cute sight of Teresa carrying me so easily as my wife waddled us to the cabin door and inside. "Oh my God." I said, "You think you're so funny committing us to this damn BBQ what the hell am I going to wear, I only brought my jeans, board-shorts and some t-shirts, and all of your clothes are way too big for me?" "You know honey," she answered, "You found that bikini you're wearing here...I'm sure the owners wife has some other clothes here that may fit." Teresa had a good point, so she led me up to the master bedroom and I sat on the end of the bed while she did some digging around. I just heard her in there saying, hmmm, ok....mmmmm, maybe.....mmmm probably not.....hmmmm ok yes, yep that's it. She then poked her head out and said, "Ok baby, I've got it figured out, now let's take a shower."

That seemed like a great idea, so I quickly turned on the hot water and stripped out of my bikini. Teresa slipped off her bikini bottoms and followed me into the amazing shower. It was one with modern looking grey, and stone colored tile with a zig zag pattern. It had a large glass seamless door and three shower heads above. I walked to the far end, grabbed some soap and turned to look at my wife. She was still standing at the far end in all of her huge quad, thick torso, mammoth pecs, towering traps glory. Even with all of that muscular greatness, I couldn't take my eyes off her low hanging stock. It was not erect but still had kind of a full look to it as it hung easily 7". I peered down at mine and realized, it was becoming extremely small and soft in its flaccid state. Teresa, also noticing the difference walked up, stood with our cocks next to each other and grabbed them both, holding them next to each other. As she held them both up, it was obvious that hers was a flaccid, but huge rod. Its stock was still thick and in this state was about 7" long. My penis in its flaccid state had shrunk dramatically and was thin, extremely soft and maybe 2.5 inches in length. Teresa looked me in the eyes and said, "Is this normal?" "Not till recently." I answered. "In its excited state, it's as big as ever, but in its normal state, it's been getting increasingly smaller. I guess all the blood that used to keep it half full, no longer does." "Well." she answered, "At least it will be easier to hide for as long as you have my DNA running through you." She then gave me a quick peck on the lips and leaned her head back, letting the hot water pour down directly on her massive, gorgeous pecs.

Teresa loaded her hands with shampoo and lathered my hair extensively. After that, she rinsed it out and absolutely loaded it with conditioner. While that sat in my hair for 10 minutes, she carefully

lathered me up and went over every square inch of my body with a razor. By the end of it, my body had never been so smooth. I then quickly lathered her up and massaged her massive, muscular frame with soap. Running my hands across her bulging, muscle bumpy back was a huge turn on and as I looked down, my cock had come to life and had filled with blood. It was back to a nice size and I playfully smacked Teresa in her firm glutes with it. She turned and looked down saying, "Oh, that's nice honey, but you're going to need to put that away for the outfit I have planned for you." I laughed and finished washing her gorgeous back muscles, massive quads and gorgeous calves. We let the warm water stream down our bodies as I embraced my spectacular wife in a hug, resting my head on her impressive chest.

We got out of the shower, dried off and I was eager to know what Teresa had planned for me. She sat me down in a chair in the bathroom that was at the far edge of the sink area. She then sat directly in front of me and pulled out some tweezers. "What are you doing?" I asked curiously. "Cleaning up your manly eyebrows dummy." she responded, "I've got to give them a little shape." She started pulling out hairs and I kind of screamed a little as it was kind of painful. Teresa told me to not be such a pussy and take it like a man....which was a hilarious thing to say as she was currently trying to make me look like a woman. She eventually finished up that and then got out a makeup brush. "What the hell babe." I said, "I'm not wearing makeup." "I know." she responded, "It's just a touch of shading to give your cheek bones some height and soften up your jawline just slightly." I figured I'd let her have her fun this one time, but that would be it for this nonsense. She finished up there and then dabbed something on my neck. "What the hell are you doing there?" I asked. "Well." she said, "Luckily you have a very small Adams apple, so they might not even notice it, but putting a small layer of this concealer on it will hide it for sure." I looked her in the eye and said, "I can't believe I'm letting you do this babe." "You're the best Davey." she responded, "You'll thank me for it though, I promise."

Teresa left briefly to go get my outfit. When she returned, she threw two pairs of a woman's swimsuit bikini bottoms at me. "What the hell are these for?" I asked her quickly. "You'll see." she replied. "Put them on." "Both of them." I asked. "Yes....both." she answered. I stood up, dropped my robe and pulled the first bikini on. My penis had returned to its small, super soft, flaccid state but there was still a small bump visible. I then grabbed the second bikini and pulled it up. The two of them together were a little tight on me and as I looked down and lined them up perfectly on top of each other, the additional tightness had smashed my soft phallus to an un-noticeable state. "Holy Shit!" I exclaimed, "It's gone...you can't even notice it now." "Wow!" my wife said, "You're right. I didn't even expect it to conceal your junk that well. That's gonna make this easy." She then threw me a pair of shorts. They were Daisy Duke jean shorts and as I pulled them up, they fit perfectly over the tight bikini's and as I buttoned them up and looked down, the front of my crotch area was perfectly flat. My wife then handed me a red 3/4 crop top blouse that had frilly long sleeves that started 3 inches below shoulder and went down to my wrists. So my shoulders and neck line were completely exposed, The body part of the top started just above my breasts and hung perfectly off of their firm, perky smooth surface to about half way down my abs. Teresa then gave me a white pair of Chuck Taylor Converse all-stars with a red stripe to finish off the look. My hair hung past my shoulders and Teresa got out her curling iron and gave my hair some waviness and style. She then handed me a pair of Ray Bans and said now take a look. For the first time since she started this process I looked in the mirror. "Holy fucking hotness." I shouted.

"Are you fucking kidding me. How is this possible?" Teresa held up her makeup brush and the curling iron and said, "its magic baby, It's magic."

As Teresa was getting herself ready now, I walked in the hallway where there was a full length mirror at one end. I started about twenty five feet away from it and watched myself walk towards it. My firm breasts filled the crop top perfectly and my half exposed abs and long fit legs definitely would have the neighbors fooled. But as I walked closer to the mirror, I realized that I walked like a guy. I quickly got on youtube and watched a video on how to walk like a lady, and then practiced it several times to perfect it. I let my arms hand down by my sides and tried to minimize any swinging of them, took longer but slower strides and put each step in front of the last step, instead of having a WIDE stride, I guess you would consider it narrow. It felt weird to walk like this at first, but after 5 minutes, I kind of had it down. I was still amazed as I looked in the mirror. The hair and slight makeup Teresa used made me not look like me at all and I was now actually a pretty hot looking chick. I realized that we definitely were going to fool the neighbors now.

Teresa's job was easy. She had long hair which many people would consider feminine, but so many guys in the world have long hair now, it's barely definable these days. She came out wearing a pair of tight light blue running shorts. They were just as short as my Daisey Dukes and so tight, her package was definitely noticeable. But then again, her quads were so muscular and massive, those and her gorgeous, diamond shaped calves overshadowed everything in sight. She was also wearing a white Gold's Gym tank top. It was pretty much skin tight and you could even make out her unreal, full bodies ab muscles through its thin surface. "Wow" I said, "It sure is a lot easier to get ready as a guy, this chick shit is too much damn work." Teresa looked at me, rolled her eyes and laughed. She then stuck out her 19" arm, which I grabbed, and said, "Let's go have fun with the neighbors huh." I gave my wife a kiss on the lips and we walked over....

Gummies

About half way over to Gary and Mindy's I realized that I just couldn't risk getting a hard on in my current attire. I looked at Teresa and said, "I'll be right back babe." "What are you doing?" she asked. "Gotta get a Pot Gummy Bear in me." I answered. "They keep me from getting a hard on and I don't want to have an issue with that while we're at the neighbors." "Oh shit." Teresa exclaimed, "You better get me one too...just in case." I kind of looked at her strangely, but then realized, she had to start trying to control her massive erections as well. I laughed a bit, gave her a wink and said, "Sure thing STUD!" and quickly grabbed a couple for us.

We downed the pot gummies and made our way over to Gary and Mindy's and rang the bell. A few moments later, Mindy opened the door. She took one look at us, put her hand to her chest and said, "Wow!" you two are even more impressive up close. She quickly leaned in and gave me a quick hug and then said, "You are just gorgeous!" I smiled and said Thank you. Mindy then looked at Teresa, reached out and squeezed her huge left bicep and said, "And you could be a Schwarzenegger stunt double." She then leaned in and gave Teresa a hug. Now close up, Mindy actually had a little muscle herself. She was

wearing yoga pants and my muscle radar went off as I could tell there was some nice muscular shape to her thighs and calves. She was also wearing a kind of tight, yellow summer top with long sleeves, and her arms definitely filled them out. I quickly said, "Well look at you Mindy, you seem to be quite fit yourself!" "Thanks so much." She replied, "I do get in the gym a fair amount, but just can't get those beautiful abs you two both have...probably the wine." She smiled and we all laughed.

As Mindy turned to walk us toward the back deck, from behind it was even more obvious that she had tight powerful quads, a firm rounded butt and nice wide, fit shoulders. At 5'6" tall and with a really full, athletic shape, I figured she was probably close to 150 pounds of mostly muscle. Nothing compared to my 200-pound muscle monster of a wife, but still pretty impressive I thought. Anyway, we made our way out back and again saw Gary. He looked at me and immediately said, "Wow! You sure clean up nice." He then reached and gave me a hug. Unlike his solid, fit wife, Gary was a bit thin, almost frail I thought. He stood 5'10" but seemed like he might have been 165 or 170 pounds at the most. He was wearing pants and a Hawaiian short sleeved shirt, and his arms were pretty thin. He then looked at my wife, stuck out his hand and gave her a quick shake. Obviously, he put some extra effort into it, not wanting to wince in pain like he did earlier that day.

He greeted us and invited us over to the cooler and BBQ where he had some munchies and drinks. I poured myself and Mindy a glass of wine while Teresa grabbed an iced tea and Gary cracked open a light beer. We sat at a round table they had near the BBQ and Teresa started devouring the deli meat and veggies from the tray they had set up. In making small talk I asked, "So Mindy, you look to be in really good shape, what do you do?" "Oh my God, thank you." She replied, "Well our neighbor Tim, your gym owner, has an unbelievable home gym set up in the garage. He's always giving me workouts to do and gave me the code to get into his garage. So I've been doing his workouts for the last year or so. I used to be a bit overweight, and he has been soooo great to me." "That's awesome!" I replied, "We didn't even know there was a gym in the garage...I guess we forgot to look in there." I then looked at Gary and asked, "Oh, do you go next door and use the garage gym too." Mindy laughed out loud and said, "Oh my gosh no. He plays golf twice a week and walks the dogs. That's as close as he comes to working out." Gary laughed and said, "Yah, just not my thing Teresa, I'd rather hit a small white ball and drink a few beers along the way." "I get it." I replied, "That does sound more fun."

Jaycee

Teresa perked up immediately when hearing about the gym and asked, "Hey, can we go check it out real quick before we get the BBQ Chicken and burgers going?" "Sure." Gary replied and we all stood up. "You're really going to be impressed." He followed, "Tim put an unreal garage gym together, as you can imagine." Teresa was almost giddy with excitement. She was becoming bigger and stronger every day and had been working out twice per day for months, so I knew immediately that she was going to want to get a nice lifting session in. Gary arrived at the garage and punched in the code. The door went up and to our surprise there was a beautiful, blonde, athletic girl inside working out. She smiled and started walking over to us. She was about 5'5", 135 pounds of gorgeous firm, athletic muscle; wearing a pair of white short running shorts and a tight light blue t-shirt that said "UCLA Track & Field" on it. Her smile would light up a room and as she approached, she said, "Hi uncle Gary, hi aunt Mindy." Mindy

replied, "Oh Jaycee, I didn't even know you were home." "Yep, I just got back a few minutes ago and wanted to get in a quick workout before I met up with your new friends for the BBQ." "Great!" Mindy replied, "Well this is Teresa and Dave, friends of Tim." I stuck out my hand to shake Jaycee's. Her grip was incredibly strong and she just about crushed my hand with her strength. I managed a smile and then she quickly greeted Teresa.

Teresa asked Jaycee for a quick tour and she obliged. She showed us the dumbbell rack, squat rack, flat bench, incline and decline benches, pull up bar, deadlift area and even an open area with a bunch of kettlebells lined up. There were also mirrors everywhere and the floor was a thick, solid rubber material. "Wow." My wife said, "This is a fantastic gym, I could really get a great workout in here later today and tomorrow." Jaycee then said, "Well, I was about to get a little bench press workout in, you guys are welcome to join me." Without a second of hesitation Teresa said, "Absolutely! Let's do that and then get going on the BBQ."

Jaycee laid down on the bench in front of us and started doing warm up reps with just the bar. I instinctively checked her out and noticed her thick calves and gorgeous, full, tan legs. As she laid on the bench, her hamstrings hung down in a beautiful, full curve of muscle. Her stomach was nice and flat and her chest was not huge, but full looking. As she reached full extension with the empty bar, her triceps flexed greatly and I was certainly impressed with her college age muscle. She finished off her set, looked to my left and said, "Your turn aunt Mindy." Mindy got a smile on her face and said, "Oh...are you inviting me to join in?" "Of course!" She said with a smile as she walked over and stood next to me. It's not like I was popping an erection, but I might have if it wasn't for the pot gummies. Jaycee was very hot and fit for a young college girl and I was definitely attracted to her tan, fit body. As Mindy started hitting her warm up reps, I looked at Jaycee and asked, "Are you on the track team?" "Yes." She said excitedly, "I do the heptathlon." I replied, "Wow, no wonder why you're in such good shape. That's a pretty hard event." "Yah." She replied, "Gotta work out for that one with all the throwing and jumping and stuff." "Well." I replied, "Whatever you're doing, it's working. You look fantastic." "Look at you talking." She said, "With your six-pack abs. Whatever you're doing is working, I don't even have abs like that." I smiled and laughed as she reached over and gave my abs a quick, soft rub.

Mindy finished her set, looked at me and said, "Ok Teresa, your turn." "What?" I replied, "I don't lift weights, just some running, ab stuff and a few push-ups." "C'mon girl." Mindy said back, "You're really fit, I'm sure you can handle a few reps." Right then, my wife looked over at me, had a wry smile on her face and said, "Yah honey, I want to see just how strong you are." I shook my head "No.", but then felt a strong and forceful push from Jaycee and was thrust towards the bench. "Oh shit." I said as I laid down on the bench. I lifted my thin arms up and grabbed the bar. I was immediately intimidated but easily lifted the empty bar off the rack. I lowered the bar to my nicely built breast and then raised it up. "Good." Jaycee said, "Now nine more." I didn't know why she cared but it was encouraging. I lowered and lifted the bar again and again. By 8 or 9 I definitely felt a little burning sensation, but made it to 10 without much trouble. I got off the bench, high fived my wife and got a high five from Gary as well.

I figured my wife would go next, but the weight was obviously ridiculously light for her so she jokingly pushed Gary towards the bench. Gary turned at her and said, "Oh. No way. I'm not exactly the workout guy." "Oh we're all just having a quick bit of fun Gary, just see what you can lift." I thought he was going to say forget it but immediately Mindy and Jaycee started chanting "Gary! Gary! Gary! Gary!" He shook his head and smiled, but eventually laid down on the bench and pushed out 10 warm-up reps. As he finished, Jaycee gave her uncle Gary a big hug and said, "Yay, yay."

My wife was obviously passing on such light weight, so she stood back as Jaycee grabbed two 10-pound plates and put one on each side. Again, she laid down and banged out 10 reps. Her back was a bit arched and as I took a closer look, it was obvious her ass was incredibly firm as it didn't lose any of its perky shape when she was laying down. She popped up and we watched Mindy lie down and do 10 reps as well. It was my turn next and I quickly laid down on the bench. I reached my hands up and grabbed the bar. As I lifted off the rack, I immediately felt a lot more resistance than the empty bar. I quickly pushed out 5 reps but as I hit the sixth rep, my arms really started burning. I got through 6, 7 and 8, but by the 9th rep my arms were losing all their strength and I had to muster every ounce of energy in my body to lift the bar a tenth time. I banged it hard into the rack catch and sighed in relief as I had finished all 10. "Damn." I exclaimed out loud, "What is that, like 100 pounds." "Ah...no." Jaycee answered, "It's only 65." My face turned red in embarrassment as I knew I had struggled greatly with an extremely light weight. As I got up, Teresa came over and gave me a high five and said, "Good job babe." I was still a bit embarrassed but said, "Thanks hon." And stood back.

Gary then got under the bar, lifted it off the rack, and fairly easily completed 10 reps. We were all kind of into it now and probably all curious about how high we could go. Jaycee was up again and she took off the 10 pound plates and put on two 25's. I finally figured out the math and new the bar and weights were at 95 pounds now. Jaycee sat under the bar and fairly easily lifted the 95 pounds off the rack. She pushed up the first few reps like the bar was weightless and slowed slightly by the time she hit 8. I expected her to keep going, but she put the bar back on the rack, sat up, looked directly at me for some reason, smiled and said, "Still too easy...I'm ready to add some weight." I had struggled with the 65 pound bar, so I was very impressed by how easily and confidently Jaycee lifted 95. Mindy got on the bench next and although much slower, pushed up rep after rep until she too hit 8. The nerves kind of came over me as I approached the bench for my turn. I knew 8 would be a significant struggle, so I had the number 6 in my mind as a realistic goal. I sat flat on the bench, raised my arms up and firmly gripped the bar. As I lifted it off the rack, I was instantly shocked at how much heavier 95 pounds felt over 65, but then realized it was a huge 50% jump in weight. My confidence had immediately left my body and as I lowered the bar to my breasts, the weight felt immense, I got to try to use a slight bounce off my firm twins and with that, I was able to lift the bar a few inches above them. At that point, my arms froze in place and I grunted loudly putting every ounce of strength I had into the push. Jaycee, Mindy and Teresa all cheered loudly and encouraged me to lift it, but as the brief seconds passed, all the strength in my thin arms was gone and the bar came down swiftly to my chest. My wife, grabbed the bar from my weakened hands and easily lifted it up to the rack. Mindy and Jaycee patted me on the back and said, "Good try." as I dejectedly stood up and walked a few feet away. I knew the jump in

weight was significant, but I expected to get at least 5 or 6 reps. The fact that I had got zero was a bit embarrassing and when I looked over at Teresa, she had a big smile on her face and gave me a wink, almost giddy at my utter lack of strength. The other thing that got me, was that Jaycee had just commented on how easy the weight was to lift. Having my bodybuilder wife out lift me was one thing, but a 20-year-old college girl just easily out lifted me. That was also a bit of a shock to my ego.

As I stood there watching Gary get under the bar and start to lift the weight, Jaycee came over and gave me a firm side hug. It was a little odd in that she held me tightly against her muscular, fit body but didn't say anything, just embraced me warmly. I looked over again at my gorgeous muscle laden wife and she was just laughing and I saw her lip to me silently, "Look who found a new friend." I stuck my tongue out at her and we both kind of silently laughed. As that was going on, Gary slowed drastically, but managed to eek out an 8th rep. He put the bar down, stood up and shook his arms out, which were obviously tightening up on him. "Damn." he said, "This is starting to get a bit heavy." I kind of squeezed Jaycee's firm, rounded shoulder tightly as he said that, knowing she had quite easily lifted the weight. She kind of squeezed me back, obviously getting my message.

As soon as Gary cleared the bench, Jaycee quickly switched out the 25-pound weights for 35 pound weights, making the bar 115 pounds. She got under it and repped out 6 in very quick fashion. There was almost no struggle and I quickly realized she was significantly stronger than me. I guessed that I could have maybe lifted 85 pounds, so Jaycee had just proven to be well better than that. As she skipped back over to me, I gave her a quick hug and said, "Damn girl, you made that look easy!" She just smiled, turned at her aunt and yelled, "C'mon Aunt Mindy, you got this." Right then, Mindy began her lift. The weight seemed to be heavy for her, and as she got to the 5th rep, she was done. The 6th turned out to be too many and Teresa helped her re-rack the bar. Mindy hadn't gotten 6, but 5 was still pretty good and it was time to start lowering the rep count anyway. With that, Gary now shook his arms a bit more and laid down on the bench. I knew he wanted to lift as much as his wife, but the look in his eyes was not very convincing. He slowly reached up and firmly grabbed the bar. As he lifted the bar out above him, it didn't seem very steady and I knew this would be tough. He then lowered the bar to his chest and began to push up. However, it was not a firm, fast push. It was much more like a slow struggle. He raised the bar once, struggled mightily a second time, and by the third rep, he was shaking like a leaf, grunting loudly and barely got it to the top and pulled it back and in to the rack. We all cheered and congratulated him but I think he knew, Mindy and his niece had just out repped him. He stood up with a look of doubt and I knew exactly how he was feeling.

Jaycee seemed to be getting more excited and she quickly took off the 35's and replaced them with 45-pound weights. She lowered herself under the bar and banged out 4 reps in rapid succession before racking the weight. She popped up, came over and stood next to me again. Mindy then sat down and slowly un-racked the bar and held it above her. She slowly lowered the weight and slowly pushed it back up. There was some shaking and some pausing going on, but she eventually got it up and racked it. We all jumped up and high fived her and hugged her as she exclaimed, "New Personal Best 135 pounds!!!" We were all stoked for her and even Gary came over and gave her a quick kiss before his try.

With a couple minute rest, Gary got on the bench and gripped the bar. As he lifted up above him, it seemed to waver greatly and I knew he was under duress. Gary slowly lowered the bar, but within two seconds of trying to raise it, I knew he was stuck. He moaned and grunted and pushed and squirmed, but none of that movement helped and the bar eventually lowered down to his chest, trapping him beneath its weight. Knowing he was out of strength; Teresa again easily lifted the weight up and racked it to the stand. Gary was now out of the competition, having been out lifted by his wife and niece. He looked a bit down, but we made a few funny comments and let him be.

Now more excited than before, Jaycee added 10 pounds to each side. "Wow." I exclaimed, "155 pounds. That's more than I weigh." She looked over at me, smiled and said, "More than me too." With that, she lowered herself under the bar reached up and grabbed it. She then pulled it out above her, let it hover but only just, then lowered it to her chest. With a quick burst of power in her strong, tan, full chest and shoulders, Jaycee slowly lifted the weight all the way up and slammed it back on the rack. "Wow." she exclaimed, "That's a new Personal Best for me too." Mindy stepped over and gave her a huge high-five. Mindy took the 10's off and replaced them with 5's, making the overall weight 145. She then sat under the bar and by the skin of her teeth and great struggle, slowly lifted the bar all the way up. We all cheered, knowing it was obviously another PB for her and Jaycee gave her a huge bear hug. Gary reluctantly came over and gave her a quick kiss, but I could tell it was killing him that his wife had just out lifted him. He knew she worked out a lot and was a little buff and strong, but to be 5 feet away as she lifts 30 more pounds than you has to be a kick to the ego.

Super excited to go for another PB, Jaycee put more weight on the bar and got it to 165 pounds. At this point, I started to think this was some really heavy weight. She laid on the bench under the bar and started to psych herself up. "C'mon, you got this." she kept repeating again and again and again. Finally, she lifted the bar off the rack and above her. With raw strength and power, she lowered it to her chest and then began to lift. I started yelling, "Push, push, push, push." as Jaycee started to lift the weight. As she did, it started to move up in a constant, slow motion and eventually made it up to the rack. She banged it in and immediately jumped up for joy. As she did, I noticed the beautiful separation and roundness to her quad muscles and her perfectly firm, rounded ass. She was quite a physical specimen and I knew the guys at school had to be all over her. Gary was not eager to watch his niece out lift him by a mile and so he said, "OK guys, this fun's over, now let's get the BBQ going." We all agreed but Jaycee said she wanted to wait a few minutes and then go for another PB. Mindy and Gary walked back next door while Teresa and I waited and encouraged Jaycee as she hit another PB at 175 pounds and then barely failed at 185. I was beyond impressed that the college girl just banged out a 175-pound bench press and she high-fived Teresa and gave me a huge bear hug and slightly lifted me off the ground with her powerful track body. I looked over at my wife and she was now dying with laughter having watched this girl way out lift me in the bench press, and then actually lift me up in real life. I just gave my wife a wink and wry smile back as we headed quickly over to the BBQ.

Medals

We made our way back over to Gary and Mindy's to get going on the BBQ. Jaycee immediately ran to the back deck to brag to her aunt and uncle about her new incredibly strong PB on the bench press. She

said, "Oh my God Mindy, I never thought I could lift that much weight! I lifted it off the bar and it did feel heavy, but for some reason, I had this feeling I could do it. I slowly let it down and then tried to summon a huge burst of energy to lift it. Somehow, I had that energy and strength and slowly pushed it all the way up." Mindy gave her a big hug and said, "You're just a stud Jaycee! Great job!!!" Excitedly, Jaycee kind of hop-skipped over to me, which was an incredible sight, to see this hot, tan, fit, pumped up college co-ed bouncing around. As she got to me, she firmly grabbed my hand and forcefully pulled me towards the house saying, "Let me show you my track medals." As she pulled me, I looked back at Mindy and Teresa who both had smiles on their faces. Teresa blurted out, "Have fun with your new friend T!" I kind of shook my head and was briskly taken into the house.

Jaycee led me to the stairs and started climbing. As I walked just three steps behind, I was mesmerized by her thick muscular calves, quads and firm rounded ass. She was easily the hottest college girl I had ever laid eyes on. We got to her room and she pointed to the wall above her bed which had easily 20 different colored medals and ribbons covering it. As I was looking at those, I heard her turn on the shower in her attached bathroom. As I quickly looked over, she had flicked off her shoes and was removing her UCLA track shirt. She slowly lifted it over her gorgeous blond hair and then tossed it to the ground. I stood there frozen, and speechless as I stared at her gorgeous, firm, small b-cup breasts, fully pumped upper chest, also recently pumped up shoulders and strong arms. She was an athletic beauty and I was unbelievably impressed with the development on her young physique. I immediately realized that she thought I was a girl, and apparently women just disrobe in front of each other without a thought. As I tried to act natural, like I was a chick and this was normal, Jaycee said as she slowly approached, "So Teresa, have you ever been with a woman?" Still in shock I answered, "Of course!....I mean yes....I mean no....uh why." "That was a bit of an odd answer." Jaycee said, now in total control of herself and the conversation as I was stumbling over my thoughts and words. She paused briefly, lowered her tight shorts to the ground, pulling them down over her rounded powerful thighs and extremely strong looking calves. As they hit the ground, she stood back upright in her fully nude glory. Her body was completely smooth except for a small straight patch of short cut hair just above her vagina. A huge tingling sensation came over me and as she took another powerful step towards me, I took a step backwards and hit my back against the wall.

Jaycee took one more step forward and was now inches from my face. "What....what....what are you doing?" I stuttered. With her face just two inches from mine she softly said, "Don't be scared Teresa, I saw you staring at me constantly in the gym. I even saw a reflection in the mirror of you licking your lips once as I walked over to the bench....didn't I?" I was now a bit too scared to speak, I now knew I'd been caught. Again, she softly repeated, "Didn't I?" I slowly nodded YES. With that, Jaycee said, "I think you're smoking hot too Teresa and she pushed her powerful, heavy, naked body against mine and leaned in for a kiss. I tried to resist at first, but after a few more seconds, I opened my mouth and took in her warm, firm tongue. As we made out, I found myself reaching out and fondling her thick, muscular biceps. She could tell I liked them and began flexing them and relaxing them for me over and over and over again. I couldn't hold myself back and I was forcefully kissing her and we were having a friendly sword fight with our tongues.

After another minute of that, Jaycee pulled her head back, lifted my top, completely exposing my large firm breasts and said, "Those are the most perfect set of tits I've ever seen!" She then started cupping and massaging them with her strong hands and took my left boob and nipple in her mouth. Her wet, firm kiss was amazing and I couldn't believe I was having a "Lesbian encounter" with this gorgeous girl after "coming out as a woman" just a day earlier. As she did that, Jaycee reached her robust left hand around my torso and kind of violently pulled me in to her, smashing my abs against her powerful torso. She then slowly started grinding her naked pussy against my daisy dukes. Next, this gorgeous, strong, athletic girl put out her tongue and passionately began licking my chest, then both boobs and nipples over and over. Jaycee then slowly lowered her body down and began erotically licking and kissing my six-pack abs. I could feel her tongue as it caressed every hump of my strong muscular abs and as it hit and dragged down each valley. The feeling was becoming overwhelming and I knew the effects of my pot gummies could not possibly contain my penis for much longer. I was fearful that her next step would be to attack my crotch where she would surely find my penis, so I pulled on her gently and whispered, "Get back up here." With that, Jaycee slowly licked and caressed her way back up my abs, then to my firm, gorgeous breasts, up my chest and neck, and finally our lips met for another long, deep kiss.

I tried to end this amazing moment before it went too far and pulled my head back slightly, smiled and slowly pushed her back. A wry smile came across her face and she said, "Oh no you don't....I know you want this." She then lifted her right arm and hit a bicep pose. A ball of gorgeous, impressive muscle popped up to attention. I couldn't resist and instinctively pulled her in tightly and took her flexed bicep into my mouth. I began kissing and caressing its beautiful firm shape and it was becoming wet from my lips. She slowly started flexing and relaxing it as I embraced its glory as I was slowly becoming entranced with her. Jaycee then grabbed my right wrist with her left hand and slowly moved it towards her pussy. As I began fingering her, she tilted her head back in utter enjoyment. Knowing my strengths, I lowered down to my knees, reached forward and stuck my tongue into her moist pink taco. I found her small, firm clit and began licking it vigorously. As I titillated her clit, I also began thrusting my head forward and back. Jaycee reached her powerful arms down and grabbed my shoulders. She then began thrusting my body back and forth as well. I reached my hands around and grabbed her rounded, powerful hamstrings. I began massaging them up and down, feeling their full muscular shape in my palms. It was sending a shockwave through my body as I also pleased her passionately.

As I continued to pleasure her G-spot, I couldn't help but start caressing her up and down. I reached up and grabbed her firm, rounded, huge glutes in my hands. I began squeezing and massaging them slowly, adding to the overall erotic moment. They were so well developed and muscular for such a young girl and I started to feel some movement in my cock. She playfully flexed and relaxed her butt in my hands a few times, knowing I was infatuated with them. My brain damn near exploded at that point! I then lowered them down slowly, feeling the front side of her sturdy, mighty quads. The firmness and strength in them were also mind-blowing and I wanted to pour BBQ sauce on them and lick them clean. Finally, I moved my arms down and began to grab and squeeze her full, smooth, robust calves. They had to propel her quickly though all of her track events and I was beginning to understand why she had won so many medals. Her body was insane and every inch of it was firm, muscular and strong. I knew I had

to finish her off before my cock exploded out of my Daisy Dukes. I began to lick her clit faster and faster, with more firmness. Like Teresa, Jaycee started to shake and moan and shudder faster and faster. Her strong torso started to bang into my head as I pleased her but I didn't care. I moved and licked vigorously over and over again, taking her beautiful, slightly erect clit into my mouth. My warm, wet mouth and tongue were doing their job and Jaycee eventually shook violently, twitched back and forth and then orgasmed greatly, sending wet liquid briskly out of her vagina and onto my face.

Completely satisfied and relaxed, Jaycee slowly lowered herself to the ground and leaned lovingly against me as we sat silently, our backs against the wall. She placed her hand on my abs and caressed them slowly as we rested. "Wow." She said softly, "I've never climaxed before. That was amazing." I didn't know what to say, so I just leaned in and kissed her passionately again for a minute. Jaycee then slowly stood up, looked at me deeply, and then slowly walked towards her bathroom to shower. I watched her muscular, firm legs and ass with each powerful stride and shook my head in disbelief as she disappeared behind the glass. Our passionate moment over, my thoughts immediately returned to my gorgeous, muscle laden wife Teresa who must at this point be wondering when I'm going to return. I popped down another Pot-Gummy, pulled my top back over my firm breasts, adjusted my package, hoping it would soon calm down and headed back out to the BBQ.

Back to the group...

The Gummies and a few minutes in the restroom worked. By the time I headed down to the deck, my shorts were completely flat and I was good to go. I still couldn't believe I had been faking this whole chick thing for one day and already had a lesbian experience with a gorgeous young co-ed, but Teresa's female DNA was running through my body and she was hot, so I guess it all made sense. I walked outside and up to the gang. They were sitting at the round table and instead of grabbing my own seat, I walked up to my hulking wife and sat on her thick, muscle-bound quads. As I did, Teresa wrapped her 19" herculean arm around my torso, pulled me tightly against her robust pecs and started kissing me on the back of the neck. I leaned my head back slightly and enjoyed her love smooches while I also reached down and grabbed her powerful right forearm with my hands. It was incredibly solid and huge. I laughed just thinking about how big she was becoming, especially with the knowledge that she wanted to become much bigger. At 200 pounds of solid muscle, I was curious what it would be like, wrapping my arms around a soon to be 240 pound wife.

As we sat there, enjoying each other's company, Mindy looked across the table, smiled and said, "You two have to be the best-looking couple out there." I smiled back and said, "Ohhhh Thank You Mindy, that's so nice of you to say." "Oh, I mean it." Mindy replied, "You're the happiest, fittest, most in synch couple I think I've ever met." I immediately got up, walked over and gave Mindy a huge hug. "And those are amazing." Mindy said with a smile as she looked at my breasts. Teresa kind of laughed and I walked back over and perched myself on her mighty quads once again. As I did, I wrapped my arm around her thick neck, leaned in, said, "I love you." and gave her a quick, wet, passionate kiss.

A few minutes later, while we were all chatting away, Jaycee walked out onto the deck. She was very giddy, with a huge smile on her face and a very satisfied look in her eye as she kind of walk-skipped over to the table. It took Mindy and Teresa a few seconds to realize, but they began laughing hysterically when they realized what she was wearing. Like me, she put on white shoes, short Daisy Dukes and an almost identical red 3/4 crop top with long sleeves. I was shocked to see that obvious show of affection and was almost frozen in fear thinking Teresa might suspect something between me and Jaycee. Mindy thought it was fantastic and made me get up and stand next to Jaycee for a picture. I tried to decline, but it was obvious Teresa didn't suspect anything as she insisted, I take the picture too. Reluctantly, I got up and stood next to Jaycee. She was way too smiley and giddy and when I got next to her, she quickly snapped her head towards mine and gave me a kiss. I kind of snapped my head back and Teresa said, "Jesus honey, play along." With that, Jaycee kind of gave me a wry look and I returned the kiss for the audience's delight. We then stood next to each other, Jaycee basically hanging on me as she gripped me tightly. The moment couldn't end fast enough and as I started to walk away, back towards my massive wife, Jaycee grabbed my arm, spun me around, wrapped her strong arms around my torso and legs and easily hoisted me into a front cradle carry. As Mindy and Teresa laughed, Jaycee spun us around like newlyweds as Mindy snapped pics. After a couple more spins, Jaycee finally put me down and gave me another quick kiss. I couldn't believe how forward she was being, especially in front of everyone, but she was just too smitten to care. As we all sat back down, I quickly grabbed my glass of wine for some sips of pleasure.

Just making some small talk, Teresa asked Jaycee, "So, do you have a boyfriend?" She looked at me with the biggest guilty smile and said, "No, not right now...just too busy with school and track stuff." I looked the other way and just tried to act like I wasn't interested. As we got to kind of making small talk, Gary came over and said, "Food's Ready!" With that, he put out plates of burgers, hot dogs and some salad. I grabbed some salad and one meat patty. I was avoiding bread to keep my fit figure. Meanwhile, Mindy, Teresa and Jaycee loaded their plates with two burgers each. I looked at them all and said, "No wonder you're all so strong!" They all smiled and Jaycee looked at me, flexed her bicep and said, "You gotta feed the machine!" It was an impressive bulge under her sleeve and made it very obvious how she was able to carry me so easily. I laughed back and accidentally gave her a wink. "Shit." I thought, "The last thing I wanted to do was give her any false signals. She was a smitten little horn dog and was waaaay to into me for my own good." After some more chat and eating, we finally finished up and with two meat patties left, instead of letting them go to waste, Teresa took one while Jaycee ate the other. So in a matter of 20 minutes, my wife and Jaycee each downed three burgers and some salad. They were both Alpha's for sure and I was kind of impressed with them both.

I enjoyed being in the massive, strong arms of my wife, but I was feeling a little uncomfortable around Jaycee. She kept giving me a giddy look and I badly needed to get out of the situation. As we sat there, I kind of leaned my head back, and said, "Let's get out of here babe, I want to see how much you can bench." I figured getting her to just leave would be difficult, but saying we needed to workout might help. "Oh." She answered, "You want to see how strong these babies are?" At the same time, she did something that both shocked and excited me greatly. Teresa began bouncing her pecs massively. The strength in them threw me forward as they flexed simultaneously and I turned around to look at them.

They heaved greatly and seemed to bounce with tremendous force. I put my hand on one of them and the rounded, rock hard surface was insane. Jaycee jumped up too and quickly came over and gave them a feel. I had one hand on her left peck, while Jaycee put one on the right. "Oh my god!" Jaycee exclaimed, "That is awesome!" We were all amazed.

Teresa quickly kind of put her arms under my legs and simultaneously wrapped her other muscular arm under Jaycee's legs. She then held us tightly to her torso and stood up. "Holy Shit!" Jaycee exclaimed as Teresa stood upright with the two of us in her arms like kids. She then powerfully began walking us towards Tim's garage gym. She then looked at me, winked and said, "I guess it's time to show you how strong I really am." I was already in utter shock as she easily hoisted me and Jaycee and carried us like babies. "What does that mean?" I asked her. "Well." My wife replied, "I'm a lot stronger than I look." "What the hell babe." I stated, "You look strong as fuck!" She laughed and we eventually made it to the garage. Again, still holding us in her arms, Teresa moved Jaycee towards the key pad. Instinctively, Jaycee reached out, punched in the code, and the door began to rise. Having proven her point, Teresa put us down and we walked inside.

There was a heightened sense of awareness and anticipation in the air as I realized that I hadn't seen my wife lift a weight since she was 135 pounds in a sporting goods store. Even then, I hated to admit it, but she actually curled more weight than I did. Now, after gaining 65 pounds of Genetically-Enhanced muscle, I was curious just how fucking strong she had become. Jaycee looked at her and asked, "How much to start?" Jaycee was obviously going to assist with putting on the plates, as I would be struggling with the 45 pounds the whole time...if I could even lift it at all. Teresa casually said, "Two plates." Jaycee shook her head and said, "Wow, that's a pretty heavy warm up." She then rolled over two 45 pound plates, put one on the left and then one on the right. With kind of a wry smile on her face, Teresa looked at Jaycee and said, "No honey, I meant two on each side." "Jesus Christ." She replied, "That's 225 POUNDS!!!...for a Warm-Up?" Teresa shook her head up and down and kind of stretched out her arms and chest. Jaycee put on the additional weight and I watched with eagerness to see how strong my wife now was.

As Teresa laid on the bench, I was in awe of her massive quads and even more impressed with the incredible amount of hamstring muscle that hung down beautifully from the underside of her leg. I didn't even know a hamstring could have that much muscle in it. Casually, Teresa reached up to the bar with her meaty arms. She grabbed the bar, held the 225 pounds up and slowly lowered it down. It briefly touched her gorgeous, muscular pecs and she swiftly, but under full control, lifted the weight back up. It looked quite easy for her and Jaycee and I were obviously impressed. After a brief pause at the top, Teresa methodically lowered the weight again, not super-fast, but under full control. It was obvious that she was not struggling at all. She lowered the bar and raised it not to 5, not to 10, but to 15 full, easy reps. She then placed the bar on the rack, looked at Jaycee and said, "Ok, now let's get some weight on here!" Jaycee laughed in excitement and gave Teresa a high five. I started to do some math in my head and quickly realized that my wife had just easily warmed up with three and a half times my one rep max. I knew she was a good amount stronger than me, but this seemed almost impossible.

Jaycee then walked over to the plate rack and asked Teresa, "25's, 35's or 45's?" My wife kind of smirked and said, "45's!" She grabbed the 45's and rolled them to the bar, then hoisted each up and placed them on either side. The bar looked intimidating to say the least with all of that weight on it. I looked at my wife and asked, "How much is that?" Before she could even answer, Jaycee gave me a kind of professor like look and said, "315 pounds." I shook my head again in disbelief as my herculean wife laid under the weight. As she gripped the bar, her gorgeous triceps muscle bulged and turned into an unbelievably full-rounded horseshoe shaped mass. It was like I was getting an anatomy lesson on the human muscle structure as I ogled her huge growth. She then lifted the bar up and over herself and amazingly lowered the 315-pound bar down to her chest and easily back up again. I just stared and watched as she did it again and again and again. Before she was done, Teresa had easily done 10 reps and then placed it back on the rack. Jaycee was impressed and I was beside myself, realizing that this was a female and my wife, so easily lifting the bar. As my wife sat back upright, she looked at Jaycee and said, "Two more plated please." It was unfathomable to me, that my wife would be lifting 400 pounds, but it seemed possible at this point. After a few minutes of rest, Teresa laid down and gripped the 405 pound bar. With a grunt and a little yell to psych herself up, she hoisted it up and over. Teresa then lowered it down slowly, touching her massive chest briefly, and then raised it to full height. I figured she was done, but she repeated the feat two more times before allowing Jaycee to help her re-rack the bar.

Now, as the workout was really turning up the heat, and with a few more minutes of rest, Teresa said she'd be right back and needed to go into the house and grab a workout drink. Jumping on the opportunity, Jaycee ran up to me, hugged me tightly around the arms and torso and leaned into me forcefully, essentially trapping me between her tight grip and muscular body and the wall. Completely powerless to move, I asked, "What are you doing?" Without answering she leaned in and began kissing me wildly. I tried to wiggle loose, knowing Teresa would soon be back, but Jaycee was just too strong. She pulled her head back slightly, looked me deeply in the eye and said, "Kiss me baaaaaack. He he he." I knew she wouldn't release me unless I complied, so I briefly leaned in and made out with her passionately for a few moments. Fairly satisfied, I guess. She leaned back, released her unbreakable grip and said, "Was that so hard?" I answered, "I'm married Jaycee, c'mon." "I know." She replied with a smile, "and he's hotter than hell too. I just want to eat you both up." "What?" I responded, "I thought you were a lesbian?" "I am." She responded, "But you both have something exotic going on and I'm incredibly attracted to you both." We heard the door from the house close and Teresa was approaching. Hearing that, Jaycee gave me a smile and a wink and quickly sauntered back over to the bench. As Teresa approached, Jaycee placed her hand on my wife's peck and said, "Wow, just like a little slice of heaven on you there." Teresa laughed and Jaycee turned at me and gave me a fun wink. "Holy shit!" I thought, this chick want's a damn threesome.

With that, my unbelievable wife again laid on the bench as she had asked Jaycee to add a 25-pound weight to each side. That made the weight 455 pounds. More fucking weight than I could possibly imagine and I took out my phone to video the attempt. "Is this a PR." I asked. "Yes." Teresa replied, "By 10 pounds." Jaycee placed her strong hands on the bar and helped my wife lift it off the rack. Once

over her, I had a close up video going and panned from the weight, down Teresa's incredibly full and muscular forearms, to her gargantuan, bulging triceps and down to her thick, meaty pecs. I then backed the camera up slightly to get the attempt. Teresa slowly lowered the weight, got a mild pec bounce and then kind of "girl screamed." She pushed. It didn't pause like I had expected and within a few seconds was completely extended to the top. Teresa slammed the bar down to the rack, clapped her hands forcefully, jumped up and grabbed me in a full bear hug. Without thinking, she spun me around in the air like a tiny child and I'm sure I know felt almost weightless in her grasp. We kissed passionately for a few seconds and then my wife put me down. As she did, she looked at Jaycee who then jumped into my wife's arms. Teresa had no choice but to catch her and as she did, Jaycee leaned in and gave her a firm, wet kiss on the lips. My wife was in a bit of shock, looked at me, laughed and put Jaycee back down. As we both stood there, a little surprised, Jaycee walked over to me, leaned me backwards in her arms, looked at Teresa and asked, "Are you into this...." As she bent down and locked lips with mine. She leaned into me forcefully and it was obvious to Teresa that we were making out. Jaycee then leaned back up, lifted me to a standing position and said, "Cause if you are....I am!!!"

My wife wasn't sure what to do. She knew we were in a very interesting new state of sexuality, but I didn't know if she would freak out and break me and Jaycee in two. Teresa walked over slowly, grabbed Jaycee, leaned her backwards and then began making out with her. At first, they kissed briefly, but then Teresa really leaned into it and wet, moist lips were slopping off each other heavily. My wife then leaned Jaycee up, nodded her head and said, "We'll see...." She then walked back over to the bench, sat down and said to us, "Why don't we try 10 more pounds first." Jaycee quickly walked to the plate rack, grabbed two 5-pound weights and put them on. There was an incredible amount of excitement in the air after the latest development and even Teresa seemed kind of giddy. She lowered the gorgeous, muscle-bound body under the bar and lifted the 455 pounds off the rack. This was a lot of weight, even for my wife and her massive arms were shaking ever so slightly. As the bar went down, Teresa again got a little bit of a pec bounce and then pushed with everything she had. Her thick, firm torso and lower back came off the bench slightly, she let out another brief scream, and again, her powerful arms began to move the weight up. It moved slowly...but it moved and within 4 or 5 seconds, she got it to the top. With a giant thud she slammed the bar into it and jumped in the air. She grabbed me easily in one arm and Jaycee in the other. Her strength was undeniable, and as she easily held us in midair, she took turns going back and forth, making out with me for a few moments and then turning her attention to Jaycee and making out with her as well. It was a beautiful, muscle bound love fest and Teresa finally turned and waddled us inside...

Three-some

As Teresa easily carried us into the house with her bulging 19" biceps, Jaycee looked at me with her beautiful, young face, reached over and pulled my top off. My perfectly shaped C-Cup breasts perched exposed for her gazing eyes. Jaycee then leaned in and took my right tit in her mouth. She began to lick and titillate it, I was feeling very teased, but luckily the Pot Gummy was doing its job and my cock stayed in place. Right then, Teresa said, "Aren't they the most beautiful things you've ever seen in your life?" Jaycee shook her head in agreement with my wife and kept sucking. I looked at my wife and asked, "Really?" She looked me deeply in the eyes, nodded as well and answered, "I can't stop thinking about them honey. And I've masturbated a few times just thinking about them." I smiled back and thought, "I

knew I loved looking and jerking off to them, but having Teresa do it, sent me into an unbelievably happy, euphoric state!" Teresa took us all into the bedroom, sat Jaycee and I on the bed and then she began cupping, kissing and sucking on my other exposed breast. I sat at the end of the bed in disbelief as I had two smoke-shows caressing and loving my glorious chest.

As they pleased me, I thought I would enjoy having Jaycee there, but I found all of my attention being focused on the insanely muscular neck and traps of my muscle-bound wife. Jaycee was a perfect specimen in her own right, I realized that, but the massive muscles and power contained in my wife, thankfully, took all of my attention. How could I be so lucky, this tiny mistake at the lab had turned her into the ultimate female, and she was all mine. I was still enjoying the girls on my breasts when Teresa stopped sucking, backed up and stood to take off her clothes. Jaycee turned to look, and we both gasped as Teresa removed her tank top and then lowered her shorts past her 34" muscle laden thighs and diamond shaped calves. As she passed the shorts past her clit, it popped out in it's completely blood filled, 9" erect state. Jaycee gasped and lost her breath just staring at it. Before I could move, Jaycee jumped off the bed, took to her knees and gulped Teresa's love muscle in her mouth. After 4 or 5 deep thrusts, Jaycee lifted her head up, looked at Teresa and said, "This is the most beautiful cock I've ever seen." She then lowered her head back down and began deep throating it like a fucking porn star. Teresa looked over to me and we made eye contact. She then moved her lips saying, "I LOVE YOU!"

I wasn't sure what to do, so I stood up, walked around Teresa's back and began massaging her towering traps. I then started feeling and caressing the massive bulges of muscle that now covered her growing back. Her lats were so wide and thick, I couldn't even fully wrap my arms around her any more. I tried, and ended up getting my hands around to her huge, rounded, bulging pecs. As I took them in my hands, their mass was overwhelming and I began to realize why my wife was now about 6 or 7 times stronger than me now. As I heard Jaycee's wet, loud sucking, I started to get a little jealous and wanted my wife's cock in my mouth now more than ever. I got on my knees next to Jaycee, gave her a gentle nudge and said, "My turn." As I kind of leaned in to take over the sucking, Jaycee shoved my massively sending my flying and hard onto my back. As I looked up, Teresa had her eyes closed and was oblivious to the whole thing. I thought that was quite rude, and hoped Jaycee just got caught up in the moment. Again I said, "Seriously Jaycee, my turn." And I kind of leaned in again. This time, without warning, Jaycee reached her muscular left arm in and then exploded it with furious force, blasting me in the jaw.

The force of the blow again sent my flying backwards and I hit my head hard on the wood flooring. I was knocked senseless and as I laid on the ground staring at the ceiling, an enormous pain overcame my face and head. Fear gripped me and I laid frozen not knowing what to do. I had never been hit that hard in my life and I reached up to feel my jaw, which I wasn't even sure would be there anymore. I was a little afraid to look over, but when I did Jaycee waved me off emphatically, like a fly, in a manner telling me to get the fuck out. Not knowing what to do, I ran into the bathroom and shut the door. My head and jaw were starting to throb massively and as I looked at myself in the mirror, I began to cry uncontrollably. As the tears streamed down my face, I fell to the floor as a plethora of senses overcame me. Fear and jealousy were the worst and as I sat on the floor, feeling helpless as some stranger was pleasuring my

wife, I began to shake uncontrollably. I tried hard to calm myself down, but my heart was racing and my entire head was hurting. After crying uncontrollably for 5 or 10 minutes, I finally mustered up a little courage and decided I was going to confront Jaycee.

Still shaking, I slowly opened the bathroom door. I knew I wasn't going to be happy with what was going on, but what I saw shocked me and I think my heart briefly stopped beating. Instead of getting a blow job, my 200 pound, muscle-laden wife was now on top of Jaycee, throttling her with her massive cock. Jaycee was in the doggie position, and my massive wife had her powerful hands around Jaycee's waist as she thrust-ed her hips and her 9" love muscle into her pussy. I was fucking blown away and realized for the first time that my wife's clit was now as large and pleasurable to a woman as any man's cock, and bigger than most at that. Again and Again, Teresa penetrated Jaycee, sending ultimate pleasure through them both as they both moaned in ecstasy. As I watched my wife having sex with this woman, and loving every second of it, a feeling of jealousy and complete inadequacy overtook me. I wanted to intervene, I wanted to trade places with Jaycee, but I knew I couldn't....I couldn't provide that exact pleasure to my wife. The overwhelming senses completely overtook me and I felt lightheaded and then fainted to the floor.

Trip

When I awoke, I looked to see my wife slowly pulling her massive hard-on out of Jaycee as Jaycee collapsed to the bed, completely and utterly satisfied from my wife's love making. My wife also had an unbelievable look of Zen and it was obvious to me that she had reached the ultimate level of sexual satisfaction as well. A sense of dread came over me knowing that someone had pleased my wife as much or more than I ever had. As I stood there, the hurt was too much, I was frozen in place and just began balling my eyes out once again. Teresa immediately knew I wasn't happy with the whole encounter and took three powerful strides towards me and grasped me in her muscular arms. As she held me tightly, she asked me, "What's the matter baby, don't cry." I couldn't make up a lie and blurted out through tears and snot running down my nose, "I don't want to share you honey. It hurts too much." "There, there." she whispered as she rubbed my back, trying to make me feel better. "OK, honey, OK, You don't have to ever again, OK?" I nodded my head in agreement as my wife embraced me lovingly. A few moments later, Jaycee got up. I tried not to make eye contact as she pulled on her shorts and shirt. As she walked out, she said sarcastically, "thanks guys, see you around." and she slapped me firmly on the ass, having taken advantage of me in her room earlier and of Teresa just now. I knew one thing for sure, I never wanted to see her again!

What was supposed to be a fun weekend, definitely got weird and I was ready to go home. We got our bags packed and hopped in the car to head back I saw my wife in a new light after her weightlifting session. I obviously knew she wasn't just a little stronger than me or even much stronger than me...she was exponentially stronger. As I placed my hand on her firm, thick thigh, and peered at her powerful rounded shoulders and pecs, I wanted to make her the happiest wife ever. "Babe." I said, "I had already decided that I was going encourage you to continue on with my DNA as I've become insanely addicted to

your ever growing physique, but I kind of secretly talked by brother in to donating a pint of blood and was seriously considering infusing it." She waited a bit and the seconds seemed like hours but she soon said, "Davey, I think you're hotter than you've ever been, and I can't stop thinking about your gorgeous new add-ons. But if it's not what you want, then I'll support whatever decision you make." She then leaned over and gave me a nice, wet, loving kiss. I reached over, grabbed her massive right bicep in my two hands. It was so big, I couldn't even reach my feeble hands all the way around it. I started kissing it passionately while she flexed and then relaxed it. Within seconds, my previously flaccid cock had become rock hard and Teresa reached over and gave it a pat. "Good to see he's still alive." she said with a smile. I laughed and then leaned over and rested my head on her shoulder.

Just as we were about home, Teresa's phone rang. She looked and saw that it was from Colorado. Her dad lived there on a nice ranch that I was lucky enough to visit once. It was beautiful and about 100 acres. She answered the phone and started talking to someone. Within a few seconds, the expression on her face changed and a large sadness came over her. Within a minute I could see tears welling up in her eyes and she had to pull the car over to the side of the road. She handed me the phone as she began to cry uncontrollably. The voice on the other line let me know that Teresa's dad had passed away due to a heart attack. Teresa's parents were divorced since she was little and he had not re-married. I consoled her as much as possible and ended up driving us the rest of the way home. She had been pretty close to her dad, and they did chat on holidays, birthdays and she had been out to visit him three times in the last four years, I was lucky enough to go on the last one.

We got home and had to start making plans to fly out to Colorado. I called work, and although I only had a few days of vacation available, they let me use sick time to make up for the two weeks I would be gone. We would be flying out the next day so I did a bunch of laundry and packed up for the trip. Teresa did as well and we hit the skies. She looked amazing to me with her long flowing hair and beautiful face. We were traveling, so she was wearing a pair of white workout yoga pants that were basically bursting at the seams with the enormous amount of muscle they were trying to contain. To conceal her ever growing package, she also wore a pair of slightly loose running shorts on top. I did love her white yoga pants because unlike black, they actually made her quads and calves look bigger than they really were, also because they were kind of thin and I could see the individual muscles in her legs as she walked. Teresa was also wearing a large sweatshirt that covered her upper body. She still filled it out completely and her huge traps and thick neck stuck out obviously, making it well known to anyone looking that she was a massive female bodybuilder. I was dressed much more conservatively in my baseball hat, baggy sweatpants and sweatshirt. I again put on two sports bras to smash my size C breasts to a point where they did not protrude greatly and there was more of just a small mound in my chest area visible.

The plane trip there was pretty uneventful and I obviously spent a lot of time consoling Teresa. We arrived and booked into our hotel. After she ate a bit and had kind of a half assed workout at the hotel gym, and I went for a run, we rested up. I cuddled her gorgeous muscular frame all night and she wrapped me up in her powerful body, squeezing me firmly as we slept. It was a restful night's sleep and

we woke up the next morning and went to a law office to meet the lawyer handling the trust. She wore a blue, pant length jumper which covered her legs and arms. You could tell she was not a small girl, but really would have no idea what massive, strong muscles she contained underneath. I also dressed conservatively in some jeans and a sweatshirt and ball cap. As we met the lawyer, we learned that her dad had left her his house and property. I knew it was worth five or six hundred thousand bucks, so I knew this would really help Teresa and me out financially. Not life changing I thought, but certainly a nice boost. Without boring you all, her dad had wished to be cremated and spread out in the ocean, he was originally a surfer kid from San Diego, CA. So we went through the process with the crematorium and vowed to drive to San Diego later that summer to wish him his final goodbye.

After signing all the paperwork, we went out to the property to check it out and meet the realtor. He was your standard slick dude with a nice car, but he didn't seem like a total duche, so we decided to work with him on the sale. The house was older and it sat on 100 acres right next to a brand new housing development. As we met him, I asked if he thought anyone would be interested in this fixer-upper even though it sat right next to a housing development. Rick started laughing hysterically. "Fixer-Upper?" he asked. "No, no, no." He replied. "I'm entertaining offers from two companies who want to buy this land from you and develop it into a huge retail center next to all these new housing developments. It's perfectly located and should sell quick." Immediately, Teresa and I realized, this could be a bit more than a \$500,000 property. Teresa quickly asked, "What kind of offers are you looking at?" "Well." Rick answered, "There's a local company from Colorado offering 7 Million for it, and one out of New York offering \$8 Million." Teresa and I nearly passed out with excitement. "Holy shit!" I said, "Is it worth that much?" "Hell Ya." Rick answered. "In fact, I'm going to ask your permission to get them each to submit a final, top offer." "Wow." Teresa exclaimed. "Let's do it." Rick said, "Great, I'll let them both know, you're willing to sell if the right offer is made. I'll give them a noon tomorrow time limit for their offers and call you with the results." We were flabbergasted and realized that our lives were about to change forever. We would be free from the hustle and bustle and could enjoy our young lives to the fullest! I shook Rick's hand and Teresa gave him a big bear hug. Probably just about crushing the muther fucker to death.

The smiles and giddiness were all over our faces as we made our way back to our hotel. As we entered the room, I couldn't wait to strip my wife naked and pleasure her all night. Within seconds, I pulled the blue jumper off her massive, rounded, muscle bound shoulders and down to the ground. She quickly sat down in the lounge chair in the room with her gargantuan rod completely erect and pointing straight up to the sky. I dropped between her thick, powerful quads, leaned in and took her beautifully shaped, 9" love missile in my mouth. It tasted like heaven and it's warm, smooth surface was intoxicating. The tip was so perfectly shaped, with the reddish/pink color and perfect lower lip that I kept popping my mouth over its tasty surface. After licking it and getting it nice and wet, I began lowering my mouth and head completely over it, taking the tip into my throat. I massaged it's amazing, round surface for many minutes, getting Teresa to start to gyrate and moan lowly in satisfaction. Before I could finish her off though, Teresa grabbed me gently under the armpits and lifted me completely off the ground, hoisting me several feet in the air.

As I peered down at her gigantic forearms, bulging protruding biceps and up to her angled, but beautiful face, she took my penis in her mouth and began to give me an amazing blow job. Easily holding me aloft, she sucked hard and swiftly, moving her muscle-bound neck up and down, back and forth again and again and again. I was feeling unbelievable satisfied and knew in just another minute I would be squirting. I leaned my head back, looked at the ceiling and closed my eyes, ready for that moment to come. Without warning, Teresa slowly stopped, popped her firm lips on my tip and then looked up and asked, "Do you like this? Do you like me being able to lift you're gorgeous, firm little body so easily?" With a slight delay, I admitted, "Yes honey. I love that you are so immensely strong. And I love especially that you're so much stronger than me." "Me too." she answered. "I want to be your protector. I'm attracted to your vulnerability. I....I.....I don't think I want to lose that. I just, well.....I almost think if you take your brother's DNA we will lose this oneness and connection we now share. And if we do....there will be no way to get it back." "Teresa." I answered, "I guess I've been thinking about it kind of selfishly. I find we're closer every day, and I find you more intoxicating every minute. Is that just me or do you feel that way too?" "Of course I do dummy!" She answered. "I can't take my mind or thoughts off of you. I thought I could the other day with Jaycee, but even then, I was only satisfying a fleeting sexual need. I don't have to ever do that again. I just want you." "That's all I want too baby." I answered. She smiled widely, slowly put me down, leaned her head down and we shared a long, passionate wet, loving kiss as our members doinked and bounced off each other playfully.

Chet

We got up the next day and met with Rick. He has succeeded in securing an extra bid and Teresa was about to sell the house and property for \$9.2 million. This was going to be a life changing event on top of our obvious life changing events. A bit later, the other party showed up, lots of paperwork was signed, and Teresa and I left. Richer than we ever thought possible, we headed out to enjoy Colorado and talk about our new life. Nothing was going to curb Teresa's obsession with getting bigger and as muscular as humanly possible, but everything else now should be better than ever.

We decided to go for a nice hike. Luckily for me, Teresa wore running shoes, very short shorts and a sports bra. As I followed her, it was amazing to see her gorgeous diamond shaped calves flex magnificently with each powerful stride, but it was equally impressive to watch her quads jump out hugely as well. As I peered up, it was obvious that her growing, Goliath back muscles, lats and towering traps would intimidate any Grizzly Bear we encountered, so I was feeling pretty safe. We were heading up this single lane hiking trail and for fun I slipped past her, turned and said, "Race to the top!" I then began sprinting and had a nice 20 foot advantage over her as I started the climbing sprint. It was probably 100 yards to the top and I figured my running had got me in good enough shape to beat my hulking, 200 pound wife up the trail. As I got about a third of the way up, I heard her heavy steps quickly catching me. By the time we hit half way, she was overtaking me and gave me a slap on the ass on her way by. She sprinted with incredible force and athleticism and I knew immediately I was no match for her. I tried to stay with her and maybe lose by a few steps, but she was a monster. Her huge quads easily outpaced my fit, but thin runner legs and she became more and more distant. She easily beat me by 20 yards and I knew that in any physical challenge, she would be the victor. Teresa had a massive smile on her face as I eventually made it up and she grabbed me in a huge bear hug and lifted me off the

ground as I approached. She then looked at me with a grin and said, "Really honey...really?" She was exactly right and now found it laughable that I would possibly challenge her. I just looked back and said, "Awe, had to give it a shot, just in case." "You've seen these thighs babe." she answered, "Like my chest, they're stronger than they look too!" I leaned in and kissed her deeply, craving to feel and see how strong they had now become." On the way back down the trail, Teresa wanted a little extra work, so she had me get on her back like a small child and she started walking us down the trail. I figured she would go a few hundred yards, but to my surprise, she carried me the entire three miles of the hike, barely breaking a sweat.

We eventually got back to our hotel and I was egging Teresa on to walk down to the gym across the street and show me how strong her legs were. She of course had to consume a bunch of chicken, broccoli and some pre-workout. I had a small amount myself and asked her for some pre-workout as well. "What?" she replied, "Why do you need Pre-Workout to go for a run and do some sit-ups?" I felt a little timid to even say, but answered, "I don't know, I guess I was thinking I'd start lifting a little weight and firm up my arms, maybe put a couple pounds of muscle on." "Oh, that's cute babe." She answered. She then grabbed my thin arm and said, "Absolutely you can honey, but just start with a little, you have to build up to a full serving."

I took the swig of pre-workout, then had to decide what to wear over there. I didn't want to compress the hell out of my boobs as it was starting to hurt a little when I was throwing on two sports bras that were a size too small. I figured I would never see anyone we knew, so I put on one properly fitting sports bra for my firm Size C breasts, then threw on a ball cap, pulling my ponytail through the snapback hole. Next I pulled on some yoga pants and then some running shorts over those and then of course my running shoes. I then grabbed a pot gummie out of my bag ate that, knowing full well the sight of Teresa's huge thighs pumped up would surely give me a boner. After getting ready, I popped my head around the corner and into the bathroom. I was a little disappointed to see Teresa putting on a baggy pair of sweat pants and pulling over the matching sweat top. "Babe." I said, "Why are you getting all covered up?" She looked at me and said, "Oh my god honey! You look insanely hot! I'm going to have a hard time keeping my hands off you." She then took a step towards me and cupped my breasts in her powerful hands and gave me a kiss. "Thanks T." I replied as I began to realize that every time I wore anything half way feminine and not covering up my breasts, Teresa had a hard time keeping her hands off me. She looked absolutely beautiful as she raised her arms and quickly put her long gorgeous hair in a pony tail too. She then threw on a quick layer of lip gloss. She didn't need to wear makeup often, as she was so pretty, but she always wore this very faint colored pink lip gloss to keep her lips moist. Right as I went to turn, I felt a slight tug and turned around towards her. "Your turn." she said. "What?" I replied, "I'm not wearing lip stick." "It's not lip stick dummy." she said, "It's basically chap-stick, but better for your lips." Again I resisted by backing my head up as she reached out with the lip gloss wand. "Look honey." She said softly, "I don't always enjoy kissing your hard, cracked lips. Can you just do this for me?" She then looked at me with these sad puppy eyes and tilted her head cutely to the side. "Oh shit. Alright." I answered and closed my eyes as she put a layer on my lips. To my surprise, it actually was very soothing on my lips and had a very faint berry flavor. I gave T a smile and turned to leave.

As we exited the bathroom, Teresa kind of grabbed me by the arm and pulled me in excitement towards the door. She grabbed her workout bag and we walked across to the gym. "So Babe." I asked again. "Why the sweats on this beautiful day?" "Oh. I'll take them off later honey." She answered, "I just like to start a bit warm and get a little sweat going first." That made sense and I eagerly awaited seeing her without them. We made our way across the street and walked up to the front desk of the gym. It was modern and really beautiful inside. It looked like the kind of gym a bunch of rich stuck up socialites would work out in and I was curious who would be in there. Anyway, we walked up to the front desk and there was a cute high school or college girl behind the desk. We told her we were staying at the hotel across the street and just wanted to workout for the day. The girl handed us a release form to sign and then said, "Oh. Good news for you two. Ladies are half price, so it's only \$15 for you, instead of \$30." Teresa laughed out loud and gave me a nudge. For some reason, she loved when I was mistaken for a woman." I nudged her back and we signed the forms and paid the fee while the girl behind the counter looked at us oddly, not knowing why Teresa was laughing.

Teresa and I did a 5 minute warm up on the bikes and she told me about the leg workout she would be doing and also taking me through. I laughed knowing we would be on completely different weights, but looked forward to seeing her huge quads push some poundage. We walked over to the squat racks and luckily there were two right next to each other. One of them only had an empty bar on it, and the other one had 3 plates on each side, making it 315 pounds. Teresa looked at me and said, "I hate when people don't re-rack their weights. It's just simple gym edict." "So." I asked, "I'll squat here and you'll take that one." "Yep." she answered, "That way we can workout at the same time and not have to constantly be putting on and taking off weight." "That's a great idea." I said as I did a little stretch.

Teresa began to take off one of the plates on the squat rack next to mine. Right then, this guy walks up and rudely snaps, "Hey princess, can't you see someone's using that." Teresa kind of jerked her head in surprise and said, "Oh, I'm sorry, there was no one here for the last five minutes so I figured it was open." "Really!" he said sharply, "There's quite a bit of weight on the bar for it to be EMPTY don't you think." Teresa was taken back by his smart ass attitude and simply said, "No problem bud, all yours." and she put the plate back on the bar. I looked at Teresa and said loudly, so that he could hear too, "Well that was fucking rude!" The guy looked over and kind of snorted like a pig and then quickly turned away to face his weights. He was the exact kind of guy I expected to see in there. Perfect hair, like he had taken a shower and carefully styled it before going to the gym, basketball shorts down to his knees and one of those dri-fit Nike sleeveless workout tops. The shoes had blue and grey in them and his shorts were the matching grey and the shirt was the matching blue color. He was fairly buff with probably 17" biceps and probably weighed 210 or 220 pounds at 6'1" tall. He probably got tons of girls and was definitely full of himself beyond belief.

We only had one rack to workout on, since Mr. Full of Himself was on the other, so Teresa took my through my 4 sets. I started with the bar for 12 reps, then added 25's for 10 reps at 95 pounds. My legs already started feeling it and I took a brief rest. As I did, I looked over to see the rude guy next to us finally attempting the 315 pounds. He was obviously pretty strong and knocked out 6 reps at that

weight. As he finished, this girl walks up and says, "Hey Chet, how you doing?" "Oh, hey Liz." he replied, "Just going for a 1 rep max today, why don't you hang out and watch." "Sure." she replied, with a smile on her face, seemingly giddy to be around him. She was probably 28 and about 5'6" 145 pounds, so she had a little hip girth, kind of thick arms and shoulders, but not fat. Why Chet even talked to her was because of her huge DD breasts I'm sure. They were stretching the seams of her top and if you're a boob guy, you definitely would like Liz.

I finished off my sets with 8 at 115 and then 6 at 125. My legs were dying and I knew even walking tomorrow was going to hurt. With that, Teresa put on 135 pounds and easily deep squatted 20 reps. As she finished that set, I looked over to watch Liz cheer on Chet while he banged out 2 reps at 365. When he finished Liz said, "Wow Chet, was that your max?" "Don't be dumb Liz." he said rudely, "A one rep max is ONE rep...not two." She took it in stride and didn't seem offended that he just called her dumb, but he was a complete ass hole and I guess she was used to him. Teresa at the same time looked at me and just shook her head in disgust. I did the same as I realized we always seemed to be thinking the exact same thing recently.

Teresa put two more 45's on the bar and repped out another easy set of 20 at 215 pounds. Chet looked over at her as she did that, and I think he was a little surprised to see this "Fat Girl" squatting so effortlessly. He was taking some pretty significant breaks between sets and while he waited and chatted with Liz, Teresa put two more 45's on her bar and quickly did 10 reps at 315 pounds. She definitely could have done more, but she obviously had a few sets left to go. I saw Chet watching out of the corner of his eye and he had a bit of a shocked look on his face watching Teresa bang out 10 reps so smoothly. Seemingly more motivated now, Chet put 385 on his bar, tightened the hell out of his weight belt, grunted loudly, presumably so everyone in the gym looked over, and lowered down with the weight. He hit bottom and grunted again as he slowly raised up and finally stood erect with the weight. He racked the bar loudly, again so everyone could see how great he was as Liz congratulated him. Liz was congratulating him and to be funny, I walked over and said, "That was an incredible lift Chet, was that your max?" He looked at me oddly, probably wondering how I knew his name...even though Liz had said it several times. "Yah." he replied, "But I've been getting pretty strong and I'm going for 400 pounds today." I kind of shook my head in approval and said, "Well, you look really strong so you'll probably do it." He said thanks while Liz looked at me in disgust. I turned and looked at Teresa, who was trying not to die laughing and said, "Be right back." As I headed to the restroom.

I had a smile on my face the whole way to the restroom, knowing my sarcastic little compliment had to just crack my wife up. As I walked in, not ten feet this guy walking the other way had a huge smile on his face and said, "Wrong restroom, wrong restroom." Immediately, I realized what I looked like and laughed while turning around and said in kind of a fake high-pitched voice, "Oh my god...oooops, Sorry." He just laughed and walked out with me. I quickly took a right turn and headed into the women's restroom. I walked into a stall, quickly finished and walked out to wash my hands and rejoin Teresa. At the sink, to my surprise, Liz walked up to the sink next to mine. She started washing her hands to and then said, "HI, I'm Liz." I said, "HI, Davina." "Well Davina." she said, "I don't know who you and your fat

friend are, but Chet's mine, and I don't want you shaking your tight little ass and six pack abs in front of his face. Got it." I was shocked that a woman would be jealous of me, talking to their man...but I guess my firm breasts and tight ass had convinced Liz otherwise." I kind of shook my head and said, "No problem Liz, I don't go that way anyway...so no worries." Sensing she came off kind of hostile, and now realizing I wasn't into guys, her demeanor changed completely. She said, "Oh, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to come off like a bitch, but I didn't know and you're so beautiful and have this amazing body..." Liz then leaned over and gave me a hug and briskly walked out to the gym.

I was laughing as I walked back over to the squat racks. By now Chet had placed 400 pounds on the bar and was getting amped up to make his PR lift. Liz, Teresa and I stopped and watched and sarcastically cheered him on. Chet got under the weight, grunted loudly and started his lift. He definitely didn't do a full squat as he started his way back up. He got stuck about 3/4 the way up and his face was turning red from his effort and lack of oxygen. We all cheered loudly as he grunted to max volume, he was slowly coming up and up and up, but the weight became too much and what I would consider 80% up, he dropped the weight off his back while simultaneously standing fully erect. As the weight came crashing down to the floor he jumped for joy and clapped his hands loudly saying "Yes!!!!...400 pounds...boom!" Liz jumped in and gave him a huge hug, while me and Teresa kind of looked at each other and shook our heads, knowing he clearly did not make the lift. Either way, we didn't care and I was ready to watch Teresa put up more weight.

Chet's rack had more weight on it and ours was out of 45's. Teresa walked over to his, smiled at Chet and Liz and said, "Sorry, I just need a couple more of these, my rack is out of weights." Chet had obviously been completely full of himself and Teresa wanted to have some fun. She walked back over, put a 45 on each side and stood under the bar. Loudly I asked her, "How much is that Teresa?" "405" she replied as she took a step back with the weight. Chet looked over in horror realizing this "Fat" chick was about to squat more than his PR. Teresa lowered all the way down, paused, looked over at Chet and winked, then easily stood straight up with the bar slightly bowing up and down as she moved it so swiftly. He watched intently as she again lowered and rose, lowered and rose, lowered and rose several more times. As she put the bar back on the rack and looked at Chet, he quickly turned away and began taking the plates off his fallen bar. "Wow!" Liz exclaimed, "I think that's more than Chet just lifted." Chet didn't look over, but I replied, "Yep." as Teresa just smiled. While Chet tried to quickly clean up his weights and bar and get the fuck outta the area, Teresa walked over to his rack again and said, "Just a couple more Chet...thanks." She then placed the plates on her bar and again stood under it. I knew she was strong but this seemed like a shit ton of weight. "How much now?" I asked her. "495" she said casually. "Holy shit!" Liz yelled, "495 pounds...that's like 100 more pounds than Chet just lifted." Even though he hated to do it, Chet looked over to see if Teresa could indeed push up the weight.

My wife slowly backed away from the rack, took a deep breath and lowered to full depth. She sat there for a second, and even I wondered if she could lift it. With a quick look of intensity, Teresa smoothly and in full control raised up and stood. "Wow Teresa." Liz yelled again, "That's amazing!" Without hesitation, Teresa lowered and rose 3 more times, seemingly with several reps left in the tank. Even I

was really impressed and I gave my wife a huge high five after she racked the weight. Chet was completely embarrassed by how much more weight Teresa could lift and even more so when he realized he now looked like a wimp in front of Liz, who knew him and probably all their other gym friends. He finished racking his weights and bar, packed his little gym bag and said to Liz, "C'mon Liz, let's go to the calf rack." Teresa then looked over and blurted out, "Hold on Chet and Liz, stick around for just a minute, I need a cheer section for my next lift." Liz was all for it but Chet looked disgusted as he said, "Okay, fine. Hurry up though." Teresa said, "Sure Chet" and walked to his rack to grab 2 more 45's and some 5's and 2.5's" As she put the weight on the bar it looked ridiculous. There were twelve 45 pound plates and some smaller ones. "Wow." I asked, "How much is that?" "600" Teresa replied. "No way!" Chet said, "That ain't 600." My wife looked at Chet and said, "Count it Chet." Now he was really trying to save face and somehow put down a girl who was about to out-lift him by 200 pounds!

After a few moments, Chet says, "Let's go already, let's go." Teresa looked at him and asked, "Sure Chet. Is there any way I can borrow your lifting belt....please." He kind of rolled his eyes, really hoping that this "Fat" girl wouldn't make the lift. As he tossed over his belt, Teresa reached down and slowly pulled down her sweat pants and kicked them to the side. Chet, Liz and my jaws dropped in unison. Exploding out of her short cotton shorts were massive, bulging mounds of muscle making up the largest Quads and massive rounded Hamstrings I had ever seen. They looked large during our hike, but after pre-workout drink and thousands of pounds just lifted, they were filled with blood to maximum capacity and in their largest state ever! Her diamond shaped calves were also gargantuan and pumped like never before. As she turned to look at us while she put the belt on over the waist portion of her sweater, it seemed like something from a dream. The quad muscles were all separated into three huge long running mounds of muscle, with tear drop rounded muscle at the knee that would make Tom Platz jealous. As we all stood in awe, Liz took a step forward and reached out to place her hand on my wife's gorgeous muscle-bound leg. Her hand was kind of quivering as she reached out, so Teresa just grabbed her hand and put it on her leg. When she did, for fun, she relaxed and quickly flexed her leg. The bulk, and then beautifully sculpted muscle bounced back and forth several times. Liz's knees got weak and she collapsed to the ground in awe. I laughed but then quickly helped her up and held her next to me as Teresa got under the bar for the lift.

Her fucking thighs were insane! Teresa stepped back, slowly lowered to full depth and then grunted loudly....ala Chet, as she slowly began to rise. She hit a bit of a snag, but her massive, colossal quads were too much for 600 pounds of gravity to resist. With her head tilted forward, and her long ponytail hanging gently down her thick sweat shirt covered back, Teresa raised ever more and reached full stand. The bar waved up and down with the mass of 600 pounds on each end. Liz and I jumped for joy as to our disbelief, Teresa again lowered down slowly with the weight. "Holy Shit!!!" Liz exclaimed, "Again???" I couldn't fucking believe it and even Chet's eyes were completely locked on to Teresa's herculean thighs as she made it to full bottom. This time, she had a bit of a double bounce action and it helped her slowly start to rise. Now, I noticed several full, almost pinky thick veins running up her thigh as it pumped in massive amounts of blood to provide much needed oxygen to her powerful stems. Her gargantuan quads powered her up and she slowly rose and again stood erect. She smashed the bar into the rack and turned to face me. I ran and jumped up into her buff arms and we hugged and kissed

passionately. She then put me down, gave Liz a quick hug and then threw the belt over to Chet. Completely embarrassed beyond belief, Chet walked away briskly as Liz waved bye, and quickly followed him. I just looked at my wife and we both started laughing hysterically as she had just taken this jerks personal best and shit all over it for him and his friends to see. A huge sense of warmth came over me as I leaned in and hugged my wife's powerful, thick torso knowing she could now easily out-lift even the strongest guys in the gym!

Gym Continued....

We continued our workout and it was truly amazing to see my wife's enormous quads bounce with such mass. She looked incredible in her sweatshirt and cotton shorts, her mammoth, round ass was also growing due to the pre-workout. As we finished our workout, Teresa looked at me and said, "Wow Davey, that pre-workout seemed to work on you too." I looked down, and sure enough, my thighs seemed a little more full, it even seemed noticeable through my yoga pants. I even felt a slight indentation on the side of my thighs where the muscle had filled up a little bit. I looked at myself in the mirror and she was right, my legs were looking pretty good. I started kind of massaging their hard surface and Teresa said, "I could just pick you up and eat you right now baby." "Really!" I replied, "Than why don't we get our butts back over to the hotel room immediately."

I opened the door to the hotel room and we burst inside, ready to have a nice session. I flipped off my shoes and pulled off my sports bra, exposing my perfectly shaped tits that I knew Teresa loved so much. Teresa immediately buried her head in them, lifted me up in her massive arms and carried me to the bedroom. She then tossed me on the bed and I landed on my back. Like a crazed animal, Teresa yanked down my running shorts and then my yoga pants. I was horny as hell but unfortunately, the gummie I ate had really done its job and my cock was in its dormant state. Not in a derogatory way, but Teresa looked up at me and said, "Wow Honey, I didn't know it could retreat this much." "What do you mean?" I asked, "You've seen it in its flaccid state before." "I know she said, "But look." I peered down and to my surprise, she was right. It seemed to be shrinking or telescoping down on and into itself as the stem was only an inch long and quite a bit more narrow than usual. "Holy shit." I exclaimed, "That's the last time I'm taking that pre-workout, if it's gonna steal all the damn blood from my cock!" She laughed and kissed its head. I reached down to pull on it and try to shake some life and blood back into it. That seemed to work and as it began to grow, Teresa gently took it into her mouth to begin pleasuring me greatly. While it grew, the feeling started coming back and her warm, moist mouth was making me feel like a king.

I loved having this huge, muscle-bound bodybuilder as my wife. To peer down and look at her enormous traps and gargantuan shoulders and arms as she gave me a blow job was just a feeling I can't describe. As much as that, I also loved my perfectly firm large breasts and the extra erotic sensation I could give myself as I caressed my sensitive nipples while Teresa took my penis in her mouth. Teresa gyrated up and down on my cock more swiftly and I after a few minutes of that, I reached orgasm and shook intensely. With no balls, I wasn't producing much mess for Teresa to clean up, but she loved licking my cock clean anyway. When she was almost finished with that, she looked again at my cock weirdly and said, "What's this?" "I don't know." I replied, "I can't see down there right now." "Hmmm"

she said, "There's like a pink flap of skin around the base of your dick, it kind of circles around the top and then rounds around the sides and meets in a V-shape just below the base." "Hmmm." I added, "I noticed a bit of redness there the other day, I figured it was a rash." Teresa quickly hopped on the bed next to me, looked me in the eye and said, "Do you think it is what I think it is?" "I don't know." I answered, "What do you think it is?" She looked down at her large rod, seemingly 7" long, even in its flaccid state grabbed it and said, "Well, I've got one of these now, maybe you're getting one of these." as she took my fingers and placed it on her pussy.

It took a second to realize but as we did Teresa jumped up and started running around the room like a 10 year old kid who just got a brand new bike. "Oh My God! Oh My God! Oh My God!" she screamed as she ran around and around the room shouting it over and over and over again. Her massive rod bounced up and down and around as she ran. I looked down and began examining myself while Teresa continued to act like an over excited kid. As I did, it definitely seemed like something was happening down there, could it possibly be? Teresa finally calmed down, sat on the bed next to me, grabbed my thigh and said, "Can you imagine how much fun we're going to have!" I was kind of freaking out, but then again, I already had an unbelievable set of tits so I guess the DNA changes are just doing what they think they're supposed to do. Teresa could tell I was a little freaked out about the possibility so she wrapped me in her massive arms and pulled my head in to rest on her rounded, full, muscle-bound pecs. Being in her arms always made me feel so warm and comfortable and was definitely the place for me right at that moment.

After a few more moments, as I laid on my back, Teresa hovered her massive frame over me. She then kind of slowly lowered her body down on top of mine. Her rock-hard thighs covered my thin legs like a warm, firm blanket, her muscular rod nestled against mine, her massive pecs made warm, loving contact with my firm, beautiful breasts and her gorgeous, ripped face was held just inches above mine as we peered deeply into each other's eyes. As I looked up in loving awe at my beautiful wife, she rested all of her 200 muscle packed pounds on top of me. I was paralyzed under her mass and simply enjoyed the passive-aggressive moment she was projecting upon me. With all of her weight on me she looked deeply into my eyes and whispered, "Oh my god baby.....I want you more than ever now.....more than ever."

Teresa then slowly lifted her herculean mass, pinned my arms against my sides with her muscle-bound quads and placed her huge, throbbing, thick cock between my tits. She then pressed them against her rod with her powerful hands and started thrusting it through them. It was the most gorgeous cock I'd ever seen and I wanted to put my warm, moist lips around its perfectly formed cap. As Teresa was erotically thrusting her love muscle between my tits, she started getting really hot and the sweat droplets started to form on her ripped six-pack abs and muscle laden chest. I wanted to reach up and massage them with my hands, but Teresa had me firmly pinned as she rode me and I was helpless to move. I thoroughly loved how she could so effortlessly control me physically and for some reason it turned me on enormously. I had become addicted to being the beta to her smoking hot Alpha.

As Teresa rode me for several minutes, the pleasure started to overcome her. She closed her eyes, slowly tilted her head back and began to press my breast more firmly against her rapidly increasing cock thrusts. She then started groaning and talking erotically to me. "Oh my god David!" she exclaimed, "I can't wait to be inside you. I can't wait to fuck you so hard it makes your teeth hurt. I'm going to pulsate your love canal with the most pleasure you've ever felt in your life. Do you want that baby? Do you want my hard, firm, huge cock inside you???" I laid silent, still shocked and confused on this future possibility. "Davey." She followed, "Tell me, tell me now if you want me to fuck you....to put my love muscle deep inside you...to pleasure you like you've never felt!!!" "YES!" I exclaimed, "YES!" I shouted, "I want your fucking cock inside me, I want you to thrust so hard it makes my teeth hurt! I want to feel the pleasure you can give me." "Fuck me baby." I said, "Pound your gorgeous rod into me over and over and over again!" With that, Teresa thrust her gorgeous cock into my tits faster and faster and faster. The ultimate sensation of satisfaction she was feeling, both physically and emotionally was too much. Her powerful body thrust a few more times and then she gyrated enormously and released. Her rod shot out her milky white love juice onto my face and it pulsed like a fire hose, not once, not twice, but four or four times, until she had unloaded more liquid than I had ever seen. As it dripped all over my face and breasts, Teresa sighed greatly, relaxed and laid back down on top of me with all of her muscle-bound weight, allowing the white liquid gu to rub moistly between us. She then looked at me again lovingly and whispered, "I can't wait Davey.....I can't wait to be inside you." "I know." I replied..."Me too honey, me too."

Inside

Over the next couple of days, Teresa was simply giddy with excitement. She just couldn't keep her hands off me. She was constantly grabbing and patting me on the ass, rubbing and cussing my breasts, grabbing me around the torso and pulling me in closely while she kissed my head. She was like a kid, unbelievably excited about a birthday or Christmas present that was still days away. We didn't know if the process would take weeks or months or what. So she and I continued going to the gym and eventually flew back home from Colorado to continue on with our now blessed lives.

There were constantly feelings going on in my crotch area in the area around and below my penis, over the next few weeks. I constantly examined it and the skin was very red and pink so I knew it was still taking shape. Teresa and I had come home from the gym and were getting ready to shower one day. It was biceps day so Teresa's arms were blowing out of the skin and her muscle was just enormous. I told her I wanted to grab the tape measure before she showered and get a quick measurement. Before that though, I had had too much water and pre-workout and had to pee desperately. I pulled off my tight workout shorts and quickly reached down to grab my penis. I knew I had taken the pre-workout so I knew it would be in its inward telescopic form, but it wasn't there. As I quickly probed, I realized I had waited too long to pee and I started to wiz. As I looked down, I could barely see the top 1/4 of an inch of the tip as pee started spraying and I had no control of it. Shit, I was peeing on the damn wall, all over the seat, it was a fucking mess. As the peeing stopped, I finally had a chance to peer more closely and

realized that the whole shaft and head were now mostly counter-sunk in the skin flaps that had finally opened up.

The opening was incredibly tight, and as I examined it with my fingers, I realized it was fully developed and I slowly pushed two fingers all the way in. My small, retracted penis head was at the top, and as I pulled my fingers out I hit a spot that sent an absolute shock through my body. It was almost euphoric and my nipples immediately got hard as did the head on my cock. "What the Fuck was that!" I thought to myself as I tried to find the spot again. Right then, Teresa had quietly snuck up from behind, slapped me firmly on my naked ass and said, "Hey honey, what's taking so long?" As I turned to look at her, she could see the excitement on my face and it was infectious. Her eyes opened wide and a huge smile came across her face as she peered down at my pelvis. In an instant, she dropped to her knees, looked at the new opening and dug her tongue right in. She licked and kissed and nuzzled me there like a dog in heat. Teresa couldn't hold back and lifted me up in her herculean arms, her face still pretty much in the same place and walked me over to the shower.

The hot water was steaming up the shower and whole room, which felt amazing. We always liked mood lighting and Teresa had obviously turned on the very dim washroom lights before she had approached me going to the bathroom. Once in the shower, Teresa put me down briefly to quickly adjust the water temperature. As she did, I was standing right in front of her straight as an arrow, thick, beautiful cock. Instinctively, I quickly lowered down and took its rosy red tip in my moist mouth. Before I could even get one nice head thrust down onto her rod, I was being lifted up and held directly in front of her. My wife looked at me lovingly and said, "Wrap your legs around me baby." I slowly brought them up and around her muscular torso. With that, she slowly lowered me down and I felt the bulbous tip of her love muscle hit my pussy. She was about to de-flower me in this warm, steamy shower as I held on to her thick arms and shoulders, with my firm, smooth legs wrapped around her.

As she first penetrated me with her gorgeous, warm, wet cock a huge chill of excitement coursed through me and I knew my life would be forever changed. She just put in the tip, but it felt like a mountain was being pushed inside of me. Teresa obviously remembered her first time, so she slowly pushed her round, firm, huge cock into my incredibly tight pussy one inch at a time. The stretching hurt, but having her massive love muscle inside me was an excitement I simply can't explain. She eventually got it in only 5 or 6 inches and she could tell I was needing a little break from the stretching. My wife then peered deeply into my eyes as she slowly started pulling her rod out of me. After 3 or 4 inches of pull, she reversed course and again pushed her cock deep inside of me. This time it my G-spot which again sent a EUPHORIC SHOCK through me like a lightning bolt! I flinched quickly in pleasure and Teresa smiled widely knowing the sensation she had just provided me. Now she pushed a little further in, then slowly pulled back out again. Teresa wanted me to enjoy this too, so she slowly worked me, constantly pushing in and then pulling out of me at a slow, methodical pace. Hitting my pleasure spot on multiple occasions. Still, knowing there was a bit of pain involved with my "First-time." She kept asking, "Are you ok baby? Are you ok?" I knew I needed her stretching action so I kept saying "Yes." while she thrust her heavenly cock inside of me.

Eventually she worked us into an ever-increasing pace of love making. The erotic pleasure I was feeling from her thrusts seemed to be getting more and more intense. I wrapped my arms around her wide, muscular neck and put my head down on her left bulging pec as I was hoisted up and down slightly while her cock penetrated me deeply. She had found my magic spot and with every new thrust, I was being pleasured like never before. As her rod was constantly working its magic, I began to moan in pleasure faster and faster and louder and louder. Teresa kept up her pace and whispered, "I love you Davey, I love you, I love you." As she continued to do that, I said, "Faster honey, faster!" Teresa picked up the pace and began fucking me more rapidly. Her magic, bulging cock kept hitting my G-spot over and over and over again. The feeling was absolutely insane with a mix of mental and physical pleasure all rolled into one gigantic erotic, ultimate pleasure zone. Finally, as the feelings were just too much to comprehend, I reached ultimate satisfaction and my whole body gyrated wildly. My body went completely weak and Teresa knew she had given me the greatest orgasm in the history of my life. She quickly thrust her beautiful love muscle into me a couple more times and I felt it explode its white gooeey liquid inside of me. I felt it pulsate as it did and what seemed like gallons of her love juice was now all mine. Both completely satisfied like never before, Teresa slowly lowered us to the ground and I was perched lovingly in her firm, muscular lap as the warm water continued to fall upon us like rain.

The Test

Teresa and I had been in each other's arms, joined like one, both physically and mentally for many more minutes in the hot, steamy shower. The wet warm water had melted us together and I never wanted to let go of her. I finally kind of raised my head from her muscular pec. She still had her eyes closed as she embraced me lovingly, while I reached up and met her lips with mine. I then closed my eyes to as our tongues became inter-twined and we kissed passionately under the moisture. After several more minutes of this, Teresa held me tightly in her powerful arms and stood us up. As we did, I tried to look deeply into her eyes, but she seemed so damn tall. I had gone from 5'9" down to 5'7" with the hip tilt and other physiological changes I had encountered while she had gone from 5'8" to 5'10" with the opposite changes. I was really hoping I hadn't lost even more height since we last measured a month or two prior.

I followed my mammoth wife's muscular frame out of the shower and ogled her hugely rounded and muscle-bound ass. With each step it flexed massively and formed that large concave shape in its sides. I couldn't imagine a better ass on anyone in the world. I instinctively reached out and cupped both sides in my hands. It was so large and perfectly formed and absolutely as hard as a rock. I said to Teresa, "Babe, you have the most delicious ass I've ever seen in my life." She slowly turned around to look at me, her mass almost too much to comprehend and said, "Well babe." as she cupped my tits, "You have the most magnificent breasts I've ever seen." And she leaned down and took my left nipple into her mouth and began licking and sucking it lovingly. I enjoyed the moment and pleasurable sensation and placed my hands on her towering trap muscles on each side of her thick neck. With my thumb on the front side, and my index finger fully stretched out, I could barely touch the base of the back-side of that trap muscle. I don't know why I found that so fucking sexy...but I did.

My wife slowly licked and pecked at my breast with her moist lips as she finally stood back up and stepped back slightly. As she did and we stood face to face, I looked at her and asked, "Honey, do you think I shrunk some more?" "Oh my God." she said as my eyes were now only at the level of her lips. "You did seem to be a little taller I thought." I quickly stood erect against the door jam and asked her to make a mark. She grabbed a book and leveled it and made a faint mark on the wall. I quickly grabbed a tape measure from the closet and fearfully extended it to get a height measurement. We both looked on curiously to see how short I had become. To both of our surprise, it measured 5'7 1/4" "That doesn't make any sense." she said, "According to this, you actually gained a quarter of an inch back." "Oh shit." I exclaimed as I looked at my beautiful wife, "Let me measure you." The realization came to her and she looked at me wide-eyed as she backed up to the wall. I stood on my very tip of my tippy toes and leveled the book on her head while I made a mark on the wall. We stood back, and you could clearly see her mark on the wall was well above mine. We stretched out the tape measure, placed it up to the mark and saw the measurement....5'11" "God damn!" I exclaimed, "Are you hitting another growth spurt?" "I don't know." she said, "But I have been experiencing those odd growing pains again. Didn't even realize I had increased in height another inch, but was working out next to Steve from the gym the other day, and while talking to him, I kind of thought I might be taller....even though I knew we looked eye to eye just a couple months back."

Curious, I walked over and quickly stood on the scale. As usual, it bounced around a bit, but eventually settled on 141 pounds. "Look." Teresa said excitedly, "You've put on a couple more pounds of muscle." She then slapped me on the ass as I got off and made way for her to step on. Teresa then moved her massive body onto the scale. It bounced around a bit too and then stopped. "Holy shit." she said, "That's surprising." I peered down to see the reading. "210 pounds!...Damn honey, that's incredible...do you feeeeeeel heavy?" I asked. "No babe." she replied and then said with incredible confidence, "....I feel Strong!" She then hit a double bicep pose in front of me that was so fucking huge and massive, it would have made Bev Francis jealous. "Oh Fuck!" I exclaimed, "Those are unbelievable. I gotta measure them now!" I grabbed the tape measure roll and wrapped it around. To even her surprise, her right bicep measured 20 1/4". "My lord!" I yelled, "They're almost as big as my legs." Teresa was giddy with excitement and said, "15" was a dream come true honey, 18" was beyond my wildest dreams....and this, this 20 plus inches is going to make me pass out...can you believe it honey can you?" "No." I answered quietly...and still kind of in shock. "No, I can't" I repeated. "You know what else I can't believe honey?" I asked. "What." she said back to me. "I can't believe, that I just got de-flowered by my 5'11" 210 muscle-bound pound wife with 20 plus inch biceps and her thick, massive 9" cock.....That's what I can't fucking believe." She burst out in laughter and we laughed so hard we each fell into each other's arms crying with giddiness and laughter. It was the hardest I think we've both laughed in our lives and it was awesome to share so much joy with my wife.

We finally kind of calmed down and threw on some clothes to relax for a bit around the house for a few hours. We were now so in tune with each other and for some reason actually must have been on similar wave-lengths mentally too. I put my hair in a pony-tail, threw on a pair of comfortable grey, cotton short-shorts and a light blue t-shirt. My wife came out of the closet with her long gorgeous hair in a

ponytail, wearing a pair of grey cotton shorts and a light blue tank top. As we looked at each other, again we began laughing uncontrollably. She ran over, picked me up in her massive arms and kissed me again passionately. She walked us into the living room and plopped us down on the couch with a big warm blanket over us. She pulled out the iPads and we started browsing away. I loved cuddling next to her, feeling so warm and protected as I leaned against her firm, muscular body. A few minutes later as I was watching YouTube "Fail" videos and cracking up, Teresa gives me her iPad and said, "Hey, take this vision test." Wasn't sure I needed one but said, "Alright...but I'm pretty sure I have 20-20 vision." "I know." she answered, "but it tests for Blind-spots, not the standard vision test." I took the iPad and began the test. It would show a big black spot in a random place and have you touch the screen where you saw the spot. It started large, and slowly as the test went on the black spot would get smaller and smaller and smaller until by the end of the test, it was about the size of a period at the end of a sentence. Finally it stopped showing spots and said, "TEST COMPLETED." I gave Teresa back the iPad and went on watching my YouTube videos.

I got a bit bored of that and eventually got up and made us some tea, with just a bit of honey. As I sat back down, I peered at Teresa's iPad and asked her what she was doing. "I kind of personalized an on-line test and now I'm taking it." She answered. I didn't think much of it and continued my browsing. After five more minutes, she said, "All done. Your turn." "OK." I answered what test am I taking. "It's kind of a ratings test, they show you a bunch of pictures and you pick the one you like the best." "OK." I answered and I began the test....

The test would show you two pictures and have you look at it for 15 seconds. At the end of the fifteen seconds. You simply clicked on the one you liked the most. It started by showing locations....beaches, mountains, deserts, snow, lakes, you name it. I recalled clicking mostly on the beaches or lake photos. After a few minutes of that, it started showing houses, condos, cabins, ranches, and all of that. There, I think I clicked mostly on cabins. I really like that wood look. Then it started showing vehicles; sports cars, trucks, motorcycles, and all different kinds of makes, models and colors. I mostly clicked on the cool trucks, but I did see a Ferrari and remember clicking on that.

Again, I continued clicking away with what I liked best. Then it started showing pictures of celebrities. It started by showing head shots of every celebrity girl you could think of. I remember clicking on photos of Jennifer Aniston and Sandra Bullock several times. Then, lots of red carpet pictures with all the top couples in the industry. Same as before, but I remember seeing a great pic of Jessica Beil I liked. Next, it started showing pictures of girls in bikinis, then really good looking couples in their beachwear. Lastly, it started showing pictures of regular women next to fit girls, then fit girls next to female bodybuilders, and lastly, dozens of neck down body pics of fit girls or female bodybuilders next to each other and also with male bodybuilders. Here, I do recall clicking on all of the pictures of female bodybuilders, so Teresa was definitely going to know I liked them over other fitness or regular girls.

Finally, after several seconds of thinking, the results popped up. Teresa held the iPad close while looking and finally said ok babe, let's click through it. First was the location. It came up MOUNTAINS. Hmm, I thought that was odd since I clearly remember clicking on most of the beach pics I saw. Next was the houses, it came up CABIN. OK, that made sense, so I agreed completely. The next picture that came up was a WHITE PORSCHE 911 convertible. "OK." I said, "This test is not making sense honey, I don't even remember clicking on a picture of a white Porsche." "Relax babe." she said, "I'll explain at the end." I sat back in disgust but agreed to continue. The next picture was a head shot of Jennifer Aniston. "Yep." I blurted out, "Finally a picture that makes sense, I definitely clicked on her picture several times." Teresa laughed and clicked to get to the next picture. She clicked and it was the neck down back or rear picture of the largest female bodybuilder I had ever seen. I looked at Teresa and said, "I don't remember seeing that pic, but that's the biggest female bodybuilder I've ever seen." She kind of laughed and then finally clicked to get to the last picture. To my shock it showed the neck down pic of huge male bodybuilder Ronnie Coleman. I kind of stared at it for a second and then looked at Teresa and said, "OK babe...I hate to inform you, but your test is clearly fucked up. I do remember that picture of Ronnie but absolutely clicked on the female bodybuilder in the frame next to him."

She started laughing and said, "Babe, I'm sorry but I kind of tricked you a little bit. Let me explain." "The eye test I had you take earlier was actually a calibration test, so that the camera could pinpoint exactly on the screen you were looking. So during the 15 seconds each set of pictures were on the screen, it monitored your eyes the whole time, pinpointing exactly what you were staring at." She then followed, "So up until the male bodybuilder pictures were shown, you spent 12 seconds staring at the women's faces and 3 seconds looking at their respective bodies, meaning you were more interested in how pretty they were, rather than comparing their physiques." "Ok." I answered "That's possibly true." "Right." she replied, "But when we started with the neck down pictures of fitness girls or female bodybuilders next to male bodybuilders, you spent less than one second looking at the female, and 14 seconds glued to the physique of the massive male bodybuilders." "What the hell does that mean?" I asked. "Well." she answered, "It means you love pretty women and massive muscle bound physiques. Even a female bodybuilder's physique isn't enough to satisfy your ultimate desires and you found yourself mesmerized by the insane muscle mass of Ronnie Coleman." "Don't worry honey." I said, "You're the only person in the world I have eyes for." "I know." she said, "But I kind of needed to know if you'd be ok with me putting on that kind of mass." I laughed and said, "Ha ha honey, he's like 300 pounds of muscle." She looked back at me, and with a serious stare said, "I know Davey...think I can do it?" I peered back, knowing she was serious and nodded my head YES.

I couldn't believe how amazing my wife was, that she would give me this test to find out my ultimate physical desire and then tell me point blank that she was going to try and achieve it. I twisted my firm body in front of her, between her gorgeous muscular thighs and got on my knees. I slowly pulled down her grey cotton shorts and looked at her flaccid 7" cock which hung low between her legs. I grabbed it in my hand and started slowly stroking it up and down. It obviously began to grow as it filled with blood. By the time I stopped massaging it, and placed my open mouth and lips around its gorgeous pink crown, it had grown to its full 9" of length. With the base of its stock in my right hand, I lowered my head upon it as far as possible. Its tip hit the back of my throat and I leaned down even further trying to slowly

move it further in. I loved having her thick, vein covered rod in my mouth and the taste of her salty skin turned me on immensely. Uncontrollably, a quick spurt of liquid ejected from her tip and lubricated the inside of my mouth and throat nicely. I then placed both my right and left hands on the top of her massive quads and hovered my torso more horizontally above her, allowing me to take her cock completely into my mouth and throat. As I began to thrust up and down on it more and more rapidly, Teresa unexpectedly put her hands under my armpits and lifted me up off of her long, thick stock.

As she held me in front of her and I peered into her eyes, I knew exactly what she wanted. I quickly maneuvered my grey cotton shorts off and she held me over her rod and slowly lowered me down. I again felt her rosy tip as it bopped into the opening of my newly formed and stretched pussy. As we stared lovingly into each other's eyes, Teresa gently depressed me down onto her rock hard erection. Its girth penetrated me and as she kept lowering me down, I eventually sat on her torso, having fully accepted the length of her shaft into me. As we still had our eyes locked, she said, "Well, it seems to fit nicely now doesn't it." I laughed quickly, stared back at her as we sat there still, her rod fully inserted inside me and whispered, "Are you going to fuck me or what?" "Is that what you want babe." she asked jokingly. "You promised to Fuck me so hard you'd make my teeth hurt T!...I'm waiting."

Teresa lifted me up, jumped off the couch and carried me to the other side. She then placed me back on my feet and bent me over the back side of the couch. Bent forward over the back, I looked to my right where we had a full length mirror. Teresa then looked to her right, also in the mirror and we locked gazes as I saw her grab her huge cock in her hand and swiftly guide it into me. It was like a rod from God and I watched her intently in the mirror as she began to thrust her magic cock into me. Her muscular quads kept bumping the back of my legs as Teresa pushed her pelvis forward and back. She started out slowly but picked up the pace and as I watched us in the mirror, her doggie style gyrations increased in speed. I loved watching my wife fuck me from behind and her muscular body was turning me on tremendously. Her shaft and tip kept rubbing against my G-spot and euphoric bursts of pleasure were coursing through me. She then started blurting out, "I love fucking you honey. I love fucking you...but I want to look you in the eyes as I fuck you like you deserve to be fucked."

With that, Teresa slowly pulled her warm, thick shaft out of me and guided me to the floor. On my back, I peered up as Teresa slowly spread my legs and again guided her gorgeous 9" rosy tipped cock back into me. She began to thrust into me with her massive, full, rounded peck muscles constantly rubbing against my face. I stuck my tongue out and began licking them as they made contact. I then reached my hands up and tried to grab hold of the herculean, wide, bulging lats on each side of her muscular torso. Having this heavenly muscle freak pound me uncontrollably was a dream come true and the erotic feeling running through me was hard to contain. My hands felt her musculature while my eyes gazed upon her male bodybuilder sized pecs and my pussy felt her giant dick pulsating in and out of me. As her thick rod brushed my G-spot over and over again, I began to moan loudly in rhythm. "Ohhhhh Fuck Me, fuck me harder babe." I shouted, "Fuck me honey...fuck me." I said repeatedly. She picked up the pace and as the ultimate pleasure was enveloping her as well, she began to moan ever so quietly. I peered up and noticed her head was tilted back slightly and her eyes were closed. She pushed her love

muscle into me even more rapidly and at an even harder thrust and I was being pounded unmercifully. The feeling was too amazing to ask her to stop and I took her pounding like a badge of honor. I wanted her thick cock inside of me, I wanted to feel its size and power, I wanted it to feel amazing and I wanted her to want to fuck me with her thick cock again and again and again. She finally reached orgasm and as the pulsating white liquid fired from her tip, I wanted it to continue forever, I wanted her to feel that amazing sensation till the end of time. Her thrusts became lighter and lighter and lighter until the final drops of goo exited her shaft and she gently laid on top of me, her love missile still fully inserted. She then quietly kissed me on the forehead and said, "I Love you." "I love you more." I whispered back, enjoying the comfort of her inside of me, never wanting her to exit.

Confession

I woke up the next morning next to my herculean wife. As I watched her torso expand and contract greatly with each slow, deep breath it seemed like her pecs contained pounds upon pounds of hard, thick, powerful muscle. I cupped her left peck with my hand, and was mesmerized by how huge, smooth and well-rounded they were. The nipple sat low on the lower curve of the muscle and I felt like any female or even male bodybuilder would be jealous of her. As my chest had developed into gorgeous female breasts, hers had done the opposite and then were expanded by the massive amount of muscle now filling them. After massaging and gazing upon them for minutes, I then peered up and stared at her heavily muscled, broad, wide neck. Just 6 months prior, I didn't even know you could develop powerful neck muscle, but now I couldn't take my eyes off my beautiful wife's thick feature.

Teresa kind of moved around a little and her thigh bumped against mine. I looked down as her relaxed quad laid firmly against mine. Even though the running and recent working out had firmed up my legs, her quad seemed twice as large as mine and it was without a doubt thicker than my 26" waist. As I peered down just a bit further, her 18" calves seemed as large as my thighs. I was becoming extremely turned on just looking at my 210-pound muscle-bound wife. She was massive and beautiful beyond belief and the fact that she was still growing would make her even more so! She then kind of rolled over on her side facing me, pulled the silky sheets over us and rested her face just inches from mine. Teresa slowly opened her beautiful blue eyes and a loving smile came across her face as she leaned forward and gave me a quick peck on the lips. A sense of warmth overcame me as I felt her love with each tiny touch.

I just sat there staring at her beautiful face while she closed her eyes and got a little more rest. The firm, ripped curve of her jaw, tightness of her skin and moist fullness of her lips were simply amazing. She was like the perfect being. I kind of slipped my thin arm between her heavy bicep and thick lat muscle on her side. My wife instinctively tossed her arm over my torso and the weight seemed incredible as she pulled me in, tightly next to her. My breasts pushed firmly against her pecs as we laid in a tight, loving embrace. As I laid there enveloped by her warm, massive body, I was just about to reach down and grab hold of her large, thick shaft...then buzz, buzz, buzz. Buzz, buzz, buzz.

Reluctantly, I looked over to my phone to see who was calling. It was my sister Sarah. I had always been close with Sarah and was a bit embarrassed that I had not reached out to her recently regarding everything. "What's up sis?" I answered as I had to stop the annoying ringing. "Hey Dave." She answered, "Hadn't talked to you and Teresa since before her dad passed, but wanted to say hi and invite you both to my house for Mom's birthday dinner." "Oh shit." I replied, "I had completely forgotten. I'll call her now, but wanted to talk to you anyway." "OK.....what's up?" she replied. "Well, remember how the last time we hung out, I had lost a bit of weight and said I had been really sick." I asked. "Yah." She said questioningly. "And you know how Teresa had really put on some muscle and you guys were all impressed." I followed. "Yah." She said again. "Well." I answered, "It goes way beyond anything you could, or even we could, possibly imagine. Do you have a few minutes to come over so we can explain?" Sarah was more than intrigued and agreed to drive over to meet us immediately.

We quickly got up and put on some clothes. Sarah lived just ten minutes away and I knew she'd be over in a hurry. It was actually more like 30 minutes though and as I heard her car pull up to the drive I looked out and was shocked. For some reason, she also brought my mom!

Sarah and my mom approached the door. Teresa flung it open and greeted them aggressively with a hug and kiss. She was wearing gym shoes, once baggy sweat pants which her huge quads obviously stretched to the limit and equally tight long sleeved sweat top that her biceps were damn near bulging out of. Her dark hair draped beautifully over her shoulders and she had put on a touch of make-up and looked intoxicatingly beautiful to me. My mom looked waaaay up and said, "My dear Teresa! You're just as solid as a rock and taller than ever it seems." My wife took that as a huge compliment and said, "Oh...thank you soooo much mom...that means a lot." I wasn't sure what it was....but Teresa sure took it as a massive compliment. As she kind of moved to the side my mom got a look at me.

Her jaw dropped to the floor. I was preparing to open up about our situation and would have definitely dressed differently for my mom but too late now. I wearing a fairly tight, light blue short sleeved shirt, which exposed my thin but firm arms and narrow shoulders, but even more-so kind of accentuated my huge, firm breasts. I also was wearing my hair down and over one shoulder and had put on the clear lip gloss Teresa had been asking me to wear for her. Instead of covering up my lower half, I simply wore skin tight spandex women's running shorts and some running shoes. I would probably be mistaken for some random hot runner chick by anyone else, but my mom recognized me immediately. "Oh my God honey." she exclaimed, "What the, how the....oh my god?" she uttered again as she came up to take a closer look. Instead of a hug, she just grabbed my thin arms in each hand, looked at my breasts and asked, "What did you do???"

Teresa had been putting on muscle like crazy and was even pretty muscular the last time my mom saw her, so seeing her in sweats didn't strike her as overly amazing. I however, was a completely different story. It was obvious I had made some insane physical changes and I walked my mom and sister to the kitchen table to explain. As we sat down, Teresa walked over and got my mom and sister a bottle of

water. My mom looks up at Teresa and said, "Oh dear....I'm going to need something stronger than this!" My wife looked at me with kind of surprise and fear in her eyes. It was funny, Teresa could probably beat up a room full of buff dudes....but my mom scared her!

Teresa walked back over with a glass of wine for her and Sarah and said, "Sorry but this is the strongest thing we've got right now." My mom took a swig, looked up and said, "It'll do thank you." And she looked back over to me and said, "David, please explain what's going on." "Well Mom, and sis, as you know, I work at Wei-Corp's bio-engineering lab here. In particular, my division has been experimenting with a gene therapy process where we extract a patient's blood. We then process the DNA in the blood, essentially perfecting it to its optimum level. We then re-introduce it back into the patient and it goes through the body, replicating and replacing all the old, non-optimized DNA. We assumed it would have two huge benefits. First off, eliminating the possibility of cancer, and secondly, revitalizing all the organs in the body which would possibly make the elderly decades younger and allow them to extend their lifespan and live a healthier, more active life. If all worked, Wei-Corp would explode and become possibly the richest company on the planet." "Again honey." My mom asked, "What does this have to do with your appearance?"

"OK, OK." I said, "I'm getting to that....So back many months ago, I talked Teresa into having her and my DNA optimized. I assumed it would be kind of a fountain of youth for us and keep us young and healthy and vigorous for decades to come. Unfortunately, there was a bit of a mix up. You may have noticed just how strong Teresa had become at your BBQ, where she easily overpowered me and also Cam." My mom kind of tilted her head to the side, looked skyward and recalled the event in her mind. I continued, "Well, by mistake, I introduced my enhanced blood into Teresa and her enhanced blood into me. I didn't realize the mistake initially, but it was becoming obvious to me that my muscle tone was reducing exponentially while Teresa's seemed to be in absolute over-drive. At the same time, I began developing these." I cupped my firm breasts and kind of held them up and squeezed them together, making them look even larger. "Jesus Christ!" My sister exclaimed, "Those are unbelievable!" I finally ended by saying, "So apparently, Teresa's female DNA has run through and taken over every cell in my body, while my DNA has done the same in her. So, Teresa and I are not only mentally joined, we are actually physically a part of one another. We've never been so in-tune as we are more and more each other every day!"

My sister had kind of noticed something I guess when she walked in. She looked at me and said, "Stand up." I pushed my chair back and stood up. My sister then looked down at my crotch, then looked me in the eye and asked, "Is that all female too?" I looked her back in the eye, got a grin on my face and nodded YES. She was in disbelief, looked over at Teresa and asked, "And you?" With that, my wife stood up, took a step back from the table and lowered her sweat pants down over her herculean quads, over her massive calves and down to the floor. She then stood up fully. She still had her sweat top on but she was wearing a tight royal blue male bodybuilder bikini which was clearly filled with her massive rod.

Sarah was in complete awe. As she stared, I walked over and stood next to my towering wife. As I did, she reached down, grabbed the bottom of her sweatshirt, pulled it up and over her head, flinging it to the floor. "Holy Fuck!" Sarah exclaimed. Teresa was not wearing anything up top and her deep cut abs, massive lats and exploding pecs were clearly exposed. Sarah slowly walked up and put her hands on Teresa's huge chest muscles. As she did, Teresa did a quick pec-bounce. The motion shocked Sarah and she kind of jumped back and screamed. With the same look of awe on her face, she walked back up and almost like a frightened child began to poke, prod and grab Teresa's male bodybuilder sized muscles. My mom also stood up and walked over to My wife's arm was now easily pushing 20" and the mass of it and her 16" fore arms were almost too much for my mom to take. I was afraid she didn't approve but saddened because I did want her in our lives and I was really nervous that she wouldn't want us around.

After caressing Teresa's massive muscles for another minute, my mom looked over and said, "Well honey. How do you like these?" as she lightly cupped my breasts. I kind of grabbed them too and said, "I don't know why....but I actually love them. I never want to get rid of them and when I look at myself in the mirror I am mildly attracted." With that, I grabbed my shirt, and slowly lifted it above my head, exposing their perfection. Both my mom and sis were impressed and they both began cupping them and feeling their firmness. "My god." Sarah said, "They're like the most perfect breasts I've ever seen." She then took a step back, looked me up and down and said, "Shit Dave, your like a super-hot chick....what the fuck!" I laughed and said, "Don't be jealous sis." and gave her a wink.

Although we both looked impressive in our own right, it was my wife who stole the show. The muscles protruding from every square inch of her body were too impressive to ignore. My mom and Teresa focused their attention back on her and Sarah looked at Teresa and asked, "Can I see it?" Teresa looked at my in surprise, kind of half smiled, grabbed Sarah's hand and walked her over to the bathroom. They walked in, I heard some brief chit chat and about a minute later they walked out. My sister had a look of utter happiness, almost giddiness after seeing my wife's gorgeous cock. We all sat back down at the table and my mom asked for another glass of wine. While Teresa got it, I pulled my long hair over my left breast, kind of tilted my head down and then looked up at my mom and sis. It was weird, but I was always trying to look hot or sexy for everyone....even though it was just my mom and sister. I guess I was a bit insecure about my obvious changes and needed some sort of validation.

Teresa brought my mom her wine and sat down. Instinctively, I got up, sat on my wife's lap, upon her massive, rock hard thighs, put my arm around her ridiculously rounded, massive shoulders and leaned my head softly against hers. I was conveying to my mom and sister, that I loved my wife deeply but also, that my wife was now the Alpha in the relationship and that we were good with it. At this point, they had a choice to make. I looked across the table and asked, "Mom, Sarah, we've obviously made this incredible change in our lives and are sticking to it. Are you going to be ok with us being a part of your lives?" My mom stood up, walked over and gave me a huge kiss on the lips. She then looked me deeply in the eye and said, "Honey, you're always going to be a special part of my life. Of course you're

welcome and will always be welcome no matter what!" I got a little emotional and it was a hug and kiss fest between me, mom, Sarah and my wife. Family was important and I desperately didn't want that to change.

After a few more minutes of chat, we committed to coming by later for a swim and then walked my mom and sis to the car. It felt very empowering that we had been accepted for who we were, not what we looked like. We all hugged and kissed again, I wiped some tears of happiness from my face and Teresa and I walked back to the house. As we got back inside, Teresa looked at me and said, "Sarah wants to do it." "Really." I replied, "She wants a set of tits like these huh....a little jealous." I laughed. Teresa looked at me more deeply and said, "No babe...she doesn't want tits....she wants this!" She slowly looked down, leading my eyes down as well and slowly pulled out her 9" cock. I got a look of shock on my face, peered at my wife and said, "Oh SHIT!!!!!"

Pool Tent

I was in a bit of disbelief and shock, realizing that my sister wanted to become the muscle monster, powerhouse, 9" cock wielding woman my wife had recently transformed into. I called her again to confirm she really wanted to do this and she was even more sure than ever. So that Monday after work, I asked her and Teresa to meet me at the lab. When they arrived, they had a surprise guest. My mom also was with them. "Mom!" I asked, "What are you doing here?" "Well honey." she answered, "I figured I could take advantage of the original purpose of the whole science project your company is working on...you know....helping OLD people live longer, healthier lives!!!" I had to agree that although me and Teresa had used it differently....and Sarah wanted to as well....the real reason for this whole thing was for my mom's benefit...not ours. At 56, she was getting a bit older, although certainly not OLD, and so I agreed to help her too.

I brought the girls into the lab and hooked them all up to take a pint of blood. Unlike with me, I wanted to have extra blood from them. With Sarah though, I was able to turn around and hook her up to the infusion machine and inject Teresa's blood right into her. My mom would have to come back in a week or so to be re-infused with her own DNA perfected blood.

The next two weeks flew by and I brought my mom in on a Saturday to perform the transfusion. She didn't seem too nervous and the infusion went according to plan. Of course she had a million questions for me about what to expect and how long it would take to see results. It had been so long though, I couldn't remember exactly. I told her to ask Sarah as it had now been two weeks for her, and she might have a better, more exact idea. Sarah had been joining me and Teresa every day at the gym, and she was already beginning to see some minor results. Understandably, my mom was really excited and asked Teresa and I to come over the following Saturday for a pool day.

Teresa and I showed up on time as always and my mom and sis were there already there. My wife was wearing sandals, grey tight cotton Gold's Gym shorts...which were really tight I noticed as her gorgeous ass was bursting out of the back and her thick rod was damn near bulging through the front. She also wore a crop top so her rounded, massively protruding ab muscles were exposed and of course her massive shoulders and traps were visible from a mile away. My wife led the way in and my mom was again amazed at her herculean size. "My dear." my mom asked, "How much more muscle have you packed on in the last few weeks?" "Oh mom, thanks for asking, I'm pushing 240 pounds these days. More importantly though, how are you feeling lately?" My wife asked. "Amazing!" my mom answered, "I just seem to be sleeping really well and just bursting with energy. Sarah took me to the gym today and we did a nice little workout. It was fun and I can't wait to do more." Teresa said, "That's awesome mom!" grabbed my mom and lifted her up in a loving bear hug. She then put her down, gave my sis a hug and as I gave them both a kiss, we walked to the pool.

My sister had made margaritas and we all went and sat around the usual patio table, drank the wonderful beverages and chatted. Sarah bragged that her three weeks of working out since the transfusion had been going great and that she was already making progress. She reached her arm up, pulled the sleeve back and gave us all a bicep flex. Instinctively, I reached out and grabbed her tiny bulge. It definitely had a little roundness to it and was actually hard. "Wow!" I exclaimed, "I think you have a little bicep brewing there sis." She laughed and said, "I do smart ass, but don't you worry, it's going to make your arms look like little twigs in no time...right Teresa?" she finished as she looked at my enormous wife. "Oh ya!" Teresa answered, "You'll be picking your big brother up with ease in a couple of months for sure!" We all laughed and I was actually looking forward to seeing Sarah in full amazon mode too.

I had worn flip flops and a long, beach cover-up type pullover. It was more like a long dress I guess as it did go down past my knees. My sis looked over and said, "What did you wear to the party big brother." "Oh, just your standard beach wear." I answered and gave her a wink. She winked back and said, "ha ha, seriously though, I wanna see." My sis always persisted till she got her way, so without any more delay, I stood up and slowly lifted the cover-up above my head and past my long flowing hair. As it rose, it exposed my hard, firm legs, my super small and really tight v-cut bikini bottoms, my thin waist and abs and finally, my now sized D breasts under a small red and white striped bikini top. She immediately whistled and said, "wo wo hot stuff, that's the look right there...I don't know how Teresa keeps her hands off you." Teresa laughed and answered emphatically, "I don't." And with that she slapped my firm, rounded ass.

"Well guys." my wife then said, "looking at my beautiful husband is getting me a little hot! I think it's time for a little dip." With that, she stood up, kicked off her sandals, lowered her shorts to the deck, lifted off the crop top and made her way to the pool. Our jaws were on the floor watching each perfectly sculpted muscle move and flex as she disrobed to her small, bodybuilder bikini. Teresa was getting beyond next level huge now. Her calves were as thick as a grown man's thighs, easily eclipsing 20" in circumference. In fact, not only were her calves diamond shaped, rock hard and enormous, she

had developed a ridiculous shin muscle on the front side of her lower leg that I didn't even know existed. It was these new, previously unknown muscles that really impressed me...almost as much as her sheer size at this point. Following her thick calf up to her knee, the kneecap was surrounded by bulging teardrop muscle on each side. Full and beyond comprehension. The roundness of them and accentuated tear drop shape was massive and text book and almost exploded with every powerful step. She took her first step into the pool and with the second, we all gazed at the insane hamstring development that took form in an enormous rounded, perfectly formed mass of muscle. That in conjunction with her outward flexing quads formed legs that were now easily 34" around.

Her glutes were massive and the herculean muscle bodies that made her small, bodybuilder type blue suit look like dental floss, had large concave craters in their sides, making each glute muscle take on ominous, powerful lives of their own. It was no wonder she could easily squat 600+ pounds with a massive, full ass like that. Her beautiful butt slipped sleekly into the calm water and I was mesmerized by her thick, tree trunk like torso that was covered with muscle bodies and long rounded bulges on the sides and middle. This led up to her gargantuan lats that seemed like they contained more beef than an entire normal human. Their rounded, bulging thickness were more than a huge hand could grasp and why she could do Lat pull-downs with 300 pounds! Teresa's shoulders were equally colossal and so huge, they looked like volleyball sized muscles on each side. Inside of those were two of the biggest traps I'd ever seen on a man or woman and they were now so large, I was surprised she could even turn her head. That of course led to her over developed neck that had easily doubled in size since we met and now seemed thicker than my waist.

Teresa slowly lowered her massive 240-pound body beneath the water, then twisted around and emerged. As her beautiful face raised above the surface of the soft, blue water, she took her long, wet, gorgeous hair in her powerful hands and flipped it behind her head. As she did, her immense, 17" forearms bulged massively, looking huge, even in comparison to her thick, full 22" biceps. My wife was every bit as large as a male bodybuilder, easily stronger than most of them and still getting bigger and stronger by the day. Still awe-struck by the muscle-bound sight of my wife, I looked at my mom and Sarah and said, "We'll, if you ever needed proof that genetic enhancement could create the ultimate human, we're looking at it." My mom looked back at me, still in awe of what we had all just witnessed and said, "Look who's talking." Sarah then laughed and added, "Jesus Dave, look at you with your now beautiful soft face and long hair, perfectly fit legs, rounded muscular ass, thin waist, six-pack abs and gorgeous, perfectly formed D-sized breasts. 99% of the women out there would kill to look like you!" I laughed but had to agree with them, as the genetic enhancement on me was probably also as impressive and I had become addicted to standing in front of my bathroom mirror, trying on bikini's and lingerie while I stroked my abs and caressed my breasts while fingering myself to orgasm at least once or twice a day. "Well Ladies." I replied, "Won't be too long and you'll both be pushing the limits of genetic perfection too!" They both got really big grins on their faces, just knowing they were on a similar path.

I then stood up, turned and slowly sauntered to the edge of the pool. With each step I took, I noticed the girls and my wife were mesmerized with my now perfect form. All of this mutual admiration was fantastic and it was crazy to think that in just a few short months, this backyard would be host to the four most perfectly genetically enhanced humans on the planet. I then took three or four very slow, methodical steps into the cool, crisp water and approached my muscle bound wife.

“Any shrinkage down there?” I asked as I reached down and grabbed her massive cock with my hand. “Not around your gorgeous body.” She said as she leaned down and gave me a kiss. As we kissed, and my hand gently grabbed her member, it quickly started to stiffen and grow. Within a few more seconds, Teresa’s 9” love muscle had easily escaped the blue, bodybuilder bikini bottoms it was trapped in. Now at full erection, she easily lifted me in a cradle and moved me over to the side of the pool. Trying not to be noticeable, with my back pressed against the pool wall and to the bbq where the girls now were, Teresa inserted her thick, bulging love muscle into me. I loved her cock inside me and the feeling of its massive size and power turned me on greatly, causing my nipples to become as hard as diamonds. As we made out, my wife very slowly and subtly pushed her cock deeply inside my pussy and then slowly pulled it half to three-quarters out again. I peered at her towering traps and insanely powerful neck, then again looked her in the eyes as she thrust back and forth methodically, knowing we were definitely getting away with something right in front of the others.

My mom and sister briefly walked in the house, presumably to get some more items for the meal. As they did, Teresa leaped us out of the pool, my legs around her muscle-laden torso, her erect penis still firmly protruding inside me and rushed us into the changing tent at the far corner of the pool area. She then did something she had never done before. She put her arms under my armpits, lifted me slightly and held me a foot in front of her with her massive 22” arms and boulder sized shoulders. I was being hoisted like a feather by my wife as she started to pound me ever more rapidly. With each powerful thrust, her gigantic cock seemed to penetrate further and further inside me. Her magical rod was now so thick and so long, I couldn’t believe the erotic feelings it was providing me. Because Teresa was holding me airborne, she began to time her hip strokes with me. She would lower me down quickly as she pushed up and forward with her love muscle, and then lift me slightly as she pulled her hips back ever so marginally. The motion became more and more rapid and I was being gyrated up and down, up and down, up and down quickly as a sense of unbelievable pleasure coursed through me. I started to moan in ecstasy with each pump of her gorgeous meat pipe. She went faster and faster and faster. The utter feeling of pure satisfaction was overcoming me as I finally tilted my head back, still being thrust up and down on her rod as it rubbed perfectly against my G-spot again and again and again! My eyes rolled back in my head, my body tingled greatly over every square inch and I then shuttered violently as the pleasure overcame me and I reached full orgasm. All the strength quickly left my body as Teresa had put me in a trance state of utter Zen. She then pulled me in and I draped my arms, chest and head upon her rounded, muscle filled pecs. I whispered, “I love you.” Several times to her in just a few moments and she answered in kind.

Teresa slowly pulled me off her erection and placed me on my feet. I looked down to see her gorgeous pinkish penis, looked up and asked, “Did you too?” She shook her head, “No” so I immediately dropped to my knees to pleasure her as well. As I looked at the beautiful smooth pinkish tip and long thick shaft, it seemed larger than ever before. I was able to grasp it fully with both hands on top of each other, much like you’d grip a baseball bat, on its long shaft. The shaft was now so thick, my fingers could not reach fully around it. I opened my mouth widely and took the beautiful rosy tip in. I kind of closed my lips around its massive circumference and popped it in and out just the first few inches at a time. Pop,

pop, pop, pop sound was made as I took it quickly in and out, playing with her herculean appendage. I kind of squeezed the shaft of her erection with my hands and realized that it was easily firmer and rounder than I knew possible. A large trough on its underside was bulging greatly as it pumped what seemed like many pints of blood into her growth. She was obviously aroused as her cock was now trying to stand straight up in the air, pointing at the sky. I could no longer remain on my knees and had to actually stand up and slightly bend over at the waist to properly take her thick, gorgeous rod in my mouth and throat. There was no way to fully accept its massive length now, and I did all I could to get half the shaft rammed into me. I bobbed my head and neck forcefully and rapidly as I let my tongue constantly apply pressure on the underside of her magical love muscle. As I kept the quick pace of licking and sucking, Teresa's massive powerful hips started pumping quickly as well, in perfect unison with my warm, firm movements. I applied more and more inward pressure on her massive shaft and within a few more moments Teresa could not hold back her love juices any longer.

With a huge burst of pressure, a fire hose of her white, milky cum shot into my mouth, easily filling it and my throat several times over. As she pumped, more and more of her gooey cum filled my mouth and my swallowing could barely keep up. With two or three more bursts, Teresa had finished ejaculating and she quickly pulled her cock out of my mouth and embraced me in a loving kiss. But instead of kissing, she was scooping up the remaining cum and swallowing her own love juice as well. I pulled my head back slightly and looked as she had her eyes closed and was erotically licking her lips and gulping down the remaining droplets of semen. As we both kind of licked and swallowed the last bits, my wife looked at me passionately and whispered, "Wow, It's been a long time since I tasted that. Mmm Mmm Good!" she finished as a huge smile came across her face. With that, I lowered back down and began to lovingly lick up the remaining liquid from the tip and shaft of her still erect, massive rod.

Lift

After that amazing session, we gathered ourselves up. Teresa grabbed my v-cut bikini bottoms and slowly slipped them back up my fit legs and adjusted them perfectly over my moist, tight pussy. I in-turn grabbed my wife's male bodybuilder bikini bottoms and slipped them up her massive, muscle-bound quads and adjusted them over her throbbing cock. I positioned her member carefully in the silky, shiny material and gave it one last pat for good measure. Teresa peered down at me, laughed and said, "Can you believe this honey? Us sneaking off from your family during a pool party so I could ram my massive cock into your hot, wet vagina." I looked back at her, realizing how utterly ridiculous this all would have seemed just a few months before and began laughing so hard I almost started tearing up. We embraced firmly, I gave my wife another loving kiss and we left the pool tent to rejoin my mom and sister.

They still hadn't emerged from the house, so Teresa and I quietly slipped back into the pool as if we were there the whole time. When they did come out a few minutes later, Sarah had put on a swimsuit herself and decided to join us for a dip. The three weeks of working out with us had been paying off for her too and she looked firm as she walked into the pool in her white bikini with black poka-dots. Teresa and I whistled in approval and she got a huge grin on embarrassment on her face as she was happy and

realizing that she would soon be getting hot and muscular too. We got pretty touchy feeley and Sarah couldn't keep her hands off Teresa's massive biceps. She just kept saying, "My god Teresa, I can't wait to get arms like yours." With that, Teresa lifted both arms up and gave my sister a double biceps pose. They were beyond belief and the huge baseball sized bulges on the top of her arms rivaled those of even the most muscular man. Water dripped from the hard curves and her wet muscles glistened in the sun, making them look like they were out of a fairy tale. My sister just kept massaging and caressing Teresa's thick, powerful arms and it was obvious she was obsessed with them.

After several more minutes of ogling my wife, my mom said, "OK kids, foods ready!" With that, Teresa told me and Sarah to get in kind of a sitting position and to lock our hands underneath our butts. We both looked confused by her request, so she kind of showed us what she meant and then said, "C'mon guys, just do it real quick." Sarah and I complied and got in the pose, but of course we would sink to the bottom of the pool, even though we stood in the shallow end. As we did, my wife slipped under the water, I felt her put her powerful hand under my interlocked hands and quickly was thrust upwards. In a show of unbelievable strength, Sarah and I were hoisted several feet in the air, each of us at the extended end of one of my wife's insanely strong and muscle laden arms. "Look mom, Look!" Teresa shouted to my mom as Sarah and I were being held in midair by my wife. My mom's jaw dropped at the obvious show of unreal strength Teresa was presenting. I looked over at Sarah as we were also in disbelief that she could easily hoist us each up in the air with just a single arm. I was being held up by my wife's left arm while my sister was being hoisted by Teresa's right. We were the human dumbbells for her shoulder press!

I looked down to see Teresa's massive forearms and biceps bulge to full, massive musculature during the lift. My mom held up her phone to take a pic and we smiled and laughed wildly. Finally, Teresa said, "Take a video." My mom said OK and started filming. With that, my wife slightly squatted and slightly lowered her arms. Then, in an instant, she exploded upward and launched me and Sarah several feet in the air and down towards the deep end. Like small children, we were effortlessly tossed across the pool and came crashing down, completely amazed at the super-human strength my wife now possessed. Food was ready, and we were all hungry, but Sarah and I quickly swam back to my wife begging her for another throw. Teresa complied and first tossed Sarah easily though the air. Then she grabbed me, gave me a wink and easily threw me 10 feet up and 15 to 20 feet across the pool. That show of strength was unbelievable and the closest thing I could think of to see how fucking strong she had become without somehow getting hurt in the process.

Teresa then got out and walked to the edge of the pool in the deep end. She asked my mom to keep filming and then told me and Sarah to swim over to the edge right in front of her. We both did, and with that, my wife reached down and had me grab her left hand with both of my hands and had Sarah grab her right hand with both of hers. In an instant, Teresa flexed her muscles and unreal strength and easily hoisted us both up and out of the pool, placing us on our feet standing on each side. Sarah and I, feeling like tiny children in the hands of this muscular monster each embraced my wife in a bear hug from each side. Teresa kind of returned the hug in kind and it was a bit of a love fest. My mom then stopped

filming and said, "OK, OK, c'mon now guys, food's getting cold." With that, we all walked our fit, dripping wet bodies over to the table.

As I ate moderately, Teresa, Sarah and even my mom were consuming massive quantities of chicken, beef and fruit salad. I loved watching Teresa eat, because I felt like every pound of meat she consumed was going to turn into another pound of glorious, powerful muscle on her body. As I watched my sister eat in a similar manner, I noticed that I could now make out slightly more rounded shoulders on her and even a little trap development. I knew then, that her Teresa's DNA was starting to take over and Sarah would probably start putting on some pretty good size soon.

Without any warning, my mom looked across the table at my wife and asked, "Teresa dear, the thought of this has really been overwhelming me lately, especially now that my daughter is carrying your same DNA, but what's it been like to develop your, well, ya know, your..." "Penis!" my wife blurted out. My mom kind of looked embarrassed for asking but then said, "Yes, Teresa...that." "Oh my god." My wife answered, "It's been the most amazing experience of my life. It's provided me with the most all-encompassing sense of confidence and power to have this 10" cock under my control. Now I know why men have always dominated the earth, it's not brains, or even strength...it's having this unbelievable shaft between my legs." My wife then looked at me and asked, "Full disclosure baby, tell us all how you feel about it."

I was hesitant for a moment and then thought "Fuck it." I'll just tell them the truth..."Well" I began, "Recently, I was realizing that I was become as obsessed with Teresa's glorious, humongous cock as much as I was addicted to her ever growing massive muscles. Just thinking of it gets me hot and wet and the fact that it had grown even more and was now a 10" long, thick, beautiful piece of meat made me want it in my mouth or pussy at all times. My beautiful wife here has become my ultimate fantasy and the fact that she is a gorgeous woman who carries 240 pounds of raw, powerful muscle and sports a massive, thick cock is keeping me from thinking of anything else. Could you pass the ketchup please mom." With that the girls all started laughing hysterically!!! Teresa leaned over and gave me a deep, wet kiss and said, "I just love this guy to death...too much babe...you're too much." she laughed as the girls continued laughing as well.

Still a changin'

I sat back in my chair, looked across at my mom and said, "Mom...I can't wait till you get JACKED!" She smiled widely as Sarah then interjected..."Hold on Bro....I'm getting JACKED first!" and she held out her right arm and flexed for us all. A small firm curve was visible and my mom said, "Oh dear...we're just going to be a family full of muscle in no time." "I can't fucking wait mom." Sarah replied and then said, "and Dave's right...I want to see you get JACKED too mom." Teresa laughed at us all and shook her head, knowing the changes coming to Sarah and my mom that they were joking about now, but that were going to be hitting us all pretty hard in a matter of weeks or months.

The four of us “girls”, were hitting the gym daily and even I started doing two-a-days like my mom, sis and wife. By the end of the month, we had all made some significant changes to our physiques. Teresa had obviously put on another 5 or 8 pounds of raw muscle and she was now tipping the scales at 246 pounds of massive, beautifully intimidating muscle. I had added a bit of muscle too and was now a 145 pounds of fit ass chick. My arms now had some noticeable muscle on them, even unflexed and my legs had started to develop a bit more of a teardrop muscle shape around my lower quads. My ass was now hard as a rock and perky with nice roundness and hardness to it. Teresa couldn't keep her hands off me now, and we were having sex daily.

Sarah wanted me to look my best for Teresa so she took me shopping and had me buy multiple crop-top and skirt combos that were in “my color palette”...whatever the fuck that was. So I was now walking around in outfits that showed off my more muscular legs and ass, while also usually exposing my hard, ripped abs. In addition, Sarah taught me how to style my own hair, instead of just wearing it in a ponytail every single day, and taught me a little about eye liner. I wasn't about to start packing on make-up, so she showed me what to get and how to be a complete minimalist with it. I had never much cared about my appearance, but now that I was becoming an uber-hot chick, and wanted to be as physically pleasing to my wife as possible, I had started to become a bit obsessed with it. I had to admit, it was odd to look in the mirror and see a smoking hot chick staring back at me...but it turned me on for some reason and I had become especially pleasing to Teresa's eye for sure.

My sister Sarah had put on 8 pounds of muscle and had an actual bicep now. What was even more impressive to me though, was that her triceps had developed even more and when she reached down to grab a weight or anything, it would flex nicely and you could see the size, and rounded bulge. Lastly, my mom was making vast improvements as well. Her once loose legs were firming up and the cellulite had almost completely disappeared. Her face also looked more firm and the skin had tightened up, making her look a few years younger. A few more months of this and she would be looking like 30-something instead of 50-something.

To celebrate our better looks and progress, we all decided to go out on the town that Friday night. Teresa was pondering greatly what to wear. We hadn't got all dressed up and gone out for a nice night yet. Basically, we had all been just wearing workout clothes and making a couple of trips to the gym each day and consuming massive amounts of Chicken, Broccoli and rice. Sarah had come over to help me get ready since I certainly wasn't sure what to wear either. Although I hated it, she decided to do a little more make-up than usual on me to fit the outfit she brought over for me to wear. I resisted at first but she stopped, looked me dead in the eye and said, “I know you're my brother Dave, but you've got Size C breasts, long gorgeous hair, a soft face with petite features and a fucking vagina. Whether you want to admit it or not, you're a damn woman now...so just get used to it, accept the facts, and let me do my damn job here, OK?” I'd never seen her so matter of fact and forceful. The new testosterone her male DNA was now producing in her was definitely giving her some new-found confidence and I found it

a little intimidating and hot at the same time. I didn't say anything back, but simply nodded my head in agreement. Sarah got a more concentrated look back on her face and again started working on my face with colored pencil looking things, lip gloss and soft brushes.

As she was working on me, Sarah kept looking at me kind of erotically and biting her lower lip, licking her lips slowly etc. If I didn't know any better, I would have thought she was getting really turned on for some reason. I wasn't sure what to say and I hated to admit it, but she was looking really hot. Her face was already firming up and looking more fit, more muscular and strong. In addition, the muscles in her rapidly developing arm were constantly flexing and relaxing as she applied the makeup. Within a few moments, I felt my pussy getting moist; and a warm, tingly feeling gushed through me. I knew Sarah was on a journey to becoming a hyper muscular, herculean beast like Teresa and the thought of it was having some very unnatural consequences for me. She was my sister, I had never had erotic thoughts or feelings for her in my life, but now that we briefly had the same "Equipment" the passion was becoming overwhelming. I wasn't sure what to say or do, and just as the thoughts were starting to inundate me she said, "Ok, all Done."

With that, Sarah backed up, turned me towards the mirror and what I saw completely freaked me out. "Holy fuck!" I said out loud as I stared back at one of the hottest chicks I'd ever seen in my life. "How the fuck did you do that?" I asked Sarah in disbelief at how unbelievably, smoke show hot she made me. "Just a little of this and a little of that bro." she answered, "I hate to admit it but you're a really pretty chick. It was easy to bring out and highlight your strong points." I was still in shock when a massive, musclebound beast appeared behind me. "OH MY GOD!!!" Teresa screamed out loud. "Holy shit honey....your gorgeous!" she exclaimed. "I'm never letting you out of my sight." She put her strong hands on my shoulders, brought her head down next to mine and stared at our reflections in the mirror. My soft features, highlighted by my sister's handiwork, next to my wife's thick jaw and strong features made me look even more feminine and "pretty" than I ever thought possible. "Well." She said, "I just don't think we can call you Dave anymore babe. I think I'm going to go with Dee or babe or cutie or whatever...but I think Dave is gone and this gorgeous smoke show in front of me is here to stay!"

As I stared at the beautiful reflection in front of me, I knew she was right, her female DNA had completely taken over. I had been thinking of myself as a guy with tits and a vagina for months, but it was obvious now, Dave was gone and Dee or babe or cutie was the person staring back at me. At that moment, I mentally had to quit trying to be a guy stuck in a woman's body and was ready to fully accept and enjoy the hot female physique that now draped me. It was an emotional cornerstone moment and I actually started to tear up and was about to cry. Teresa sensed that immediately and took a knee next to me, embraced me in her massive 20" arms and said, "Don't be sad babe, be happy. I've never been so turned on in my life, and if we weren't meeting your mom for dinner and drinks, I'd rip this dress off of you right now and slid my pleasure rod into you for the next three hours." I kind of laughed and Sarah said, "Please you guys, I'm right here." Teresa then laughed too and stood us up to go.

As I turned to follow Teresa, my jaw hit the floor. She was wearing a silky black dress with thin black shoulder straps, with a deep v-cut that went all the way down to just above her ass. The mountains of thick, bulging rock hard bumps of muscle all over her back were insane. I reached out and cupped one in my hand. It was firm and her back was growing to hulk like proportions. If I had a dick, it would be stiff as a board, but instead, I got instantly moist. I peered down slightly to take in the sight of her massive ass. The dress fit her body so tightly, that I could see the side dimple in her massive glutes as she walked. The dress then hung down further to a few inches above her knees. From behind, the bulging hamstrings...much larger than a grown man's thighs... protruded out greatly. The power they contained would probably allow her to set every deadlift weightlifting record there was. Finally, I looked down further at her calves, which were flexed beyond belief in her high-heeled shoes. The diamond shape and size would make Ronnie Coleman jealous and it was clear to me know that she could probably enter a local male bodybuilding competition and win it. Her massive arms hung at her sides, bigger than a normal person's legs. I took a quick step or two, caught up, and grabbed hold of her right arm and leaned against her, like a girl would do to her boyfriend on date night. The high heeled shoes she wore made her well over six feet tall, and I felt honored to call her mine and simply be in her herculean presence.

With our mutual admiration aside, we made our way to the restaurant and met my mom for dinner. The second she set her eyes on me she gazed glowingly and said, "My goodness son, you sure have turned into a knockout!" We all laughed and I leaned in and gave her a quick hug and a kiss. "Well mom." I replied, "Before too long, you're going to be an absolute knockout too!!!" Teresa and Sarah immediately complimented her on her more fit look as she also wore a sleeveless dress and the arm muscles in her had now become firm and she would be putting on some biceps and triceps very soon I knew.

Within a few moments, the host came up and walked us to our table. She was a high school girl, probably no more than 16 and like all hosts, was cute and bubbly. She noticed all of our muscular and fit physiques and immediately started complimenting us. It was a bit over the top and she just couldn't believe how absolutely huge Teresa was. My wife noticed how enamored the host was with her biceps, so she held it out, flexed it to its massive 20" size and told the host to grab it. With an embarrassed look, the host eagerly grabbed it with both hands. A look of shock came over her face as she sensed how hard and huge it was and the power it contained must have shot a jolt right through her. After a few moments of that, the host told us how amazing we all looked and that she was going to join the local gym and get really fit too. It always amazed me that in public, people are so vocal about bodybuilders and fitness girls being too muscular, or too fit, but the second you get them alone, they have nothing but compliments and admiration for it.

In fact, it didn't take long before there was a noticeable increase in male foot traffic by our table. Some guys made one slow pass before heading to the bathroom or to their own tables with their wives or girlfriends while some guys passed by on multiple occasions during our meal. "Jesus?" I asked, "Are guys always that obvious?" "Oh ya." Sarah answered, "But never this kind of volume...must be because

there's 4 smoking hot, fit chicks here now." The girls all laughed while I pondered just how obvious I had been in the past when I was at a restaurant with good looking girls in it. It was weird to actually experience the other side of that now.

We had ordered some appetizers and a couple of drinks. My sis and I had a couple of Vodka-Cran's while my mom sipped on a Manhattan and Teresa downed a Margarita. It had been so long since I had a stiff drink and the bartender definitely didn't go light on the Vodka. I was already feeling warm and fuzzy and excused myself to go to the bathroom. I still wasn't comfortable using the ladies room so I ducked into the "Family" bathroom which was for one person and could be locked from the inside. Just as I was shutting the door, Sarah pushed forced it back open and joined me inside. She locked the door behind us and I said, "Hey sis, I kind of planned on doing this alone." "Oh my God Bro." she answered, "You're a damn chick now...don't you know we always go in groups." I laughed, but still felt odd going in front of her.

Before I could kick her out, she grabbed me by the shoulder and turned us both towards the mirror. As we looked at our reflections in the mirror, Sarah squeezed me tightly, kind of flexed her growing Bicep and said, "Have you ever seen two hotter chicks in your life?" It was hard to argue and I said, "Hard to believe I'm even saying this, but no...we're pretty fucking hot." With that, Sarah firmly turned me back towards her. She had grown a little due to the DNA changes and as we looked almost eye to eye she leaned in and gave me a nice, warm kiss on the lips. It was more than a sister would give her brother, I thought and I looked at her deeply following the kiss. She looked at me deeply too and leaned in again. This time, the passion shot through us like a bullet and we began making out deeply. Sarah had her arms wrapped around mine, pulled me into her and held me tightly.

The love, or passion, or lust, or whatever took over and her tongue was practically reaching down my throat. She then walked me back till I was pinned against the wall and pushed all her strength and weight against me. I had become stronger with my recent workouts, but I could tell that Sarah was already stronger. As she leaned her firm, tight, muscular body into mine the lustful shockwaves coursed through me and my vagina was becoming beyond wet. My sister had to sense that and reached down, under my dress and began stroking my pussy. She began pleasuring me like a pro and within a minute of her rubbing I felt like I was about to burst. I leaned my head into her forcefully and was kissing her like a dog in heat. I started to slowly gyrate my hips in conjunction with her touching and stroking. The lust was insane and I couldn't believe we were even doing this. Sarah knew exactly how to get me off and was hitting my G-spot perfectly. Her fingers worked their forceful magic faster and faster and faster until I finally couldn't hold it anymore. The ultimate waterfall of pleasure overcame me, my mind went blank, I rolled my eyes back into my head and shook violently as the orgasmic outburst hit me.

As the moistness in my pussy turned into a spurt of liquid onto Sarah's loving fingers, she slowly stopped stroking, pulled her wet hand up and stuck a finger in her mouth, sucking it clean. She then put the remaining wet finger in my mouth, and I did the same. We leaned back, peered lovingly into each

others eyes and began laughing hysterically. "What the fuck was that sis?" I asked sarcastically, as the taste of my own vagina still lingered in my mouth. "That's just what us girls do silly." She answered, as if this was somehow a normal occurrence among hot women. "Don't worry bro." she went on, "Teresa already knows she's going to have to share you with me." I stood there stunned. WTF...had they already talked about this, was I about to start living the craziest life ever??? I didn't even know what to say or how to react, so my sis just gave me another quick peck on the lips, kind of fixed my hair and said, "Ok beautiful....let's go rejoin the gang and have a fun night."

Dinner continues....

Us girls were having a great dinner and the looks we got constantly from every guy and even girl in the place was incredible and not slowing down. Teresa looked insanely massive and it was obvious that there were a few schmoes in the restaurant. Several of them paraded by on multiple occasions, finding it impossible to keep their eyes off of her herculean back, bulging rounded shoulders and 20-inch biceps. They had never seen so much muscle on a human being in their lives and their hidden lust for a muscle-bound woman was overwhelming for a few of them. At the same time, myself, Sarah and my mom were also noticing a similar parade of guys and girls by our table. Most of them were too shy to say anything, but a couple of the women stopped to compliment us all on our amazing physiques...asking us if there was a fitness or bodybuilding show in town.

We were thankful for the positive comments and it was amazing how this perfected DNA was working so quickly and so effectively in our bodies that we had become icons of physical perfection in a matter of months. My mom looked twenty years younger and was putting on some nice muscle, while Sarah looked a few years younger than she had just month earlier and was already putting on pounds of strong mass. When I originally accepted the female form my body had transformed into, I envisioned looking like a Jennifer Aniston or Cameron Diaz type of girl, but now that Teresa had me working out with weights, it was becoming more obvious that I would be looking much more like a Cory Everson or Anja Langer initially, and possibly more like a Kim Chizevsky with another year of heavy lifting.

The euphoria of us all being so hot was beginning to hit me like a lottery winner must feel after winning a big jackpot! We were all having a great time and I decided a shot of Tequila would be a great addition to our fun. I stood up in my tight fitting dress and walked my Mandy Blank like physique to the bar. As I turned back, I could see Teresa ogling my perfectly formed, rounded ass and wondered if I would ever let her penetrate me there with her massive, wet, throbbing perfectly formed shaft of love. What would it feel like I wondered? Could it possibly feel as amazing as taking her cock into my tight, moist pussy? Just the thought of her powerful, full, warm, vein covered rod had me getting aroused. I shook my head, blinked a few times to clear that thought and looked at my wife's insanely huge and thickening neck and towering traps. I now immediately desired slowly feeling and caressing her rock hard, gigantic muscles and taking all the pleasure she could thrust upon me. She gave me a quick, loving wink and I smiled widely and turned back to the bar.

Within a few seconds, the smitten bar tender briskly walked over and asked what he could do for me. I told him I needed 4 shots of Clase Azul. He was impressed with my order and complimented me for my appearance as well. I thanked him but placed my hand noticeably onto the bar top, showing off my wedding ring. He got the message and slowed down his advance. I took the shots and walked them back over to our table. The girls all laughed hysterically and my mom said, "Oh my god Dee, I haven't been drunk in years, what are you doing?" "Well mom." I replied, "You haven't been drunk since you were the actual age that you now look...so, we're kind of celebrating your new found hot youthfulness!" Teresa and Sarah both said, "CHEERS to that!" and we clinked glasses and downed the shots.

Just a few minutes later Teresa returned to the table with a shot for each of us. That one went down pretty smoothly and to add fuel to the fire, Sarah ordered us each a shot of blowjobs immediately after. As I took my shot, I looked lovingly at my wife and said, "I'll make sure you get a real one of these later." She knew what I meant, reached over, grabbed my hand and placed it on her flaccid, but massive cock. I gave it a couple of squeezes and couldn't wait to oblige her. I sat warmly next to her for the next twenty minutes or so as we were all having the best time and all getting pretty damn drunk at this point too.

A few minutes later, I got up and started making my way to the ladies' room. I forgot that for some reason, women always go together and I was half way there before Teresa jumped out of her seat and started walking towards the ladies' room after me. Feeling a little tipsy, just as I turned the corner I bumped into a tall guy and bounced back just a bit. I was shocked to see my brother Cameron standing just an inch in front of me. I was shocked to see him, and I feared he may have recognized me. I turned and tried to walk into the restroom, but he quickly grabbed me by the arm and pulled me towards him. He was obviously drunk too and grabbed my round, hard, muscular ass with his free hand. "Hey beautiful." He said, "Don't run away, I need to apologize to you and make it up to you." I tried to push his hand off my ass but he was still a bit stronger than me and grabbed it more tightly. "Wow!" he exclaimed, "That might be the best rear end I've ever seen darlin'what's your name, I'm Cameron." I was speechless. Not wanting to give up my identity and have my brother find out that I had now completely transformed into a smoking hot female, I stood in silence. Just as he was about to say something else, Teresa walked around the corner.

"What the Fuck!" my wife exclaimed as she saw Cameron tightly gripping my arm and ass in a very dominating fashion. He looked shocked, as he saw this 250-pound, muscle laden woman rushing towards him. Before he even realized who she was, Teresa had grabbed him by the neck and thrust him three feet into the air, smashing him into, if not, almost through the wall. As she held him like a rag doll up against the hallway wall with a single, powerful arm, my wife reached her other hand back, about to pound his face in. Her grip was so tight around his neck, he couldn't talk or even scream in fear. His life obviously flashed before his eyes and before my wife killed him, I grabbed a hold of her free arm, begging her not to hurt him. She soon realized who he was and slowly lowered him down. "What's your fucking problem Cameron?" She asked him as he started to tremble in fear. "Wait, what, how do you know my.....oh wait a minute....Holy Shit!!! Is that you...is that you Teresa?" He asked in confusion. "You're....you're....I mean, Oh my God....Oh my God...Oh my God!" he muttered over and over.

Teresa easily lifted Cameron by his belt and tossed him headfirst into the "Family" restroom. He crashed down on the floor and stared up in fear while holding his hands and arms out, begging her not to hit him. I had never seen my ass hole brother so fucking scared in all my life and after all the bullying he'd done to others over the years, I knew he kind of deserved it. I quickly followed Teresa's hulking form into the restroom and closed and locked the door behind us. Teresa reached down with her monstrously huge, muscular arm, lifted the terd up and simply leaned into him against the wall. Her massive, bulging pecs, weight and power were ten times more than anything he could challenge and he was again trembling and begging her for her forgiveness and to not hurt him.

My wife looked him in the eye, her immense frame easily taking up all of his vision and said, "You know what you are Cameron?...You're a predator. You're just a fucking predator. According to Dee, you were a bully growing up, and now you're just moved on to bullying women. Do you know who you were just assaulting you ass...do you know?" My brother, still trembling as he was being lectured and reprimanded by the very creature he was out that night to bag, just shook his head No. "It was your brother you dumb ass, yes....your brother." Teresa said as she stepped away from Cameron and let him take a look at me. He was obviously completely confused but as we looked firmly into each other's eyes, he knew it was me. Cameron shook his head in disbelief and asked, "But how...how did you turn into this? I mean, it's incredible....was it surgery?" "No." I answered, "It was simply Teresa's perfected DNA running through me. Her DNA turned me into this." He just continued to shake his head in disbelief, now completely forgetting that Teresa had now turned into a muscle-bound woman, larger than most male bodybuilders the size of which he had never seen.

Still shaken, Cameron looked up at Teresa, her arm still poised to beat the living shit out of him. He was obviously utterly confused but somehow realized his fateful plight. "Look." He begged, "I'm sorry, I'll change, I'll calm my behavior, I swear." Teresa just looked back at me then looked back at him and said, "No Cameron. We're not stupid. We know you won't change...you're too old to change. So run along now, go home and think about who you are. We'll be by in a day or two to change things up a bit for you...and rid the world of your predatory, bullying behavior." He didn't know what the fuck she meant, but the second she released her grip he swiftly brushed passed me and hurried out of the restroom and restaurant.

I looked up at my massively muscular, beautiful, hulking wife and asked, "Are you thinking what I think you're thinking?" "Absolutely babe." She responded. "He's never going to change unless we change him. You've told me story after story of him bullying people and damn near assaulting women through your teens and early twenties. No, Cameron has to be stopped in the right way...and we obviously know what that is." "How will you convince him to do it?" I asked, still in disbelief. "I think he'll succumb to my suggestions when I go see him. Can you still get us into the lab?" "Sure." I replied, "The pass I have hasn't been deactivated since they asked if I'd be available for per-diem work moving forward...so we should be good to go." "Excellent." Teresa responded, "This will be everything your bad brother

deserves and will save the females in this town from ever having to deal with his assaults moving forward.” As much as I hated playing God, Cameron was bound to take advantage of one girl too many and end up in jail, so I kind of justified that “Changing him”, would probably be the greatest favor we could do for him.

Teresa’s muscles were as large as they had ever been, and watching her manhandle my brother and thrust him in the air like a rag doll made me extremely moist. I leaned my fit hard body against her Arnold Schwarzenegger like pecs. They bulged out so far, they almost looked like breasts...but they weren’t, they were mounds of thick, powerful muscle on top of thick powerful muscle. I began to softly caress their magnificence with my lips and then started licking them warmly. Their feel and taste were sending shockwaves of lust through my body and I immediately lowered one arm below Teresa’s dress to grab her once small clit which had turned into a 10” massive, gorgeous, firm, perfectly formed cock. I loved grabbing it in it’s thick, pliable, flaccid state and massaging it lovingly while it started to firm up, and become it’s splendid, beautiful, pleasure giving self.

My wife began returning loving, warm kisses and our tongues were intertwined in passion as I stroked her growing cock. It became rock hard in seconds and my hand couldn’t even reach all the way around the huge shaft she now produced. Teresa quickly cupped my firm rounded ass in her hands and lifted me up. I wrapped my muscular legs around her muscle-bound, thick torso as she swiftly lowered my moist, tight cunt over her gorgeous, superb shaft. I loved the feel of her huge, rounded tip entering me, and I knew ultimate pleasure was soon to follow. She started by teasing me with short thrusts of her love rod. The tip continually entered and left my vagina, each time with a cute little “pop” and she was only going two or three inches deep each loving drive. While she was doing her amazing work to my clit, I began to kiss and suck on her massive, bulging neck. It had bands of sinuous thick muscle coursing up and down its length, and it was becoming rounded bowed muscle as well...just like the rest of her.

Teresa started to lower me further and further down onto her towering, pulsating cock and the jolts of euphoric sensations coursed through every part of me. I placed my hands around her monumental shoulders and leaned my head back in ecstasy, letting my long hair reach down and lightly tickle my perky ass. My wife began to pound me harder and harder, quicker and quicker as the moments of love went by. I then began to lightly, and then more firmly bang and beat my forehead against her mighty, hulking pecs to the rhythm of her loving thrusts. Her perfectly curved tip was brushing my clit in a manner which could only be described as a dizzying effect which made it hard to even think. That was of course followed by the thickness of her full, beating, vein covered shaft. Its methodical back and forth motions against my sugar cookie caused me to begin to flutter my breathing and the massively warm feelings inside me made me grip her massive, powerful muscles with everything I had. I was beginning to master my vagina control and I made it grip her shaft as tightly as possible.

As I did, it obviously sent a wave of pleasurable sensations through my wife as she let out a huge loving moan of elation. With us both feeling the ultimate passionate warmth of love, she began pounding my

faster and faster and faster. I was being thrust in the air and bouncing on her muscular cock like I was on a ride at the fair. It didn't matter though as she began to spurt hot, massive amounts of her milky white cum into my pussy. The gushes themselves were so voluminous I felt like I would explode off her shaft and into the ceiling if she wasn't gripping me so tightly with her hard, herculean arms. Instead of continuing to bounce me up and down, now my wife held me tightly, her 10" cock completely inserted up inside of me. As my vagina gripped her shaft with all its might, I could feel the continual pulses and ejection of her love load into me. I thought it would never stop...and I didn't want it to...I briefly looked at her brawny, stout, beautiful, athletic face and could see the ultimate satisfaction she was experiencing with each pump and I wanted her to be able to enjoy me forever. Her ejaculations eventually slowed and then stopped as I still was held there...motionless, with her amazing cum blaster firmly inside of me. Completely fulfilled, she let out a loving sigh and I leaned my head against her titanic, heaving, muscle-laden chest, feeling as contented, gratified, warm and happy as I had ever been in my life...never wanting to release her mountainous shaft from my muscular, vaginal grip.

Cameron

Teresa and I drove up to Cameron's house and I waited in the truck as she got out to go fetch the little shit. She was so massive and packed with pounds and pounds of rock-hard muscle that the truck suspension sprung the cab up almost violently as she exited. My wife was in no mood to hear his begging bullshit and wore a pair of workout high tops, no socks, a pair of small black workout shorts, and a white workout tank. Her calves and thighs bulged with each step and were so muscular, she now had to waddle as she moved. It turned me on greatly to be married to a woman so massive, and so laden with rock-hard muscle, that she had to walk that way. I started to drool just watching her massive thighs bulge sharply and intimidatingly with each step. Her large, muscle-bound ass was barely being contained by the workout shorts and I loved the large cup created in the side of her glutes that were easily visible even under the material. Looking up to her upper body was like looking at the back of Jay Cutler or Ronnie Coleman in width and bulging mounds of muscle protruding outward and flexing as she moved. Each inch of her body was impressive in its own, muscle-bound way. Her traps were also enormous and stuck up greatly as they led to her thick neck, which I was able to see as her long ponytail swung from side to side.

Within a minute, my wife emerged with my brother. She was holding his left arm from behind with her powerful grip. I could even see a little pain on his face as her bicep flexed gigantically as she must have been applying a considerable, vice like hold on him. Her 245-pound frame easily controlled his feeble looking body. Teresa got him to the truck and easily tossed him into the back seat. As I looked back at him, there was definitely some welling up of tears in his eyes as he had just dealt with that major discomfort.

We made our way to the lab and I was able to escort him inside. Unlike me, Teresa and Sarah, I had made him a special concoction. I had blended a matching type of blood from a very diminutive 4'10" lady with nothing but petite individuals in her lineage. My brother couldn't possibly shrink more than an

inch or so I thought, but he would definitely not be built with the superior muscle building genes of myself, sister and wife. He was NOT going to be taking advantage of women physically like he had before, and I knew deep down this was the best thing for him and our society. I was going to the gym myself after the injection and was wearing tight workout shorts and a sports bra. During the process, Cameron didn't say a word, but couldn't take his eyes off my perky fit ass and muscular legs. My Mandy Blank like figure was obviously turning him on and he was starting to pitch a tent in his trousers. I knew I was super-hot now but it weirded me out having my own brother get hard at the sight of my increasingly fit and even muscular type frame. I was going to be glad when those days were over for him.

Once the process was finished, Teresa and I dropped Cameron back off at his house and went to meet my sister at the gym. Once there, we found her at the squat rack and she asked me how it went. I said, "It went smoothly sis but one thing really weirded me out. While I was administering the transfusion, he couldn't take his eyes off my ass and got hard just looking at me." Sarah and Teresa laughed hysterically and my sister walked up, grabbed my firm ass in her strong grip, pulled me tightly against her powerful body, looked me in the eye and said, "I can't wait till I'm able to "pitch a tent" at the sight of your hot, fit ass!" and she leaned in and gave me a deep, wet kiss. After a few moments, I leaned back, looked at my wife shockingly and noticed she was all smiles. I then looked back at my sister who then said, "I already talked it over with Teresa and we agreed....I get to share you both." "Holy shit!" I exclaimed, "When is this happening?" "Oh brother." She answered, "My lease is up in my apartment next week and I'm moving in with you guys then." "Oh.....ok sis, I guess. I mean, I guess it will be fun having you in our lives on a daily basis." "Oh! I'll make it plenty of fun bro, I promise!" she said and then leaned in for one more long, hot, wet kiss.

My wife laughed but had to get in on this action too. She grabbed my arm and easily spun me around towards her. With her herculean, muscle-bound body inches in front of me, Teresa grabbed under my arm pits and easily lifted me up directly in front of her. I instinctively wrapped my legs around her thick torso and draped my arms over her rounded, rock hard traps. She then leaned in and gave me the loving kiss of a faithful and passionate wife. As we made out, I was even more turned on by the ease in which her concrete hard body hoisted me up like a feather. It was truly awe inspiring feeling the power and strength she had now developed. Her superior genes were possibly going to make her the strongest person alive and I could not have been more turned on. My pussy was getting moist and as it rubbed against her exposed, bulging ab muscles, I was afraid I might squirt.

Teresa rubbed me against her a few more times than sensed my arousal and put me down. Her clit had become quite hard during the passionate moment and I patted it with a smile for good measure. At that point it became time to lift some weights and build our bodies so Sarah laid down on the bench and began. My sister was really starting to put on some muscle and her strength was improving too. She and I both warmed up with 135 pounds for 12 reps and even I noticed the weight seemed quite light. I checked to make sure and yep, it was 135. Next, we laid down again after Teresa threw two 25-pound plates on the bar. Now the weight was up to 185, which was quite a jump for me but I figure I could

move it 6 to 8 times. Sarah easily hoisted it for 12 reps and popped up from the bench. I was very impressed with the ease in which she moved the heavy weight as I began my turn. Surprisingly, I too was able to do 12 reps without overwhelming effort.

I expected a smaller weight jump, but my wife removed the 25-pound plates and put on two more 45's. "What the fuck babe?" I asked as I looked at 225 pounds, "That's more than I've ever lifted in my life...including when I was David and not Dee!" Teresa laughed and said, "Honey, you don't even realize how strong you're getting, so just lay down and lift the fucking weight; alright." I just shook my head in disbelief and waited for my sister to go. Sure enough, Sarah again easily hoisted the weight and moved 10 reps like a pro. She jumped off the bench and looked at me and Teresa and said, "Damn...that actually felt easy." "Holy shit." I exclaimed, "You're getting strong as hell sis!" and I gave her a high five. It was my turn next and I moved perfectly under the bar. Without a spot, I hoisted it off the rack and lowered it down to my firm, gorgeous breasts. With a lot more effort than the 185 pound bar, I lifted it all the way up. "See babe!" Teresa said loudly, "I knew you could do it." I was really excited and lowered and lifted it again, and again and again. By the 6th rep, I finally needed a spot, and my wife helped me raise it 4 more times. I couldn't fucking believe it and exploded off the bench in excitement. I gave Sarah and my wife a bicep flex in celebration and was again surprised as their jaws dropped at the sight of my large, well sculpted bicep bulges. "Oh my god!" Sarah yelled, "You're getting buff a shit sis.!" "Just thinking about that Ms. Olympia contest sis....think I'll have a chance." I said back jokingly. "Um, ya." She answered, "If you keep putting on muscle like this!" Sarah then gave me and my wife a bicep flex to prove she was now the Bigger Sister out of us two! Sure enough, her gorgeous arms were now filled with bicep busting muscle and she was now sporting at least 14 or 15" guns.

I walked over and gave her right bicep a long, wet kiss and said, "I can't wait to see the rest of you flex for me when we get home." She gave me a quick peck back and looked at Teresa who seemed amused by us mere mortals being impressed with a 225-pound bench press and 14' biceps. The funny thing was, there was a 6'0" tall, very athletic looking guy on the bench about 10 feet from us. He watched our little session but looked away immediately when we peered at him, knowing these two gorgeous girls had just outlifted him as he had only mustered 6 or 8 reps with the 225. To show off, Sarah quickly threw on 2 more 45's and wanted to attempt 315 in front of him...to have fun making him feel even more insecure about his manhood. With a bit of a grunt, my sister hoisted the bar not once, but 5 times at 315. This girl was getting strong as shit and the guy quickly grabbed two 45's and put them on his bar. He was able to lower the bar to his chest, but about half way up, he hit his sticking point. His arms had to be at least 16 or 17", but they weren't big enough apparently. He grunted loudly and pushed all he could, but eventually had to give and lowered the bar to his chest. Sarah, realizing the situation, quickly stepped over to him, lifted the bar up to the rack and said, "Good effort big guy, but maybe you should leave the real weights to us girls, huh." He laughed nervously in embarrassment and immediately grabbed his towel and shot off to the men's room.

Teresa and I busted up laughing, realizing us girls had just out-lifted a stud of a guy and made him run away in shame like a little kid. My sister had never looked hotter in my eyes and I couldn't wait to get

home to examine every inch of her gorgeous, muscular body with my mouth. My wife was thinking the same thing obviously, grabbed Sarah, and began making out with her, right there at the bench. Watching the two muscle-bound loves of my life kiss passionately was getting me super wet, and I was crazy anxious to get them both home....

Sister - Sister

Upon getting home. I stripped off my workout bra and shorts and walked into my bedroom feeling as pumped up as I had ever been in my life. Then I walked into the bathroom, stared at my reflection and instead of looking at a once out of shape guy, I was staring at the incredibly fit and ever more muscular female body. Could my perfectly formed DNA turn me into a future Ms. Olympia? I flexed my right quad. It was big, strong, beautiful I thought. It reminded me of the legs of Anja Langer and I knew my muscular journey was just getting started. I envisioned it getting huge...making even Anja Langer's legs look puny. I peered in the mirror, brought my hand over my crotch, and slowly inserted my fingers, massaging my hard clit which was aroused as I stared at my incredible figure.

The gentle touch of my fingers in my pussy combined with the reflection of my perfectly sculpted six-pack abs had me getting super hot and moist. I stroked myself slowly and methodically wanting to bring myself to complete satisfaction. But just an instant later, the lights went out. As I turned quickly toward the bedroom, there was a dark figure silhouetted against a candle light which was burning behind it. The figure was female, with long hair draping a dark outline of perfectly rounded, buff shoulders and thick, strong, muscular arms. Her torso was also meaty and full of large, heavy slabs of muscle. She took in a slow, deep breath and the wideness of her massive lats made her look larger than an NFL linebacker. The silhouette was of a perfectly formed human and my pussy was getting wet, just looking at it.

The perfect being took a step closer and the brief and slight turn of her head let the candle light illuminate her face. The beautiful girl was my very muscular, growing larger by the day sister. Sarah grabbed my hand from my pussy, brought it to her lips, and took both of my wet fingers into her mouth. As she slowly sucked on them, she lowered her hand down and placed two of her fingers in the spot mine had just been. Sarah massaged my hard clit splendidly and I knew I wouldn't last long with her incredible talent. Sensing that, she slowly walked us back to my bed where the candle light illuminated her a little more and she sat me on the edge of the bed.

My sister then slowly pushed me back, and forced me to roll over onto my stomach long ways on the bed. As I did, she poured warm oil up and down my physique. Still without uttering a word, Sarah began massaging the oil into my pours. She started with a brief foot massage...which was often better than sex some might say. She was an expert at it I was finding out, and after only a minute, I was put into a transfixed state of ultimate relaxation. She then methodically and gradually moved her powerful hands up to my growing calves. As she grabbed and pressed into my gorgeous muscle, I could feel my

warm blood coursing through my veins. I loved the feel of the slick oil under her massaging hands as she moved up to my rounded hamstrings and thighs. Sarah constantly moved her cupped hand over the muscular bulges in the back of my legs, making it known she really enjoyed feeling my ever growing muscles.

Next, Sarah got on the bed and straddle sat on the hamstrings she had just been massaging. I enjoyed feeling her heavy, powerful weight on top of me and I moaned in pleasure as she started to grasp my buff glutes. She poured a little extra there and while she firmly grasped each butt cheek in her strong but pleasure inducing hands, she slipped a thumb in my anal entry point. "Oooo!" I exclaimed uncontrollably as she did it, as I had never had anything near my rear end like that. But Sarah knew some very amazing and secretive moves and continually gave me pleasure laden glute massaging while occasionally invading my anal cavity with her thumb. She poured much more warm oil onto it and now took two fingers and slowly massaged the opening, continually inserting them a little further each time. It felt incredibly weird, but my sister was on a very specific mission and I knew it.

A break from that was on order and Sarah poured more oil on my back and started rubbing it in to the newly formed muscular bulges I had grown. Her firm, warm hands were like magic and I was again put into a euphoric state by the pleasure she was bestowing upon me. Sarah pushed the oil deeply into my firm flesh and its rosemary and vanilla aroma was intoxicating. Just as I was about to pass into an almost unconscious haze, Sarah slowly lifted her weight off my muscular legs, cupped her hand under my rock hard abs and slowly lifted my midsection up. My head, shoulders and breasts were still down on the bed, and with my midsection and glutes hoisted in the air, blood began to flow to my brain. The rush was exhilarating and I started to drool on the sheets as my eyes rolled back into my head.

As that contentment came over me, I again felt a gush of warm, wet oil over my glutes. At this point I was ready and sure enough, I felt my sister invade my anal opening. But this time, it was not two fingers. It felt thick, long, huge in comparison. It entered slowly, but filled me completely and rubbed against something that sent a lightning bolt of shock and pleasure through my body. "What the hell is that?" I blurted out as I broke our romantic silence. My sister lowered her muscle-bound torso, pressing it firmly against my back, then lowered her lips to my ear and whispered, "It's me." Shock came over me as I realized what had happened. But with confusion in my mind, Sarah began slowly pumping me and inserted herself deeper and deeper, constantly hitting a magical spot that sent the waves of ultimate pleasure through every gorgeous, well-formed muscle in my body.

She told me to relax and take in all the pleasure that I will only experience at this level the first time. It was new, exciting, and damn it felt good to have my sister's gorgeous cock thrusting inside of me. With my glutes in the air, and the slow pushing and pulling that my tight ass was taking from my sister, I slowly started to move my body in opposite motion of her. It created an exponential effect and the jolts through my body were becoming ever greater. I closed my eyes and pictured my gorgeous, herculean

sister and her love muscle as she rocked it into me. How could this feel sooooo good, I thought. How was I just learning about this different but amazing sensation for the first time.

I didn't want the feeling to stop, but I told Sarah that I desperately wanted to look her in the eyes when she fucked me for the first time. Sarah leisurely pulled her thick, warm, dripping wet cock out of my ass and slowly turned me over to my back. I now stared at this muscle laden, long haired goddess and her beautifully formed, pink headed, smooth tipped cock. It was fully erect and a large vein ran up its side, feeding it with fresh, hot blood. Her bulging biceps and huge fore arms and hands grabbed my thick calves and pushed my gorgeous legs up by my head. My knees were by my ears and my legs hung down freely. With that, Sarah and I smiled from ear to ear as we locked our gaze. My sister then leaned her massive neck and pretty face down and gave me a moist, passionate kiss.

With eyes still locked, she back off slightly, poured warm oil on it, grabbed her thick love muscle and inserted it back into my tight, welcoming anal hole. We still kept our passion filled gaze and grins as she entered me and pulsed into me again and again and again. The warm, thrusts were again hitting the right spot and euphoria again overtook my every thought as pleasure was building on top of pleasure. Oh my God it felt so good. So good!!!! My sister was also filled with erotic gratification and she began to gyrate often as the apex of her thrusts were sending amazing shockwaves through her incredibly muscular body. Her rounded shoulders were topped with mile high traps as they led into her very muscular neck as she bent her head back and moaned loudly. She then put her hands on top of her head which exposed her rounded, huge, biceps which would make any grown man jealous. As I was sensing the physical satisfaction from her warm, thick, methodical thrusts, I was also getting mental gratification as I peered at those gorgeous, gorgeous biceps and traps. This muscle bound beast was my sister and I was in love with every inch of her perfect massive body and power. I could think of nothing better at this moment than having her beautiful cock inside me, giving us both the ride of our lifetimes.

With biceps still bulging, Sarah began thrusting more forcefully. I was in perfect rhythm with her intoxicating pounding and screamed, "Bang me harder, bang me harder, bang me harder." My sister complied and she started pounding me so hard, I thought she was going to blast me off the bed. It was worth it though, and to have our muscular bodies hitting each other with such force and such pleasure, I couldn't hold it much longer. I reached up and grabbed her buff pecs, feeling how strong they were and how rounded and full of muscle they had become. Sarah now leaned forward, her long hair brushing back and forth across my firm arms as she continued her fucking. The heat her cock was generating inside me was immense and I thought I might just catch on fire. As I moved my glutes continually in sync with her love rod, the euphoria was now uncontrollable. We slammed and slammed our flesh into each other and the lightning bolts of erotic pleasure escalated higher and higher and higher. Finally, I reached my buff calves up and rested them on each bulging shoulder at the sides of her head. Sarah looked me back in the eyes, pushed into me slowly for another minute and then her whole body shook as she and I reached climax! Exhausted, she laid her herculean, bulging muscle bound body on top of my. Its warmth and firm weight felt like heaven upon me and I never wanted to move again as ultimate, satisfied elation overcame me.

Her Pleasure

Still laying underneath my muscular sister, I peered into the corner of the room into the shadows. There I could make out the massive outline of my muscle-laden wife. She took a small step forward into the dim light. I now was peering at Teresa, her fully erect huge cock in hand. She was stroking herself blissfully as she ogled my sister and I as we had an amazing sexual experience as Sarah deflowered me. With Sarah still inside of me, Teresa slowly waddled over. Her thighs were as muscular and large as a grown man's torso and the gorgeous, smooth, tan skin covered her full, balloon like quad teardrop bulges at each side of her knee. Below the knees, I drooled as I watched her 20" diamond shaped calves flex massively with each slow step. My wife now stood inches in front of me. As I still was on my stomach, I reached my hands out, grabbed her gorgeous love rod, and took its full length into my mouth. Once Teresa felt my warm, tight moth around her thick cock, she began to pump it into me slowly. I reached my hands around her thighs and grabbed her football wide hamstrings in them. Obviously they were too huge for me to grab fully in my small hands, but I cupped my palms to their bulging size and methodically began to massage their length, feeling their rounded, bulging power with each slow pass.

Enjoying the physical and mental joy and sensation of my wife's gargantuan hamstrings in my hands, I then moved them gently up to the lower roundness of her rock-hard, massive glutes. They were every bit as big as Ronnie Coleman's and also had that large, concave shape in their sides. I knew she was now so huge, she would put all male bodybuilders to shame, but I still longed for her to grow larger. My wife was now nearing 300 pounds of massive, solid muscle and seeing her eclipse that mark was going to be amazing. I continued massaging and grabbing her power-laden glutes and hamstrings in my hands while simultaneously taking her cock deeper and deeper into my mouth. Just as that sensation was becoming overwhelming, my sister had found a second wind. I felt her cock harden and lengthen inside of me and in almost perfect unison with my wife, she began to pump her love rod into me. Its thick shaft pushed the rounded tip and rubbed against my mysterious sensitive pleasure organ, making me extremely moist and dying to squirt.

The rubbing and massaging and thrusting and sucking was going on and on and on. All three of us were sensing maximum elation and romantic euphoria. My long hair was draping my face and kind of getting in the way of me ogling my wife's separated, massive quad muscles and the gorgeous, thick, vein covered cock when she slowly moved it in and out of my welcoming mouth. Sensing this, my wife reached down during all of this, lifted up its silky body and held quickly removed the band in her hair to use it on me, draping my recently fixed pony tail off to the right side of my fit, muscular shoulder. Although the light was dim, I enjoyed staring at my wife's muscle-bound body as I pleased her. I was so hot and turned on, my clit was at 110% hardness and I reached my right hand down to caress it while my sister pleased me from behind. I didn't even know that this kind of ultimate satisfaction could exist...but it did and I knew I wanted to spend the rest of my life between these two muscle covered, powerful, cock wielding women.

I began rubbing myself quicker and quicker, while sucking my wife's love missile faster and faster, while Sarah penetrated me harder and harder. I began to moan loudly and rapidly as the pleasure sensations overwhelmed me. The euphoric sensations tingled throughout my body and I felt weightless as the eyes rolled back into my head and my sister again began to squirt her love-juice inside of me. At that very instant, Teresa let herself go and thrust what seemed like a gallon of cum in my mouth. I swallowed and swallowed and swallowed as her milky liquid filled my mouth and throat. I enjoyed the feel of her thick, stiff, rubbery tipped cock in my lips and started to climax in ecstasy. I rubbed myself just a bit harder and faster, until I too was gyrating with the sense of ultimate, fantastic pleasure. My moistness turned into a river of juices exiting my pussy and immediately, I felt the warm secretion beneath me.

My wife slowly removed her gargantuan cock from my mouth and I closed my lips hard on the shaft, making it make a loud "pop" sound as my lips caught the lower edge of the tip. They then perfectly molded themselves around the rosey, bulbous shape as she finally pulled it all the way out. Sarah then slowly exited me and now overwhelmingly satisfied, the three of us and our muscular bodies slowly made our way to the oversized shower in our bathroom.

Teresa stood in the shower just in front of me. I reached my hands up onto her towering, rock-hard traps. They were also now so large, my hands couldn't even cup them fully. I then poured soap all over them and methodically rubbed it into her thick neck, powerful traps and cantaloupe sized shoulders. Working my way down, I lovingly caressed it into her 20" biceps and triceps. They were so large and solid I felt like I was trying to press granite. But even though hard, they were smooth and curvaceous and had a super, super thin supple skin coating. How could arms ever be more luscious, gorgeous and alluring. While the hot water slipped down over our muscular bodies, I leaned my head forward into my wife's colossal pecs. They were larger and more rounded and full and powerful than Arnold Schwarzenegger could have ever dreamed of having. As I ogled their immense size and hardness, Teresa put her finger gingerly under my chin, lifted my now feminine, beautiful face and pressed her warm lips firmly against mine. We kissed passionately, longingly, warmly as my wife reached her massive arms around my fit body and pulled me tightly into her...the steam and warmth perfectly overwhelming us in our satisfied and ever contented states...